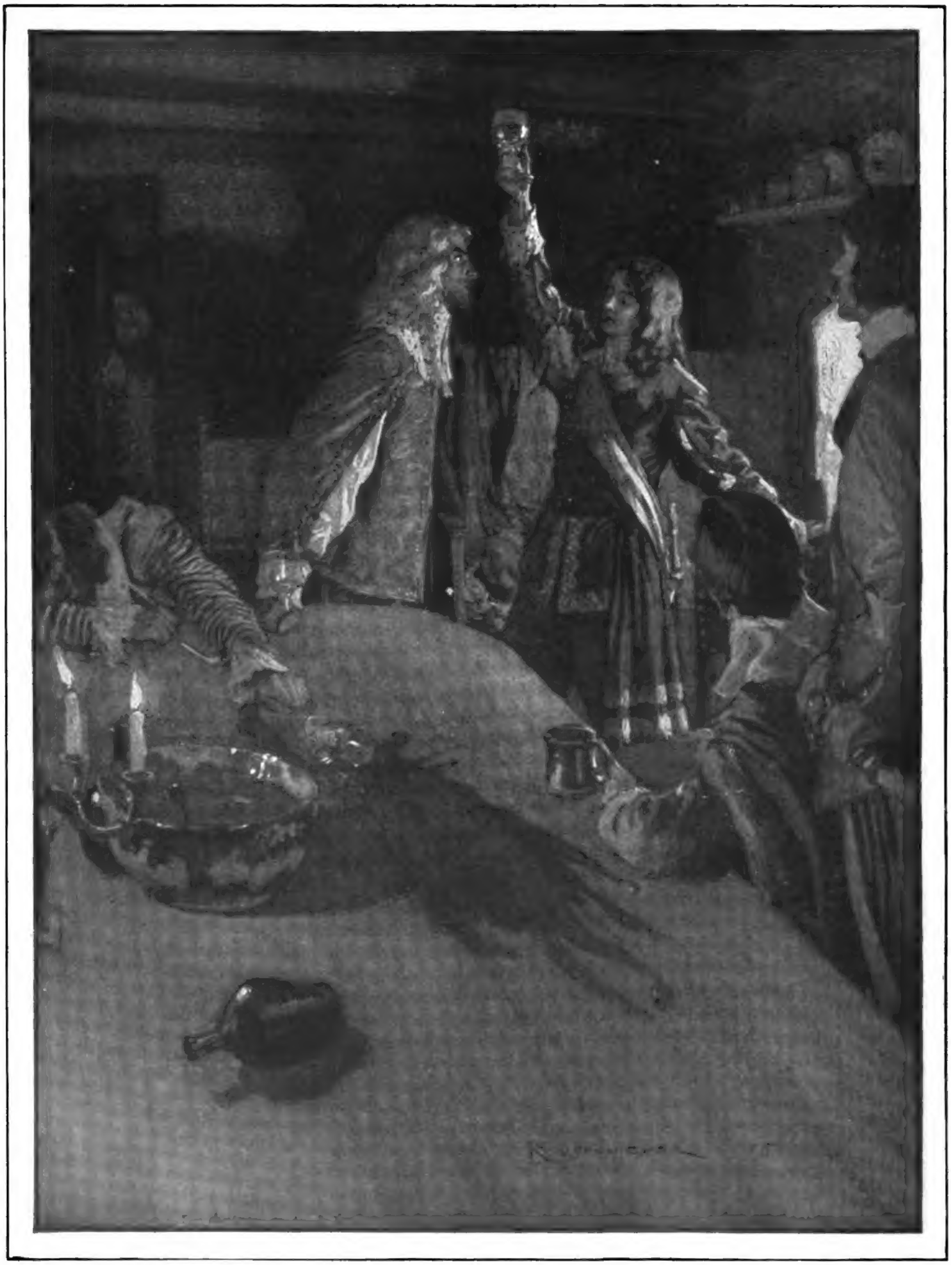
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM

God rest you merry, Gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Savior
Was born upon this day.



"TO KING CHARLES! WHO LOVES ME DRINKS THE TOAST!"

—*See "Lord Jerningham," page 734.*

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XIII December, 1905. No. VI

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION PROPERTY. DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

With the Pilgrims to Mecca

Transcribed from the narrative of Ibn Jubayr Ali of Bandar Abbas

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The photographs accompanying this article are of extraordinary interest, as being the first official representation ever published of the famous Mohammedan pilgrimage to Mecca, most dramatic and spectacular of all religious festivals, from which, as from Mecca itself, all unbelievers are rigidly excluded. At the personal command of the Sultan of Turkey, Commander of the Faithful, an expert Constantinople photographer joined the last pilgrimage and made a complete series of negatives. The royal order stipulated two sets of prints, one for the Yildiz Kiosk, the other for the Sheik-ul-Islam, the head of the Mohammedan Faith. But before the negatives were destroyed, a third set of prints was made; the set here presented. As is well known, this feat might have cost the life of a European photographer, for though, in the last seventy-five years, a few daring foreigners have penetrated the Holy of Holies, they have done so in the disguise of Arabs and at the risk of death.

NIGHT sweeping with stealthy wings across the desert; a velvet sky, star-stabbed, melting into the darkness of a world garbed in the ancient and enduring glamour of the East and steeped in the aroma of its old religion; a desert night, with all its mystery and its magic—who that has seen it can forget? Across the sands a caravan comes trailing; a slow-winding column of horses, mules, and swaying camels, of men from all the Eastern nations, taking the Road of Faith to Mecca, the City of God. For the time is the time of the Pilgrimage, the Hadj, which is made in the last three months of the Mohammedan year; and he who can perform the prescribed ceremonies from the donning of the pilgrim garment unto the terrible Days of Drying Flesh, shall acquire righteousness before the One God and Mohammed who is His Prophet.

So watch the caravan as it draws nearer over the shifting, shadowed sands, night-

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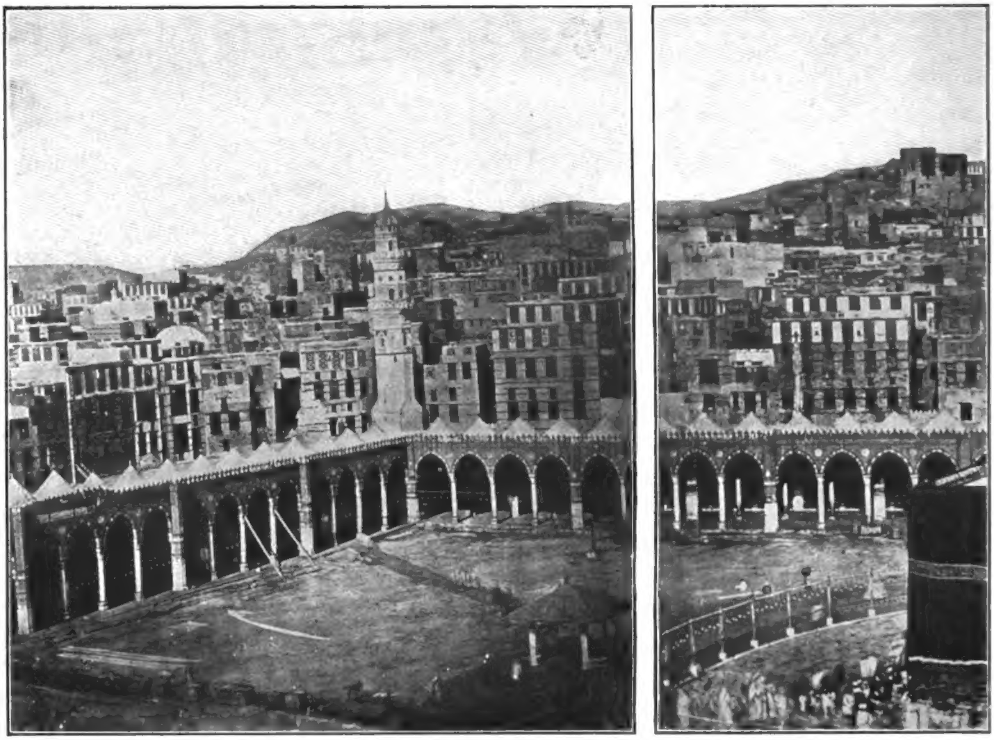


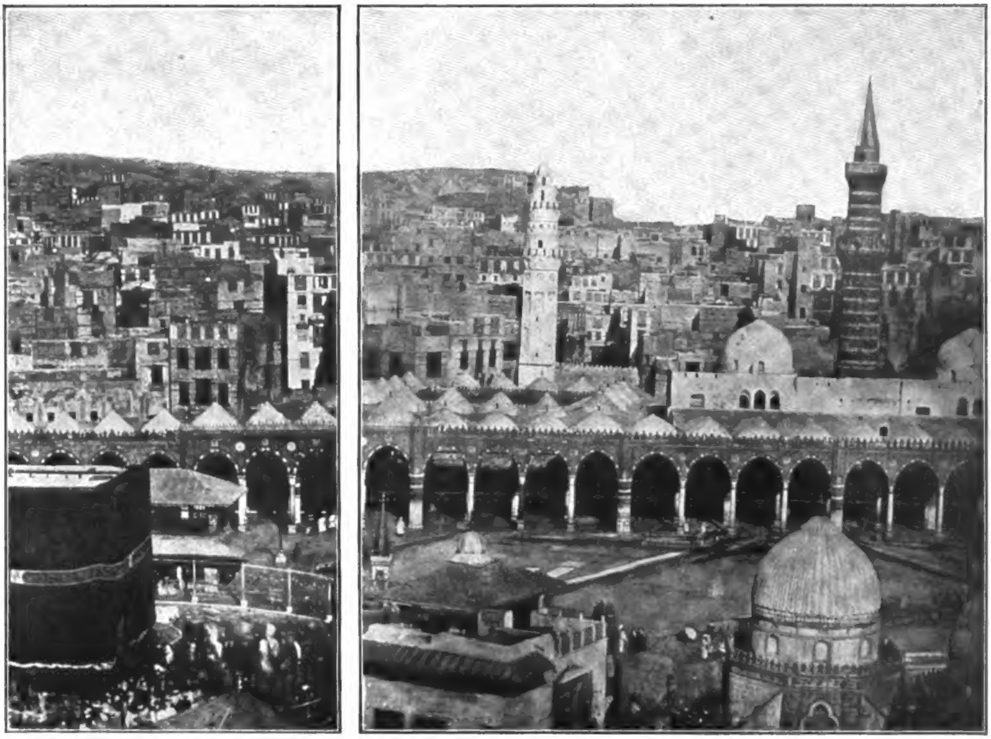
GENERAL VIEW OF MECCA. THE COLONNADED SQUARE IS THE FAMOUS MOSQUE;

faring that it may reach Mecca with the dawn, for it will tell many things which he who runs may read, of hardships endured, of pestilences braved, of the very Shadow of Death held at bay by the devotees who count these things all as nothing if they may receive the grace which the Pilgrimage will bring. Moorish chieftains on blooded horses with silver-mounted trappings; Bedouin sheiks from beyond the Jordan; fierce Kurdish warriors from the mountains of Armenia; wealthy merchants and princes traveling in luxury and state; beggars, lame and halt and blind; padding camels, and the lean, racing dromedaries of the desert-men; laden pack-animals bringing up the rear. A bit out of the warp and woof of Eastern life, old as the centuries, new with every year. The confusion of voices raised in talk, in prayer, in fragments from the Koran; the throbbing Bedouin love-songs; the tinkle of bells, blend to a murmur of sound that rises like smoke and is lost in the empty vastness of earth and sky. From somewhere in the column comes the bubbling roar of a spent camel. A voice starts the strange, half-fierce, half-plaintive *Hodi* song of the camel-drivers, to which a camel will travel uncounted miles without pause; other voices take it up until the night pulses with its haunting, elusive melody. . . . All night the caravan presses onward under the low-hung stars. What matter hunger, thirst, weariness, when Mecca, the Holy City, is but a few short hours away?

Dawn washes the sky with pallid gray; a moment the earth quivers in the ghostly half-light; behind the hills the sun strides into space, and the world leaps into new life. With it spring forth as by the enchantment of a mirage the minarets of the Holy City, graceful, fanciful as those of a city of dreams, tipped with living golden light. Around it, gleaming white, lies the encampment of tents of the Faithful who have come before. In the caravan an old man, far gone with disease, flings himself prostrate from his ass's back with the solemn liturgical wail:

"*We are ready for Thy service, O God—we are ready!*"

His cry is caught up by the many voices behind him. The order of the caravan breaks into confusion. Ablutions are to be performed; prayers are to be recited; the sacred white habit, called *Ihram*, worn by all

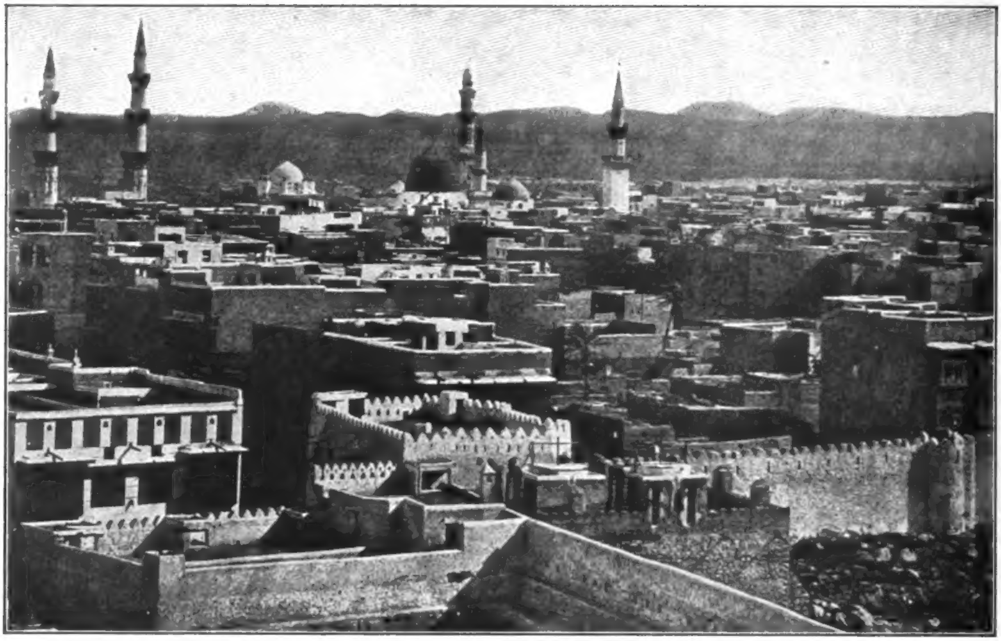


NEAR ITS CENTER STANDS THE KAABA, COVERED WITH THE SACRED CARPET.

pilgrims until the Day of Victims, is to be draped about the body, leaving the left arm bare; and the pilgrim shoes that have no heel, and may not touch the wearer's instep, are to be put on.

Mecca lies in a blistered valley among the bare brown hills, a city filled to overflowing with an ever-growing throng of the Faithful gathered from all Islam. In the teeming streets, arriving pilgrims, forgetful of all things save their desire to reach the sacred gates, press by in frantic haste, heedless as to whom they jostle. Noiseless swaying camels surge through the crowds as a ship sweeps through a restless sea. Water-carriers, laden with their bloated goat-skins, shriek their wares into the tumult; close in the shadow of the walls of the Haram, the Great Mosque of Mecca, squat the public scribes, each one surrounded by eager, dark-skinned men awaiting their turn to bridge the distance between remote corners of the world by the power of the scribe's ready pen. Pariah dogs roam in packs through the streets, seeking what they may devour. Women, bundled beyond all semblance of human forms, amble by, bunched on grotesquely small donkeys. Men and beasts are powdered with gray, gritting dust that fills the eyes and chokes the throat to parched smarting. Under the smell of dust and heat is the musky scent of camels; with it a blend of garlic and odors from the refuse that litters the streets. The sun beats down in blinding heat on the steaming streets; the air throbs with the din of a score of thousand throats; a pandemonium split at times as with a knife by the savage scream of an angry camel.

In all the world there is no emotion so powerful, no frenzy so blind, no mania so uncontrollable, as that which is born of religious exaltation. The effects, physical as well as spiritual, upon the pilgrims, are scarcely to be credited by those who have never seen them. They will deliberately work themselves into delirium, making not the smallest effort at self-control, apparently wishing to experience religious ecstasy to the fullest extent possible. To see a group of men, whom perhaps one has marked before as quiet, decorous, dignified, expounding learnedly, it may be, the philosophy of the Prophet's law, suddenly transformed into shrieking,

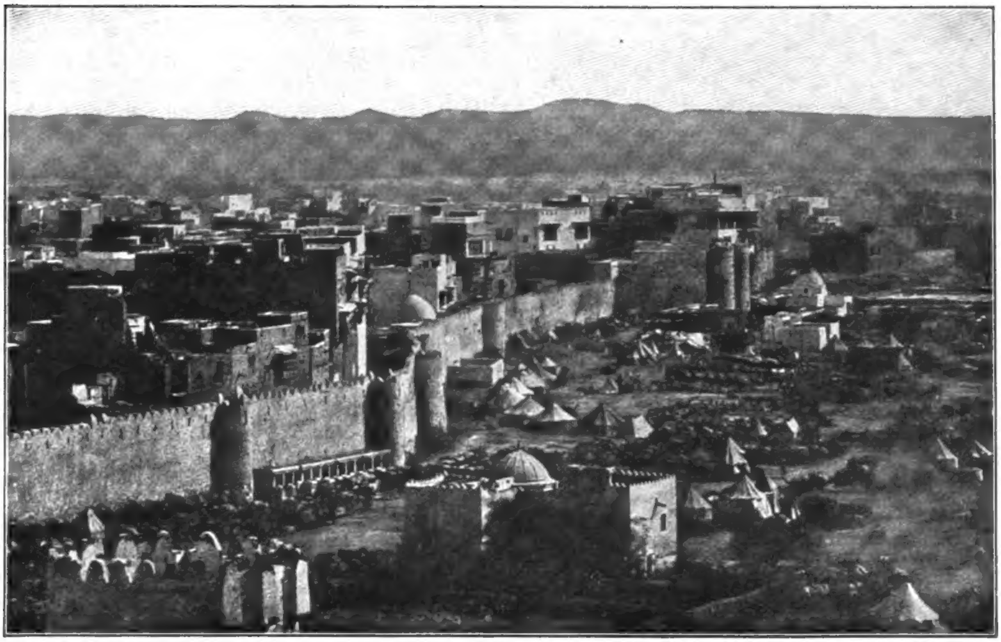


THE HOLY CITY OF MEDINA AND THE HALTING-PLACE OF CARAVANS OUTSIDE THE WALLS. THE GREAT

weeping fanatics, is a sight which for Europeans will ever hold a sense of unreality.

The Haram of Mecca, to which the pilgrims press so frantically, is the only mosque on earth which has no "mihrab" or prayer-niche facing toward Mecca, for it is the Holy of Holies itself. It is a vast, colonnaded court, to which nineteen gates give entrance; but pilgrims must enter through Salám, the Gate of Peace, which leads into the extreme northeastern end, and pass out through Safá, the Gate of Purity, in the center of the eastern side. These gates are without doors; from each one steps lead down into the Haram, which lies about twelve feet below street level, with raised paved walks radiating from its center. Meccans declare that the pillars in the great colonnade, which runs around the four sides of the Haram, are beyond numbering, and Mohammedans in general have a prejudice against counting them. It is probable that there are more than five hundred. The columns support pointed arches, colored in stripes of red and blue and yellow; about one hundred and fifty domes, whitewashed outside, painted brilliantly within; and seven varicolored minarets.

The great court is jammed to its farthest corners. Near its center is the Kaaba, the Shrine of the World, to contain which the whole great colonnaded Mosque was built. The Kaaba is a massive cubical structure, from thirty-five to forty feet high, the date of whose original construction is lost in the remotest antiquity. At Hadj time it is draped with the Sacred Carpet of black silk embroidered with a broad band of Koran texts in letters of gold. The Kaaba rises out of the seething sea of white-garbed humanity like a gigantic catafalque, somber, shrouded in mystery. Its door is covered with plates of solid silver, studded with silver nails. From the exterior of the roof, above a stone marking the Sepulcher of Ishmael, which lies at the base of the northern wall, there projects a horizontal, semicircular rain spout, five yards long, twenty-four inches wide, made of massive gold. Within, the roof is supported by three columns of aloe-wood; the walls are hung with red velvet alternating with white squares in which are written in Arabic the words: "*Allah-Jal-Jelalah*"—"Praise to God the Almighty." The building is packed with pilgrims, praying, weeping, beside themselves in an ecstasy of passionate devotion. Mingled with their voices there rises from outside the chant of the Talbih, the Song of the Winding-Sheet, which every pilgrim must sing on entering Mecca, on donning the sacred *Ihram*, on entering the Haram, and on starting for Mina, the Valley of Desire, and Arafat, the Mountain of Compassion.

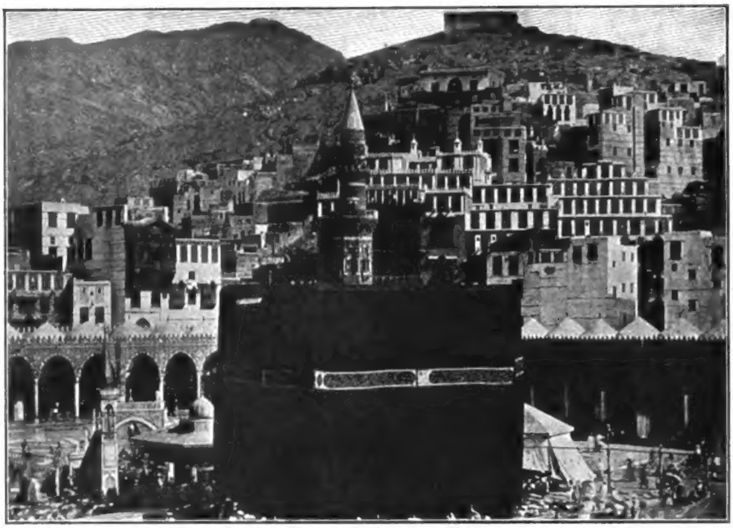


DARK DOME TO THE LEFT COVERS A SPOT MOST SACRED TO MOSLEMS—THE TOMB OF MOHAMMED.

The first ceremony of the Tewaf—the circumambulation of the Kaaba—is performed before the Sacred Black Stone, one of the most remarkable relics the world can show. When Adam was cast out from Paradise, there fell to earth with him this stone, which is now the most cherished treasure of the Moslem world. At the Deluge it was restored to Paradise; was brought again to earth by Gabriel, and by him given to Abraham, who placed it in the Kaaba, which men say was built by him as a temple to the Lord at the spot where he abandoned Hagar and Ishmael to their fate. At first the stone was whiter than milk; now, in the passing of the ages, worn smooth by the touch of countless millions of human lips, it is black with the sins of the world. Yet all believers hold that its defilement is of the surface only, and that within it is still as pure as snow. It lies in a silver box, raised some five feet above the ground at the outer northeast corner of the Kaaba, and revealed by a round, open window. Always before it is a fighting mob of shrouded pilgrims, struggling desperately to kiss, even to touch, it. So great is the crush that not one pilgrim in ten can press his lips to its black, shining surface.

This act of faith performed, to the accompaniment of special prayers, beginning at this point, the pilgrim undertakes the sevenfold Circuit of the Kaaba, endeavoring each time he passes it to kiss or touch the Sacred Stone. The first three rounds he makes at a quick step, the other four more slowly. To him who performs this rite correctly, with its due quota of prayers, shall come great profit and reward. At every step which he takes in making the seven circuits, seventy thousand sins shall be blotted out, and seventy thousand virtues be accredited to him. He shall be made intercessor for seventy thousand sinners; he shall win the fulfilment of seven hundred thousand of his desires in this life and of seventy thousand in the life to come. Whatever may be the origin of this act of faith, and wherever the particular merit of it may lie—and explanations of it differ widely—it is held as an act of self-sacrifice on the part of man to God. By virtue of it, and the prayers which accompany it, the pressure of the grave shall be relieved and the dead assured a safe entrance into Paradise.

Hereafter come the sprinkling of one's person and the washing of grave-clothes in the waters of the holy well Zemzem, the spring which gushed from the desert sands at the cry of Hagar to the Lord when Ishmael lay dying by her side. Next to Kusár, the stream which flows through the Garden of Paradise, it is the holiest water known to

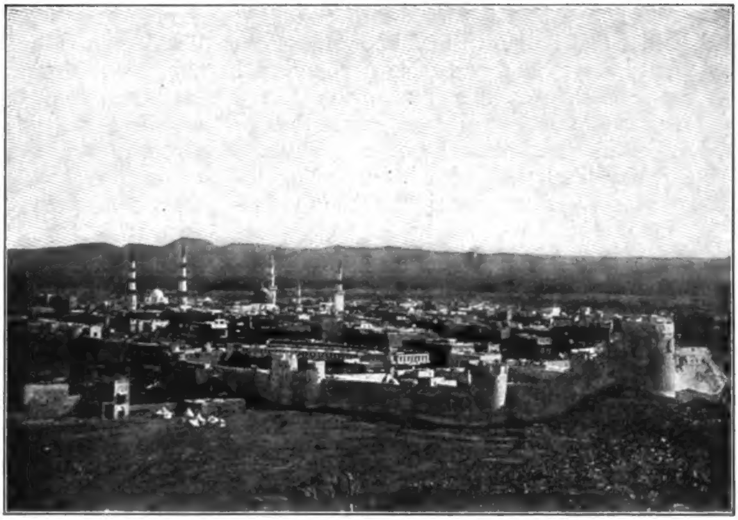


NEAR VIEW OF THE KAABA. IN ONE ANGLE IS FIXED THE SACRED BLACK STONE, WHICH IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE FALLEN FROM HEAVEN, AND WHICH IS BLACKENED BY THE KISS AND TOUCH OF MILLIONS OF WORSHIPING PILGRIMS.

man. Milky in color, a little warm, called by some bitter, by others sweet, it purifies soul and body and prolongs life. Pilgrims bring their flasks of gold or silver or leather to fill with the water, to be drunk as a preservative of health or to be carried home to ailing friends. The well is in a small square building in the Mosque, richly ornamented with colored marbles, and one of the four praying-stations of the orthodox sections is built above it. Four Chinese windlasses at the top of the shrine turn all day to supply the crowding devotees, of whom some bid fair to kill themselves by overdrinking, and others are with difficulty restrained from plunging headlong into the well.

The eighth, ninth, and tenth days of the moon of Zu'l-Hijjah are the most important days of the Pilgrimage. On the eighth the pilgrims leave Mecca and take their way to the Hill of Arafat. The road, sun-steeped, and crowded with pilgrims on foot, on horseback, or on camels, is strewn with the carcasses of animals that have fallen and died by the way. Loose mounds of earth show where pilgrims who have given life for their faith lie too hastily buried. In the heated air death and disease hang heavy. Caravan after caravan limps past, draggled, dusty, many of its members kept alive only by their longing to reach the mountain and be buried in its holy ground. A cruel journey to men already exhausted by their religious fervor. Through the narrow Valley of Mina the road runs, on through the basin plains of the surrounding mountains, turns sharply east, and so keeps on to Arafat. A hill of coarse granite blocks is desolate Arafat, rising from a teeming city of tents that spreads widely over the plain at its foot. The pilgrims reach it in a delirium of fanatic excitement such as one may not witness even in the Kaaba.

ON THE LEFT IS THE TOMB OF KHADIJAH, MOHAMMED'S FIRST WIFE, WHO INFLUENCED HIS CAREER; THE CENTRAL CUPOLA COVERS THE TOMB OF THE PROPHET'S MOTHER, AMINAT.

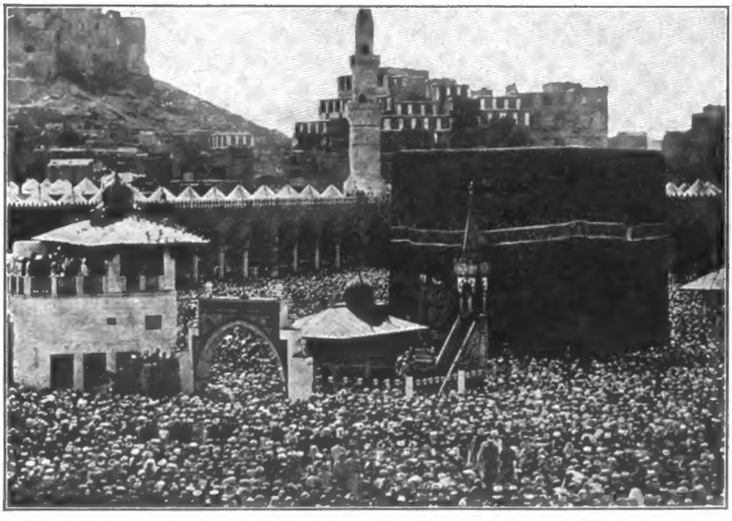


TO THE HOLY CITY OF MEDINA MOHAMMED MADE HIS FAMOUS HEJIRA OR FLIGHT, FROM WHICH MOHAMMEDANS DATE THEIR ERA. IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE GATE ENTERED BY THE DAMASCUS CARAVAN.

Two hundred thousand people gathered to listen to the Sermon on the Mount, preached the next day; a crowded expanse of tents of brilliant colors; Turkish cavalry maneuvering under the blistering sun; pilgrims swarming through and around the holy places. The sermon is preached in the afternoon by the Kazi of Mecca, mounted on a dromedary, to a standing congregation hysterical with religious emotion, herded close for three hours in the shimmering glare of the open plain. The Eastern sky turns from purple to deepest crimson; just as the sun sinks the signal of Essraf is given and the ceremony ends. No pilgrim who has not heard this Sermon on the Mount and performed all the other rites of Al-Wukuf, "standing" on the Mount, is entitled to call himself Hadji.

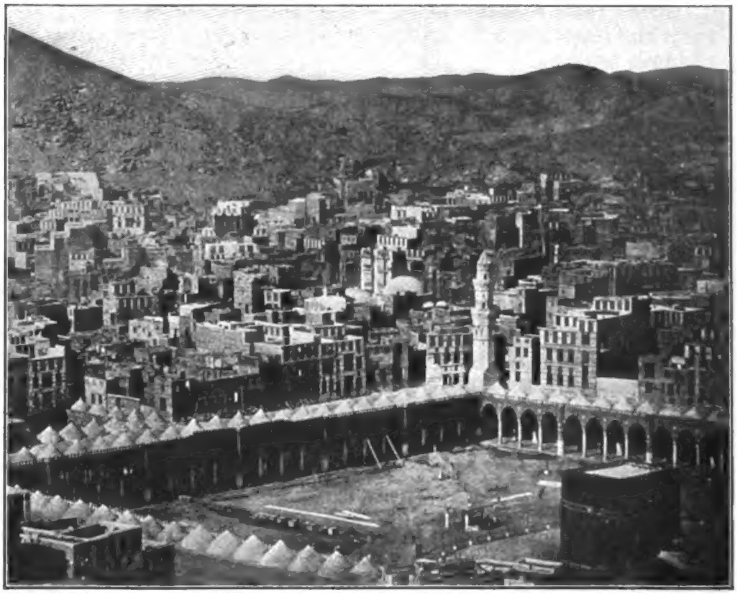
Follows the mad rush from Arafat, in the midst of a deafening uproar of screaming bugles and beating drums; a headlong stampede which is historic. Accidents are appalling; men and women, caught fainting in the crush, are trampled to death in the blind frenzy of the crowd. It is as though the exaltation of the pilgrims finds its dangerous culmination in the madness of "running amok." The rush lasts until Muzdalifah is reached, about the hour of midnight. Here, on the following three days, at three different spots in the Valley of Mina, occurs the Stoning of the Devil. The first day, the tenth of Zu'l-Hijjah, is the Day of Victims; the second and third are the Days of Drying Flesh. The three queer ceremonies of the Lapidation are in commemoration of the three temptings of Abraham by the Devil at those same places in the valley, at the time when he was about to sacrifice Ishmael, his son.

On the Day of Victims, after the Devil has been pelted by the mob of excited pilgrims—the Devil is represented by a buttress resting



MYRIADS OF PILGRIMS FROM EVERY PART OF THE MOHAMMEDAN WORLD PERFORM THE SEVENFOLD CIRCUIT OF THE KAABA, THE FIRST GREAT DUTY OF THEIR PILGRIMAGE. FROM THE PULPIT NEAR THE KAABA THEY ARE ADDRESSED BY THE GREAT SHARIF OF MECCA.

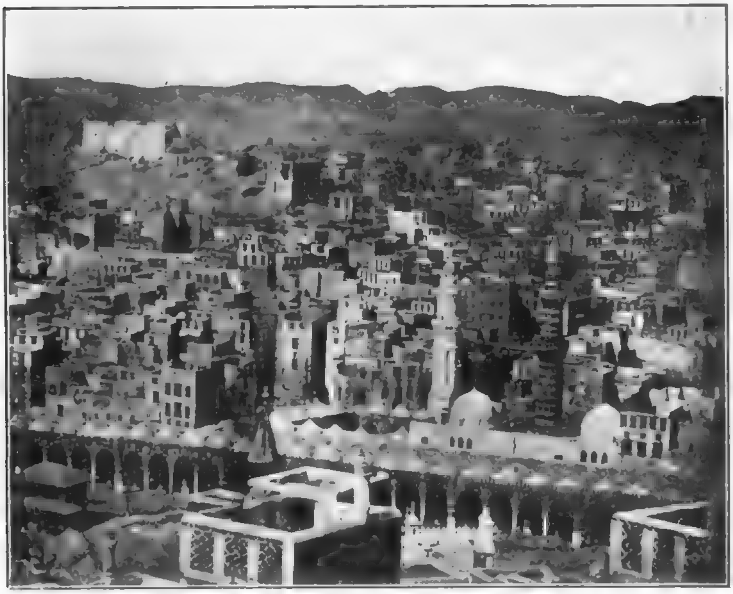
against a wall but slightly higher than itself—the Valley of Mina is turned into a reeking shambles. It is known that upon one occasion, at least, more than twenty-five thousand sheep were slain on this day alone. Up the narrow cañon of the valley, as far as the eye can see, lie rank upon rank of gray huddled bodies, blood-clotted, with heads facing toward Mecca. A strange sight, when the desert moon rides over its loneliness and its death-smitten silence, touching with wan light the army of still things which once were living flesh. It is so quiet now, this Valley of Desire which is become a Valley of Death. Moon-haunted, desolate, appalling, it lies awaiting the rise of the pale specter, Pestilence. During the Days of Drying Flesh, it is believed that no wild beasts nor vulture will molest the sacrifices. Far better for the pilgrims had the wild beasts come in their thousands to leave nothing but clean-picked bones. For in the narrow, stony, waterless valley, under the pitiless Eastern sun, the results are frightful. Cholera spreads its wings broadcast over the valley; daily, pilgrims succumb in their hundreds. Sheep and camels are not the only victims. There follows upon the night of this Day of Victims an orgy which is the disgust of all good Mohammedans who have the highest interests of Islam at heart. After the sacrifices are slain, the pilgrims are permitted to shave the head and trim the beard and nails for the first time since the donning of the sacramental *Ihram*.



CLOSE VIEW OF THE HARAM OR GREAT MOSQUE OF MECCA. THE POGRER COLONNADES. IN THE BACKGROUND ARE THE MOSQUES

Medina, the City of the Hejira, or Flight of the Prophet, from which the whole world of Islam dates its era, lies some 248 miles from Mecca, on the high plateau of Central Arabia, a journey of ten or eleven days. The cold in winter here is as severe as the heat of Mecca is burning; wherefore the Prophet himself has said that "he who hath endured the heat of Mecca and the cold of Medina truly meriteth Paradise." From many miles away one can see the great dome of the Prophet's Tomb. The Tomb is in the southeast corner of the Prophet's Mosque, but its walls are quite separated from those of the Mosque. The interior is draped with rich curtains; a massive structure of black stone, supported by two pillars, and covered in black silk, contains the tombs of Mohammed and of his friends Omar and Abu-Bakr. Vast treasures are said to be hidden in them: golden chests, full of precious stones, suspended by silken ropes. It is told that the casket of Mohammed is of ebony, covered with sandalwood and silver plates. Yet no mortal eyes may see it for the dazzling light which blazes from it. The body lies upon the side at full length, the right cheek supported by the right palm, the face turned toward the Holy Shrine of Mecca; and thus all Moslems are buried. The fable of the suspension of Mohammed's coffin between earth and sky is a Christian fable, which finds no foundation in Moslem traditions. Around the Tomb is the enclosure called by the priests El-Hodjra, so sacred that only persons especially privileged may enter it. In the suburbs is the famous Bakia, or Burial-place of the Saints, where lie thousands of Holy Martyrs, and all of Mohammed's wives save the first, Khadijah, whose grave is in the sacred cemetery of Mecca.

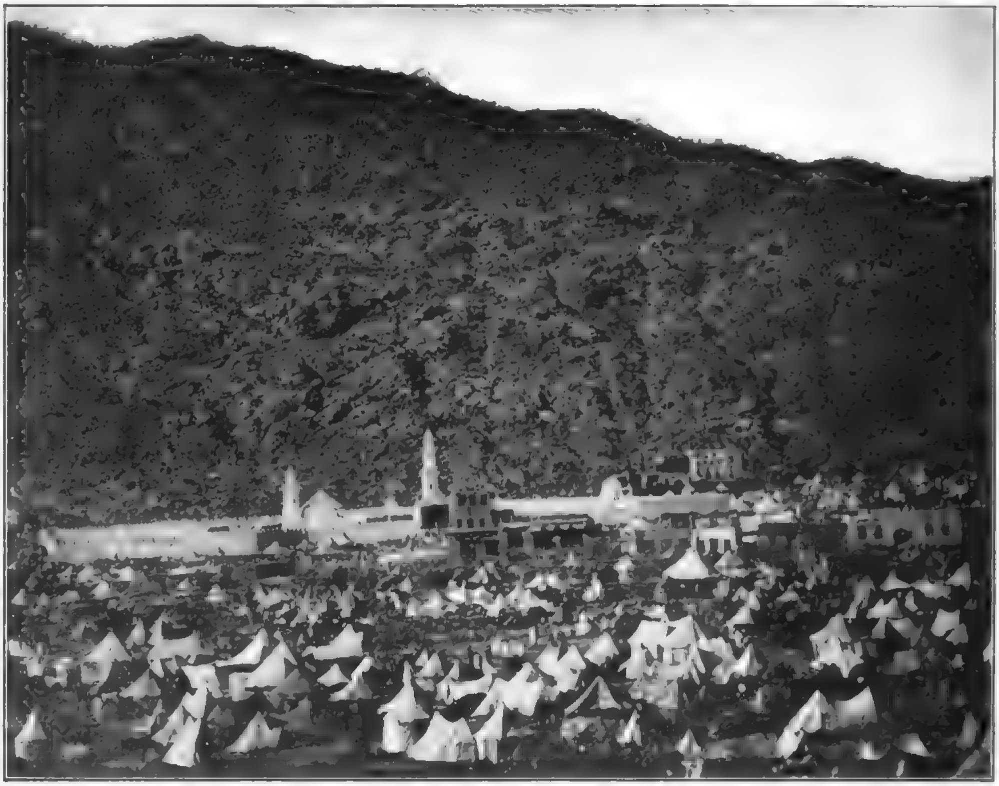
The pilgrimage to Medina is not obligatory, but is to be commended as an act of Faith, whereby the devotee may acquire additional merit. But the Hadj, being one of the four fundamental decrees of Islam, is a religious duty which every true believer keeps before his eyes as one of the things in life necessary to be accomplished. If, for various reasons, he is debarred from making it, he will send a *Wakil*, or representative, to pray in his name at the Kaaba. On returning, the *Wakil* hands over the *Ihram* in which the pilgrimage was accomplished; this his patron will use as his shroud. Theoretically, if not practically, the number of Moslems that go upon the Pilgrimage is limited by the following conditions: The pilgrim must have attained his fifteenth year, when, according to Moslem law, the boy becomes the man. He must have no debts, and must possess a sum sufficient to defray his own expenses. He must also start with an absolutely clean conscience, leaving no wrong behind him. "Every pilgrim must take with him a rosary, the square of unbaked clay called *mohre*, and a copy of the Koran, for from this a passage must be read after every prayer."



PILGRIMS ARE PERMITTED TO LODGE IN THE RECESSES BENEATH THE BELONGING TO THE VARIOUS SECTS OF ISLAM.

Since the old days, the ways of the Pilgrimage have changed. Formerly, before the establishment of fleets of pilgrim ships from Bombay to Jiddah; of rules governing the transportation of pilgrims, their food and finances, and of rigid quarantine laws, the Hadj was made across the deserts by gigantic caravans. Of these, some left Central Morocco and crossed the whole of Northern Africa by Algeria, Tunisia, and Tripoli, to Egypt. Here they joined other great caravans from Cairo; and the combined forces moved on to Medina by Suez and so to Mecca. Nowadays, the advantages are much in favor of the oversea route, which is cheaper, as well as quicker and more safe. Therefore the old caravan routes—excepting only the Syrian—are now comparatively deserted. Pilgrims from North Africa and Morocco are conveyed to Mecca by sea; and the numbers sent down the gulf from Persia exceed those that travel overland across Arabia. Only the Syrian caravan is left with something of its old-time magnitude and splendor. It may number from seventeen to five-and-twenty thousand camels, and will be upon the road two months or more, halting every fifth day to rest the animals. All the movements of these great caravans are governed by strict discipline; when the caravan moves by day, at dawn, at noon, mid-afternoon, and sunset, signals given by cannon call half-hour halts for devotions. Traveling, however, is done as far as possible by night, when the heat is not so great.

To the pilgrim caravan from Cairo falls the yearly honor of carrying to Mecca the new *Kiswa*, the Sacred Carpet for the Kaaba. For years this Carpet has been the gift of the Sultan, who has it woven and embroidered by the Bagt al-Sadi, a hereditary family, in a great manufactory at Cairo. When it is ready, it is carried in solemn procession to the Mosque Al-Hasanayn. There it is lined with white calico, sewed into the proper shape and prepared for the journey. The departure of the caravan that bears the *Kiswa* is attended with much pomp and circumstance.

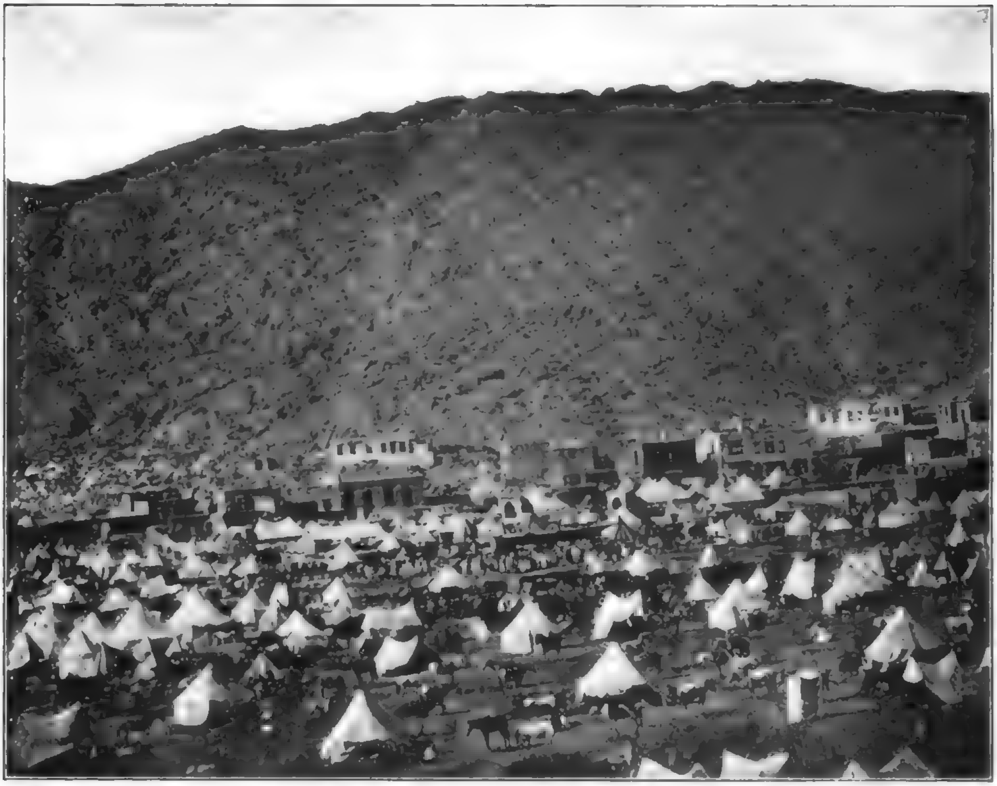


THE VALLEY OF MINA, WHERE MOSLEM PILGRIMS PERFORM THE CURIOUS

It is unfortunate that for the most part the efforts which have been made toward the mitigation of the frightfully unsanitary conditions existing among the pilgrims have been blocked by themselves. In their religious zeal they believe that death upon the Pilgrimage is rather to be desired than feared, since whosoever dies upon the road to Mecca is regarded as a martyr. Sick men who know to a certainty that they cannot survive a long journey over the burning desert, nor even the severity of travel on a crowded pilgrim ship, nevertheless set out upon the Hadj. The fierce *Samum*—the "poison wind"—and the desert sun beating on the heads of pilgrims who, once they have donned the *Ihram*, may not wear a cap or turban—though umbrellas are allowed—claim their victims. But many more die of diseases contracted as a result of the fearful crowding in uncleanly quarters at Mecca and in Mina.

The pilgrim returning from Mecca finds himself received all along his homeward way with open arms by those, less fortunate than himself, who have not been among the Faithful. Let a whisper rise that he has performed the Sacred Hadj, has looked upon the Sanctuary of the World, and stood upon Mount Arafat, and from far and near men will flock to him, to touch his garments, that they may perchance catch a grain of dust of the Holy City; to kiss his hands, his feet, that they may breathe the odor of sanctity which hallows him. Even those of alien sects will do him honor; he is of the Elect, and his prayers will find immediate favor in the sight of the God of Mercy. Their faith in the power of his intercession for them is absolute; if he offered singly all the supplications entreated of him, he must live to be a thousand years.

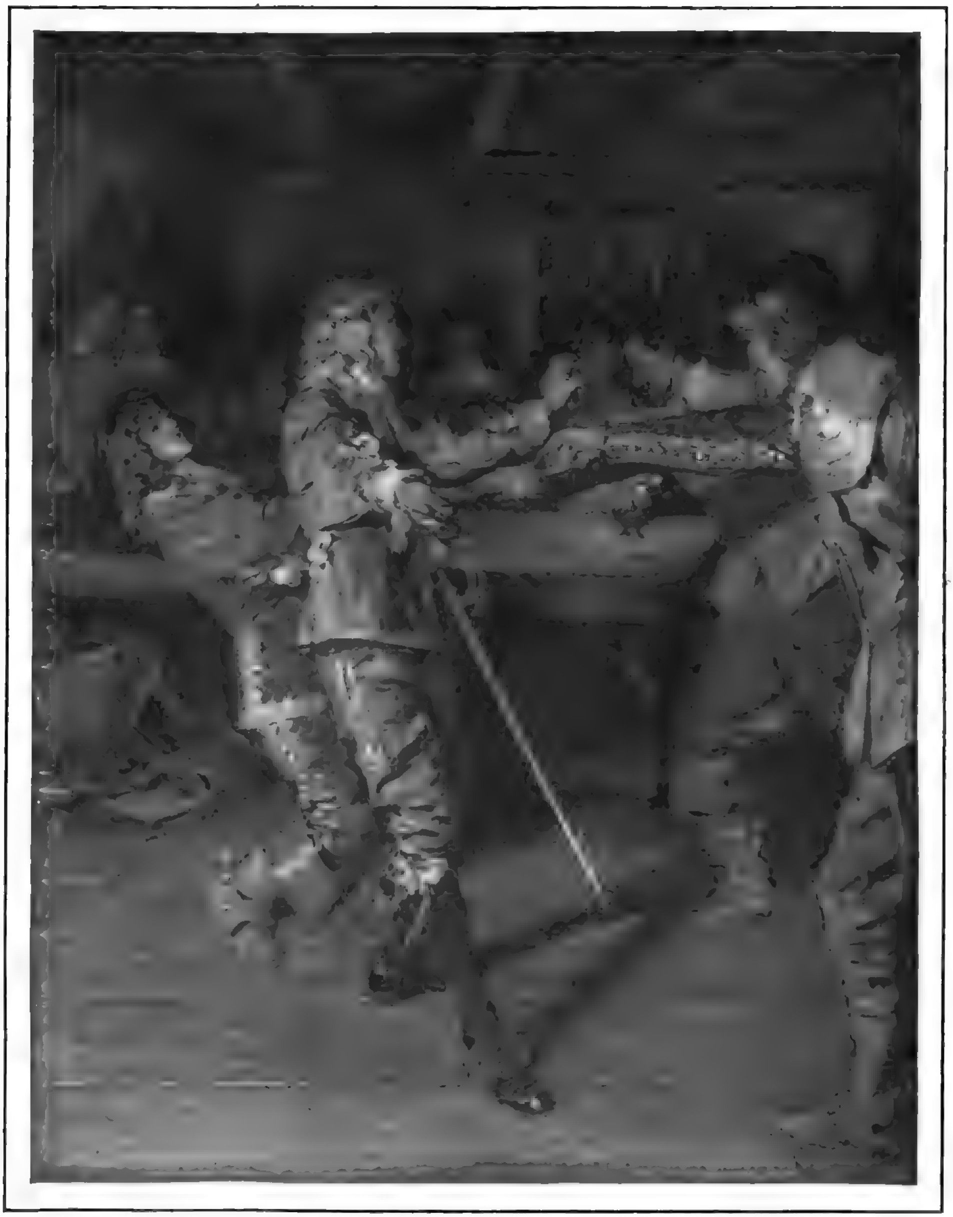
Of the Faithful, some perform the Pilgrimage frequently; to others, it is the one vast and soul-stirring experience of a lifetime. And it may be that to the latter it means the most in grace, as it means the most in the overcoming of difficulties and in the self-sacrifice necessary to its accomplishment. Long years of waiting, of saving with the economy which the Oriental of the poorer classes has brought very near perfection; of



CEREMONIES OF THE STONING OF THE DEVIL AND OF DRYING FLESH IN THE SUN.

planning, of dreaming, of bitter disappointments, go into his preparation for it. Such a one, traveling at best under difficulties, will experience all the hardships, all the manifold discomforts, as well as the joys of the event. He will be hustled on his way by unfeeling officials to whom he is but one of the herd. If he is well, he must take whatever comes his way; if he is ill, he is dependent on the charity of his brother pilgrims—for go to the Government hospitals provided for him he will not, if he can help himself. Yet, if he can return to the poverty of his home, exhausted, filled with the germs of disease, with his grave-clothes washed in holy Zemzem, his memories, and his faith fanned to a renewed glow of ardor, he will ask no more of life. He has proved himself, and on his devotion is set the seal of grace. Henceforth his mind is at rest; his way to Paradise is made plain before him, and he shall surely enter in. By the same token, the Moslem living furthest from Arabia is the one most ardent in his desire to visit the holy places of his religion.

Perhaps the greatest benefit resulting from the Pilgrimage, looked at from a standpoint social and political as well as religious, is the mingling in Mecca and Medina of Mohammedans of every race and sect, a fact tending to keep religion a question vivid and vital to the nation as well as to the individual. Also it engenders a spirit of self-sacrifice—for to the vast majority of the pilgrims the Hadj is performed at no little cost both physical and spiritual; and in his wisdom the Prophet knew that self-sacrifice is good for the soul. As an example of the strength in unity and in spiritual power of Islam, the Hadj is a wonderful institution. No true believer who has ever stood before the Shrine, the Holy of Holies upon earth, and listened to the cry of the clear-voiced muezzins ringing through the dawn from the gold-capped minarets—"*Lah illah allah Alaha; wah Saïdna Muhammad Rais ullah!*"—"There is none other god than the Almighty One; and our Lord Mohammed is His appointed Messenger!"—would barter his memories for all the treasures of India's storied wealth.



From a painting by Bernard Rosenmeyer.

WITH A CRY, HE TURNED AND STRUCK AT THE CAPTAIN'S BLADE WITH HIS BARE LEFT HAND.

—"*Lord Jerningham.*"

Lord Jerningham

By Booth Tarkington

Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana", "Monsieur Beaucaire", "The Beautiful Lady" etc.

Illustrations by Bernard Rosenmeyer

I HAD some knowledge of George Vestries five years before he doffed the Stuart colors and joined us, when there was a stir in London over his betrothal to Anne Wilding, maid of honor to Henrietta Maria. Half England talked of this lady, of her beauty, gaiety, wit, and of her charities. Those were sharp days. For my part, I was employed in dangerous fomentations, but, like the town, I found time to hear of this alliance. Then the embers flamed up betwixt Court and Parliament. Vestries's father, Lord Hampton, went with the sovereign; but the young man remained ready to range himself with the opposing forces. Thus, this prudent pair made out to save their goods; for, when the King was brought to book, Hampton must flee the country, but the noble estates lay fallow for his son and were not confiscated. Old Sir Henry Wilding followed Charles Stuart to his own mortal cost; his two sons were shot at Naseby; and, himself being taken in Scotland, he was declared a traitor and done to death in Edinburgh by Argyle.

His daughter, the maid of honor, was fled, none knew whither; some said to the Queen in France; while Vestries (thoughtful of his fields in Hampshire) allowed it to be said that his betrothal was set aside; and, lamenting ostentatiously the course his own father had pursued, rarely spoke of Sir Henry, and did not lift his hand when the old man came to trial.

The common rumor had it that Vestries was too stanch a Parliament man and Mistress Anne too bitter (she had reason!) on the other side to speak kindly with each other this side of Judgment Day; yet it was believed that she had loved him dear; and that he, for his part, had greater affection for her than for all else in this world save the keeping of the great estates. For this latter was the first principle with him; it was the marrow of his heart; and he regarded it preciously as a point of honor with posterity.

Time was when I liked him very well; for upon the happy fight at Naseby, which made me a Colonel of Horse, he joined us of the Parliament side, in the field, and soon after became a captain in my regiment. He was a man of parts, and, bearing a lively sword in action, he could show a most engaging front to his companions in arms at the board. He was drawn to select service with my command by hearing that among us a man was not like to be shot for an oath nor damned for a bottle of wine, the officers enjoying some acquaintance beyond the pale of the Psalms and the peregrinations of Joshua. For this (when they had whispers of it) the Levelers mouthed and spat sulfur at us whiles, but our work—and we had enough—was our reply. I boast there were never soldiers more precise in their duty, nor, at that time, more devoted to Oliver; but we were concerned in the political issue, not the religious; we nourished the Republic in its cradle with our glad blood; and faith! a divine, or a ranting corporal in our camp might only curse us into sweeter drowsing. Vestries was, in seeming, a man of the temper of those who fought about me. Sooth, we all liked him, 'tis the truth; he became my near friend and familiar; and so I came to know true case between him and Anne Wilding.

The King had done with cheating, with tricking us, and with life, and the block was set away. It was an October morning, and we lay in a wood, near Oxford, encamped. I was seated on a fallen log, writing, when a ragged fellow darted by me and lost himself in the underbrush. Vestries came flying in pursuit, passed me; then, after I had helped him to beat up the bush, in vain, he came and flung himself down, groaning, in my bivouac. He reached up and handed me a scribbled paper.

"Read it," he said. "It is from a lady you must know of."

It was a letter from Mistress Wilding. He knew not where she hid herself, he told me, but two months past had found means to get a letter to her through a Scots prisoner, who was very secret with him, and would only tell him how to set the missive upon the first stage of its journey. He had written this letter, he groaned, in an hour of acute remembrance of her, an hour of agony when it seemed he must have her, could not face the years without her; and now this tattered lackey had come out of nowhere, had squeezed the answering script into his hand, and, stealing off, while Vestries read it, vanished lightly, as I saw.

"Read it," said Vestries again. "It's a word from the only woman ever I had eyes for! And be sure she writes to the most unhappy wretch in England!"

The letter was short; there was none of the fripperies or elegance and shepherdizing that now find vogue:

> "Disloyal to the King, couldst thou be loyal to me? Thou needst not protest and filly-fally with a lady that is not for bearing with thee much further, yet likes thee dear. Ah, sir, my love has gone a great way; thine shrank back at the first hardship—but now comes, still reaching timid hands after me! Would have me—and fears to have me! Thy father almost lost thee Hampshire. Thy sweetheart might tip it out of the scale and set it wasting under the butcher? Even in this anguished missive of thine, there is hinting and hold-back a-plenty. Even so, I wear it on my heart! Was it conscience set thee under Cromwell? I may prate of conscience a little, for loyalty hath rewarded our folk sadly, making it a sore task to write to one under such arms as you bear.
>
> "Yet do I put love over conscience—nay! conscience is the finer part of love! Couldst thou leave all to follow either? 'Tis the only way thou shalt ever have me, and if thou canst take me so, thou shalt have me. And though that time last but one little moment, it shall be worth all. If I could see thee of my way of thinking, death would be naught. So, I will put thee to the test. Thou hast sworn much and plead much, but ever words—words! I will put thee to the test—see thou to it that thou be ready, dear one. Leave all and follow love when I come. Look to see me in thy camp before a year is gone. Beware my coming with fire and sword, for, know you, dear enemy, I bear arms—I bear arms, and fight on the border for the Martyr's memory, and I plot through the realm for the blessed young Majesty, King Charles the Second!
>
> "Shalt hear no more till I come; then be ready, love, be ready! If thou wilt be true for that space, one little moment shall be worth all."

"A mighty seditious document!" quoth I.

"Heaven help me!" cried the Captain from the ground. "For God knows what she may do! She is sweet as May, with May's soft humors, but there was always a wildness in her. . . . A strange woman, very beautiful, but . . . strange, strange! If I could know what she means!" He rubbed his brow with his hands. "If I could get her off safely to the Continent——"

"If you could, it might be well if it were done soon, Captain Vestries," I said. "I make sure she is in a perilous mix-up; these are evil days for enemies to the Commonwealth, such as she confesses—nay, professes herself. If I were in your place——"

"*You!*" he broke out loudly. "You would clap her in jail to be tried! But you shall not come near her!"

"I hope not," I answered earnestly.

"*I* am no machine of war!" he cried. "I am a man of heart, do you understand? Lord, Lord, she has endured such miseries! You do not know her nor what she might do, in her desperation, and having no one in the world but me—and I against her!" He struck his hands together like one in despair. "My cousin Jerningham should have had her; he would have haled her out of all this, and kept her safely to a woman's work, if it took a beating, and he *would* have beat her, if it needed! For he is as tempestuous a harebrain as herself. He loved her very well, long ago. He went to sea, and when he came back, I had won her; so he sailed again and forgot her. Yes, I won her—wo worth us both! What is to be done? Not that I dream you can tell me!"

"I can tell you nothing but to come at some means to get her to the Dutch or to France. The plain truth is best, Vestries: friends of the Stuarts are to grow very few." I spoke slowly, that he might weigh the words as I did. "I say these are bad times for such; even the slip of a word or two is a chancy thing wherever it happens. Get her away if you can."

"Get her away!" he groaned. "How can I? If I knew how to reach her, could I move in the matter? You say the truth; a word or two goes a long way these times. What could I do if I knew? She would not go! You are a sweet comforter, Col. Thomas Breed! Oh, mercy! She bears arms, she says—and on a lost side! And she so gently reared!"

I left him lying there in that strange folly and returned to my writing. He was a man in love; in spite of all that came, I affirm it. Moreover, he was capable of a marvelous loyalty, but it was neither to man nor woman, but to the senseless stretch of earth of which some scribbled sheets declared him master. And if this faith he kept with his estates could have gone with his love to Anne Wilding, I think it would have made that love she sought so eagerly, what sort she held to be worth all —even in one moment.

From that day of her last letter to him, a wan apprehension sat upon the soul of George Vestries, and was visible to me. He was full of a loud gaiety in company, but the mood beneath his manner mocked him. And though the autumn waned and the winter wore away, and his mistress had not descended upon our lines, yet she was a lady of her word, and, to most ways of thinking, desperate. He was a whiter-faced man each month, in the waiting for her coming.

On the first of March, I lay overnight with three squadrons of horse at Rochester. That evening I and Major Hatton, Captain Vestries, Captain Merrifield, Lieutenant Chesley, of my regiment, and Colonel Lorrimer and a half-score of other officers of a division of foot, which was quartered at Rochester, supped at "The Parliament Man," an inn, late "The King's Arms," redubbed again since that day. 'Tis the honest hosts of England and their signs that are the politicians' almanac.

Vestries was our host, making the feast in honor of his kinsman, Jerningham, who had just come up from the sea (where he had served our cause) to join us at Rochester.

The men who sat at the board were such as I would have picked from the whole world for battle or bout; and how warmly they come before my mind's eye to-day, as they sang and laughed that night! A burly group in carelessness; cuirasses doffed; long swords depending from chair-backs; great limbs at ease, great hearts in cheer; Hatton, Chesley, Merrifield—could I evoke those stalwarts from the past to ride at my side once more, I might not need to lay my exiled old bones among the Dutch! Poor Merrifield! — a soldier, not too quick to do his own thinking, but unquestioning and fateful in his strokes for the right cause; as kindly a companion at the table as a squire might wish, a hearty drinker and a hearty doer—he had ill-luck!

The Cavaliers will tell you that our troops and their officers were one fanatical crew; but we had some who could do as noble trencher-service as any gartered lackey about the court to-day; and we proved it in our first toast to Jerningham, for it showed the clean bottom of the punch-bowl.

John Lawrence, Viscount Jerningham, was a big young man, long-faced and high-featured, and something singular to look upon, for his hair was very light-colored, almost white, but his eyes were dark, beneath black brows. These arched extremely at all times, most, however, when he talked, in a fashion of genial deference to his listener, so that the latter was betrayed into thinking himself had long since said whatever Jerningham was saying. This was part of the manner in which he veiled himself, an exquisite manner, and one rare to us, though we had seen some hints of it in Captain Vestries. His reputation (which had lately gone over the country) led us to expect another man, something of the rough blade, for he had commanded a sloop whose doings cost Parliament no little stress of imagination to acquit of piracy. She had fought wildly on many coasts, ever with such stirring abandon as brought her off safely; so we looked to discover in her master a spice of the bravo, but we found such flavor lacking in him. He carried about him, rather, the air of the antechamber. When he bowed, we felt the soldier, but the soldier at court; there were rustling of gowns and murmur of silken whisperings; yet he had the free, strong voice of a sailor; and his was a laugh to win your liking at the first sound of it. But I thought him the lighter kind of cynic, one with a humorous condescension toward life, and little care of it; and deep in the dark of his eyes there glinted a spark that might flame up in the right wind; a glow hinting suddenness of temper, strange capacities, and not altogether sane; so that I could understand his cousin's having called him "tempestuous" and "harebrained." Such was he, the man of most spirit I ever saw.

We had small need of the candles on our table, for it was a bitter night without, and a heaping fire blazed on the hearth and filled the room with a ruddy light that danced on bowl and beaker and hilt and buckle. The big war-worn faces shone and reddened, but more than the fire had to do with that. After the third refilling of the bowl, most of the company waxed more boisterous, argumentative, gentle or even melancholy, according to their mood in liquor, and George Vestries, half neglectful of his duties as host, fell into a noticeable gloom.

But the guest of honor carried the gaiety of the evening upon his broad shoulders very winningly. After a number of general choruses, he answered our pressure for a song with a Cavalier ballad, which he said he offered as a curiosity for our inspection. He sang well and was heartily applauded, though I felt it needful to question the propriety of repeating Cavalier sentiments except as evidence before judges. My courtesy was not equal to Lord Jerningham's.

"I hope, sir," quoth I, growing red, "you own to no feeling of disaffection toward our leaders?"

"Nay," said he, with his rich laugh, "if I did I trust you would not believe me so foolhardy as to let it be known to Colonel Breed! I have often heard of you, sir, and I esteem the honor I assume for myself in pledging you."

With that we sent the healths around, giving throat to many a jovial song, pledging every member of the company in turn, and when the echo of the last shout was lost among the rafters and we were all reseated, my lord remained upon his feet.

"Let us annul these cups," said he. "Let us begin again" (whereupon there went up a great cheer), "and for the first toast, I propose something sweeter and less rusty than ourselves. Does ever a soldier fall without a name upon his lips as his soul is spent? It is in that final test he finds which name he loved the best—for a soldier does not live long enough to discover it before!"

"There spake the sailor!" shouted Chesley.

"Pledge the name," Jerningham pursued, laughing. "The name you dream might come upon your lips if you fell to-night, though God forbid the thought! Drink to something better and worse than war or men. And I call the officer who defends the fidelity of landsmen!"

Thus challenged, Chesley rose.

"To Phœbe!" he said gallantly. "I have no need to die to learn the name! To Phœbe, peerless among her sex, unversed in the arms of Mars, but wise in the arts of Venus!"

"Nevertheless," quoth Lord Jerningham, with a bow to Chesley, "we hope that though unversed in the arms of Mars, the lady may not long prove entirely unacquainted with those of a valiant son of his."

And Chesley, in confusion, called Captain Vestries.

Those of us who were acquainted with his story were curious to see what he would do. I knew him; I thought he would not toast his love in any company of Parliament men who might recognize "Anne" as the Royalist Mistress Wilding; yet he had won the girl from Jerningham, and must feel a bitter shame if, under his cousin's eyes, he dared not name her; and yet—Hampshire haunted him. 'Twas a dangerous time, and a little thing might divorce old lands from old names. The man's hesitation was palpable. He uttered a half-incoherent plea for excuse, not rising, while many eyes were bent upon him curiously. Then Jerningham himself came to his relief.

"Cousin," he said, as Vestries fidgeted, "there is a rare comfit of the low countries in a little silver box in my chamber above. I should like our friends to judge of it, if you will oblige me by fetching it hither. You know how loutish lazy I am, and you were always the quicker. I believe when we taste the comfits we shall accept your service in fetching them to acquit you of a toast."

There was some noisy protest at this, but Vestries, with a quick look of gratitude toward his kinsman, hastily quitted the room, and Jerningham suggesting that we fill the time with a song, we roared forth "Fill the Bowl" with good will. At the conclusion we discovered the landlord bobbing in the doorway.

"Is your business pressing?" asked my lord, as the song ceased and we fell silent. "Have we drunk the house dry?"

The landlord explained that a gentleman had arrived at the inn; that the place being full, he could obtain no lodging; he had traveled a great distance since morning, was chilled with the wind; the night was now far advanced, and he refused to go farther. He craved our permission to sit quietly by our fire, since we occupied the main room of the inn. He wished not to intrude, but the kitchen, where the menials sat, was his only other shelter and he disliked turning the poor hinds out of doors to the sheds on such a night.

This last set me a-thinking; it was high-tainted with Cavalier; moreover, it seemed to my quick suspicion that the gentleman misspoke himself, and that to intrude must be precisely his desire. I had my mouth open to say so, but Jerningham at once bade the landlord to entreat the gentleman's presence, and, almost as he spoke, the stranger appeared upon the threshold and bowed with grace, though not uncovering.

The picture he made, framed in the low doorway, I can see well to-day, here in my exile among the Dutch. Cavalier from head to foot! Not tall, delicately fashioned, a proud, slender figure wrapped in a long riding cloak; with muddy boots of buff; a long rapier in a frayed velvet scabbard; a great, plumed, flapping hat; a strange, thin face, wan in its shadows, and brown hair a-tangle about it, blown by the winds of the March night; violet depths under the large eyes, the features sharpened by either sickness or hunger; nevertheless, there was, in the mien and looks of the storm-tossed apparition, a certain wild brightness, the like of which I never saw, and, flecked with mud and weary-white as he was—even the deep lace at his throat and wrists torn, wet, and splashed with the road—his bearing was at once dainty and magnificent.

Jerningham bowed to the ground.

"We shall be honored to have you join us," he said.

The stranger bowed again, and begged our excuses in a low voice, which methought something too high-keyed for the length of his rapier.

"Nay, sir," said Jerningham heartily, as the stranger moved toward a settee by the hearth. "We beg you, do us the honor to join us at the board, and you may sit upon the fire side of it, and dry yourself at your ease. I am John Lawrence; pray, let me make these gentlemen known to you."

"My lord, he looks like a bloody-hearted Stuart man," whispered Merrifield, at his elbow.

"Let us have no politics, in heaven's name," laughed the Viscount softly, laying his hand on Merrifield's shoulder, "over a bowl of punch!"

The stranger let his hand fall negligently upon the back of the settee, turned with some languor toward Jerningham, and said:

"For this courtesy I thank my Lord Jerningham, who, if I mistake not, has but lately returned from the high seas where he has been serving against the King?"

Merrifield uttered a great oath; angry and amazed faces were turned toward the young man from every part of the table. I half rose to my feet, but the Viscount laughed aloud.

"'Against the King of Spain,' the gentleman would say if you gave him time to finish," he cried. "Is it not so, sir?"

The newcomer looked at him and then at us, with a sudden gay look strangely like that of a teasing girl.

"Aye, sirs," and he laughed with Jerningham. "Against the King of Spain!"

Upon this Merrifield humbly craved pardon for his blunder, and the laugh went round the company—until it reached me; for I did not join it.

"You cannot refuse us, sir," said my lord gaily. "In the name of my cousin, Captain Vestries, whose entertainment this is, I make you welcome and answer for his eager entreaty. Come, sir, we shall be glad of your assistance with a fresh bowl which should not be ill known to you."

The guest bowed; said quietly, "Indeed, I take it as a great honor that I may join such loyal hearts—and my name is Charlton," and accepted the chair which the Viscount himself placed for him at the curve of the table near the fire.

As he took his seat, George Vestries re-entered the room. I saw a faint look of surprise in the Captain's face as he beheld a new figure at the table, and then Jerningham's broad back cut off my view of him, as he went to take the box of comfits. With that there rose the roistering clamor of a drinking-song; and I remember that I saw (without noting it) the Viscount introducing Vestries to Mr. Charlton. The latter had risen and the three gentlemen were bowing very low.

When I next glanced at Vestries he was again in his chair (across from Charlton) sitting sidewise, in a heaped-up fashion, with a multitude of fine drops on his brow and cheeks, which were so sickly pale that it startled me, until I thought the liquor might have gone far with him—it seemed he would be first under the table.

"Gentlemen," said our new guest, as the song came to a finish, "I think you were passing the toasts before I came in, and I would not interrupt you. May I ask how far they had been honored?"

"Up to Captain Vestries," said Fanshawe of the foot, a good man but heavy. "We were drinking to our Ladies of Heart, sir."

"Much honored they!"

"Vestries!" cried Fanshawe. "'Tis your turn, Captain!"

"I seem to recall he had given his," interposed Jerningham, "before he went for the comfits."

"He had not," shouted Fanshawe, laughing, and pounding on the table. "Vestries! Vestries!"

"Nay," said my lord, still striving to spare his relative, "I do remember we excused him for fetching the comfits."

"We did, indeed," seconded Chesley, who repented his thoughtlessness.

But "Vestries! Vestries!" shouted the leaden-headed Fanshawe, while the others were obliged to take it up. "I appeal to Mr. Charlton as, perforce, an impartial judge!" he cried.

"Escape appears difficult for you, Captain Vestries," said Charlton. "To the lady of your heart—if, mayhap, there be one?"

I marked that my lord, who was regarding his relative with some sympathy, turned sharply toward the stranger as though struck with something in his tone. Charlton looked up; their eyes met; then Charlton's gaze fell slowly till it rested upon George Vestries.

The Captain unsteadily got to his feet; the fluid from his glass fell in great red stains upon the cloth where his eyes remained fixed. He supported himself by the back of his chair; and several, considering him far gone, nudged their neighbors.

"I drink," he said thickly, "to loyalty!"

"Loyalty to your lady?" It was Charlton's high, clear voice.

"Loyalty—to country," answered the Captain, with a catch in the throat. "Fidelity to honor!"

I truly believe that he did not know that he meant Hampshire when he spoke, and that this was the finest way out of his dilemma of which he was capable. He dropped suddenly into his chair.

"I call Colonel Breed," he ended, half audibly.

"Faith!" quoth I, rising quickly, as a buzz went round, "I've no sweetheart! I have no love, no lady wife; nor, please heaven, in no sense shall I ever own a widow. I can sigh out no toast to a whining damsel, and, being a bad hand at carpet-dancing, let me say for you: Lord save any lady from my drinking! But since it needs be a toast gallant, I pledge not a woman, but Woman, the Creator's last gift to man—and would He had been less generous! To Woman, then! A hearty health; drink deep; much happiness to her, say I! I call the guest of honor."

Amid a great outcry against me, his lordship rose and bowed. I have been all my life a hard republican, but I like to speak of John Lawrence by his title; for he was a lordly man; and it suits him.

He inclined twice toward the assembly, addressing himself especially to Mr. Charlton, as if desirous of causing him to feel one of us, and apparently much taken, as were we all, with the odd charm of the stranger's presence. The latter gave him a quick smile, but I observed that his eyes turned sharply from Jerningham to the Captain, who was bent low over the table, his head in his hands.

"I would not offend against your patience," said my lord. "Reproach me, but not her I honor, if the toast be long. Brothers of the board, Colonel Breed has given us a right word. Roving on many shores, I have ever found women to be alike: tender jades, harsh as flint; leal and true, fickle as the wind of this night; sweet as honey, bitter as aloes!"

"But this is a mass of contradictions!" objected Lorrimer.

Charlton, who sat next, turned to him with a little laugh. "No more nor no less!"

"No man may come nearer the truth," said my lord, with a fine, dry smile. "If I were a painter, I could never decide whether to depict a woman pointing down and leading up, or pointing up and leading down!"

"Do both, my lord," said Charlton. "Both—for different men."

"True, and wisely understood," answered Jerningham. "And such as she is, divine or too human, sweet or too sweet, we offer her our heart—sometimes from a distance! It may be better to send it, than to stand close and give it into her hand. Friends, we love her better far than near, more in one moment than in eternity!

"'Oh, love of mine, what sorry years
I'd spend beside thee! Strange it seems,
But though thy presence, sweet, endears,
I love thee better in my dreams!'"

And thereupon there was a general protest and great remonstrance.

"You cannot prove me ungallant!" my lord responded, "for I exclude from such bad lines all true mistresses of true lovers, and, above all, the lady to whom I shall drain this glass, though she be no sweetheart of mine."

Now, with this there was a pricking up of ears.

"A sailor roams in divers parts," he continued. "Demoiselles, mesdames, señoritas, signorinas, signoras, señoras, all flicker before his glass; I have the honor to swear that none of these is worth the outermost tucker of a true English maiden's petticoat! I have dangled a trifle at the heels of some ladies of Spain and other lands, but I never found true love in my heart except once. Then I was not more than a lad, with my cousin, our gentle host there, and our choice fell upon the same sweetling.

"Old loves—first loves—they are the best of all! Out of the spring-time past I evoke her lively image. When I first saw her—knee-high she was—her head was crowned with the treasure of a Spanish galleon, gold, like out-of-doors in June—nor did my heart grow cold to her as it darkened! Her I evoke, the one child in my boyish mind! To her I drain this goblet and summon your deep quaffing! First love is best!"

He waved the goblet over his head and spilled not a drop. Then he brought it to his lips. His eyes passed around the line of faces; and as they swept by Charlton's, their exchange of glance seemed to me like the flashing of gems crossing their rays.

"A name! A name!" was the cry, as we rose to honor the toast. "A name!"

"Most willingly," he answered, "and without encroachment on any man's prerogative. My dear cousin and old friend, George Vestries, will take only as I give—in friendship to him and his—this toast from the memory of the one innocent time in a life not too innocent. And I will not show myself so churlish as to mistrust your gentleness, gentlemen. I hold no surnames from this company."

He bent his head slightly, and then: "To Mistress Anne Wilding!" he cried, and drained his goblet to the dregs.

George Vestries stood uncertainly, leaning this way and that; he grew of a yellow pallor and returned his cousin's bow with a tremulous head, while my lord's glance rested upon him kindly, but with a veiled pity.

The toast was drunk almost in silence, and then Merrifield began to bellow: "Charlton! Charlton! We call the latest guest! Charlton!"

"Will you so honor us?" said I.

The newcomer rose to his feet.

George Vestries uttered a sharp exclamation, and lifted both hands in a singular movement of protest. Lord Jerningham, breathing deeply, leaned across the table with an excitement that came near agitation; but before either could speak, the stranger lifted a hand in a slight gesture which was imperial.

"Gladly, I propose a health," he said. "I should take shame not to give you that one which should have been first of all."

And then I heard George Vestries make a sort of moan; I saw his cousin's eyes flash again, and I understood who had come among us. "I will put thee to the test," she had written. "Be ready, love, be ready." No man stood before us, but there, uplifting her glass, girt with a soldier's arms, stained with a soldier's riding, stood the maid of Charles Stuart's court, the tragic waif, Anne Wilding. Vestries had known her at once, and Jerningham had recognized her—not upon her entrance, I think, but soon after (though I never knew)—and now that I understood, I marveled at the dulness of the others, who looked upon only a handsome, haggard, storm-tossed lad.

My heart was steadfast to the great purpose that had always moved it and always will; there was no relenting or easement toward this enemy of the people; yet it dazzled me to see her. She had come among her foes with no claim of privilege for her sex; nay, in such guise as to make a shame of him who should claim it for her.

So she stood and fronted us, elect to her hour: her face limned with light on the outlines, as a cunning painter draws his saints; her eyes in shadow, melancholy, wistful, fixed upon George Vestries with a serious sweetness that bore yet a tinge of fond, wild mirth; her light figure poised in gallant dignity; and for all the Cavalier's dress and ruffling sword she wore out of loyalty to the rotten cause that all her kin had died for, there was that in her look which made modesty to drape about her like a scarf.

I knew what she would do to test her lover, and I believe she thought he would fail her. He was to have the chance. And now, I still say this, as I have always said: had I been in his place—had it been a mere question of groves, meadows, villages, and a stone house with me, and had I been that lady's love, I would have seen the tawdry things at the farthermost corners of hell before I would have let her come to where she now stood! But for me the Republic was all; my youth was a dream of what it was to be; my old age is an anguish for what it might have been. I poured most of my blood in the dust for it, and now am a pariah near a Dutch grave because I gave my blood for its sake. I would have abated not one jot of my duty to the Republic though Gabriel came to bid me. But had I been George Vestries—ah, well, the old must strive for mildness; he dribbled at his fate, and the land owned him.

A party of Royalists at supper would have pledged the King in the first glass; and I saw Mistress Wilding's purpose. My duty was plain; she had borne arms against the Commonwealth, and, by her own confession, engaged in plots against it; but I was not dog enough to interrupt her before she finished with her lover and had done with what she intended. And the water came to my hard eyes as I saw the brave figure she made—a girl, alone among us, who were her enemies and her King's.

Vestries raised his head piteously; but her steadfast gaze held his and detained his purpose to speak.

"Gentlemen," she said, "Soldiers of the Commonwealth, as you would be called, you drank to loyalty at the behest of Captain Vestries. Are there two kinds? Is loyalty to your country to be divided from loyalty to your King?"

There was a stir among us, an oath, a sharp cry of "Treason!" and George Vestries staggered back from the table. But she lifted the long glass above her head with a joyous gesture. "To King Charles! To King Charles! A speedy end to Oliver Cromwell and his traitors! Who loves me drinks the toast!"

There was an instant of incredulous silence; then with a shout and a crash of cups on the table, came turmoil and chaos. I moved toward the girl.

"You are under arrest!" I cried.

"I will not be taken alive," she said. "Who loves me drinks my toast!"

Vestries fell in his chair with a groan and dropped his head on his arms. Never have I felt a more consuming pity than for that woman then. For one instant, for the merest flicker of time, she lost the bravery of her bearing, and I saw her lip quivering, her hand shaking wildly. I stepped toward her, my hand uplifted, when Jerningham thrust himself between us and caught my wrist as she gave one last look at her pitiful lover.

My lord released me instantly; he had not even glanced at me; his eyes were fixed on her, and in them I saw the glow of that fanatical spark I had marked, shoot up into flame.

"Look no more at him!" he cried, tossing his head back proudly, so that he seemed the tallest man I had ever seen. "Look no more at him, nor ever away from me!"

He plunged a goblet in the wine, drew his sword and crossed it against the glass on high.

"I care no more," he cried, "who shall call himself Protector or King than I care to know what Frenchman's lap-dog died last night. But were there death in the cup, here's a health to King Charles! A speedy end to Oliver Cromwell and his traitors!"

Then he stood at her side and faced us. There was a great shouting; greater cursing; the crash of glass and overturning of chairs, and a clattering of steel as rapiers came out of their sheaths; but I moved toward Jerningham in advance of the others.

"My lord," I cried wildly, "the wine is in your head! We know you for a loyal servitor of the Government. We can forget your words. But—this——"

"Do not say more!" exclaimed my lord imperiously.

"If any gentleman knows aught that would misbecome me, were it spoken," said the girl, "he will die before he speaks it!" And so my lips were sealed, and those of George Vestries.

"We have heard treason here to-night," cried Merrifield, "and, by Heaven, you both stand trial for it!"

"I will not be taken!" whispered Anne Wilding.

"No," said my lord.

George Vestries got to his feet and came toward us with some incoherent babbling. Two officers caught him by the arms and held him. An instant's silence fell upon us—the hatefulest pause I ever endured. Then Viscount Jerningham made a low bow to me.

"Colonel Breed," he said, "am I to have the distinction of engaging you?"

"An honor, sir, to me," I replied sadly. I drew and saluted him. "But your companion, my lord, is not to fight."

He thanked me with a look.

"Friend," he said to her, "you must leave your quarrel to me. John Lawrence never drew sword in a cause he liked so well!"

He whispered something to her rapidly, imperiously, and I made sure it was a command to escape whilst he kept our attention to the struggle. She shook her head, smiling upon him gloriously, and took his left hand and pressed it quickly to her lips. Then he thrust her suddenly behind him, leaped forward and engaged me. And even as he came at me, though that strange light, not wholly sane, played in his eyes, his face was so finely commanded by the soul of him that he seemed to be on the point of making me a friendly speech.

He was far cooler than I; and I immediately received a wound of my own making. I saw his point come searching my breast and parried wildly, and, in that quick necessity, upward. The parry came too late and the end of his blade tore through my cheek and across my forehead. The blood flew into my eyes and I made out that several of my companions ran forward to help me. I shouted to them savagely to fall back, but could not check them. Jerningham's companion sprang to meet them.

I was half blinded; I had begun for my life, thrusting again and again to the full stretch of arm and weapon; but ours was not the only steel that sang in the room. Close by—so close that the four rapiers seemed one series of sparkles from a common center, like a star—the girl had suddenly engaged Merrifield and they fought at our side.

"For God's sake, Merrifield," I cried, "have done! Do him no hurt!"

"Why?" he panted, for the rapier was no toy in her hands.

I would have answered, but at that instant he beat down her guard and thrust behind it. I was thrusting at the same time; my lord saw Merrifield's stroke, and, with a cry, he turned and struck at the Captain's blade with his bare left hand—too late; it had gone home. His own parry was lost; I saw my sword enter his body before I could withhold it. I tried to recoil, but the first impulse had been fulfilled ere my hand obeyed its orders not to strike. So it was I killed John Lawrence, and that great pair fell together.

I stumbled back with the red sword in my hand; then I threw myself upon the floor and took his head upon my knees. "God help me, my lord, what have I done?" I said.

"Here is nothing for regret, Colonel Breed," he answered.

He turned his eyes to where Henrietta's maid of honor lay. Merrifield, white-lipped and horror-stricken, was bending over her. From the other side of the room still came the prattle of George Vestries, where they held him.

I knew my lord's wish; I moved him gently, very gently, close to Anne Wilding.

"I would I had been a better fighter," he whispered, as the haze stole over his bright eyes. "Still, I cherish it a matchless honor that—I—did fight—in—your cause."

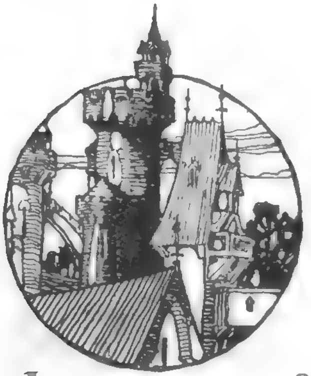
She raised herself on one arm and leaned over him.

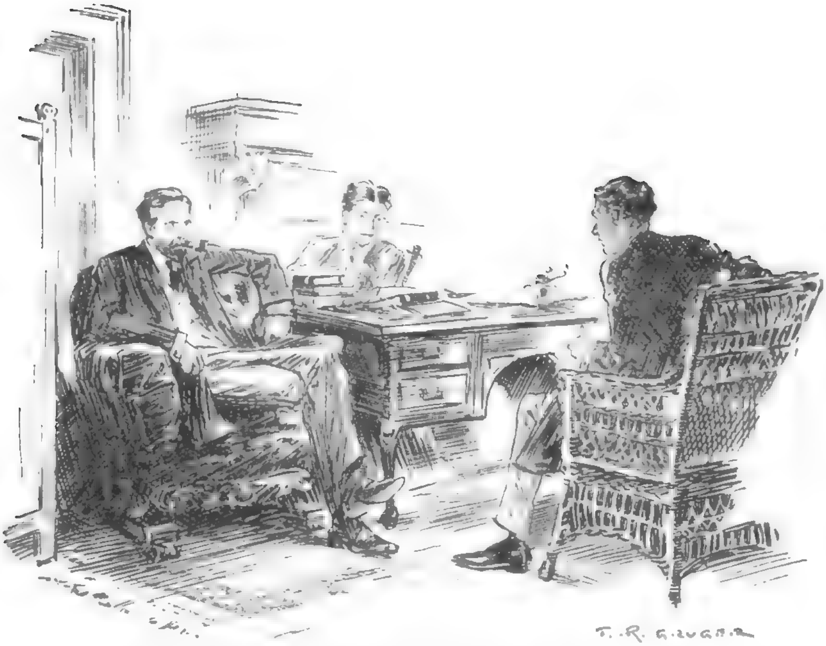
"Sweet!" she said, and bent down and kissed him on the lips.

"First love is best," he murmured, and he gave that half sigh that comes last of all.

Her supporting arm wavered; and she fell across his body with that arm about his neck.

So he won her from his cousin.





HE EXPOUNDED PATIENTLY, AS THEY SAT AND STARED AT HIM.

On Christmas Day in the Morning

By GRACE S. RICHMOND

Author of "The Indifference of Juliet"

Illustrations by Frederic R. Gruger

"And all the angels in heaven do sing,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the bells on earth do ring,
On Christmas Day in the morning."
—OLD SONG.

THAT Christmas Day virtually began a whole year beforehand, with a red-hot letter written by Guy Fernald to his younger sister, Nan, who had been married to Samuel Burnett just two and a half years. The letter was read aloud by Mrs. Burnett to her husband at the breakfast table, the second day after Christmas. From start to finish it was upon one subject, and it read as follows:

"DEAR NAN:

"It's a confounded, full-grown, blooming shame that not a soul of us all got home for Christmas—except yours truly, and he only for a couple of hours. What have the blessed old folks done to us that we treat them like this? I was invited to the Sewalls' for the day, and went, of course—you know why. We had a ripping time, but along toward evening I began to feel worried. I really thought Ralph was home—he wrote me that he might swing around that way by the holidays—but I knew the rest of you were all wrapped up in your own Christmas trees and weren't going to get there.

"Well, I took the seven-thirty down and walked in on them. Sitting all alone by the fire, by George, just like the pictures you see of 'The Birds All Flown,' and that sort of thing. I felt gulpish in my throat, on my honor I did, when I looked at them. Mother just gave one gasp and flew into my arms, and dad got up more slowly—he has that darned rheumatism worse than ever this winter—and came over, and I thought he'd shake my hand off. Well—I sat down between them by the fire, and pretty soon I got down in the old way on a cushion by mother, and let her run her fingers through my hair, the way she used to—and Nan, I'll be indicted for perjury if her hand wasn't trembly. They were so glad to see me it made my throat ache.

"Ralph had written he couldn't get round, and of course you'd all written and sent them things—jolly things, and they appreciated them. But—blame it all—they were just dead lonesome—and the whole outfit of us within three hundred miles, most within thirty!

"Nan—next Christmas it's going to be different. That's all I say. I've got it all planned out. The idea popped into my head when I came away last night. Not that they had a word of blame—not they. They understood all about the children, and the cold snap, and Ed's being under the weather, and Oliver's wife's neuralgia, and Ralph's girl in the West, and all that. But that didn't make the thing any easier for them. As I say, next year—But you'll all hear from me then. Meanwhile—run down and see them once or twice this winter, will you, Nan? Somehow it struck me they aren't so young as—they used to be.

"Splendid winter weather. Margaret Sewall's a peach, but I don't seem to make much headway. My best to Sam.

"Your affectionate brother,

"GUY."

Gay Nan had felt a slight choking in her own throat as she read this letter. "We really must make an effort to be there Christmas next year, Sam," she said to her husband, and Sam assented cheerfully. He only wished there were a father and mother somewhere in the world for him to go home to.

Guy wrote the same sort of thing, with more or less detail, to Edson and Oliver, his married elder brothers; to Ralph, his unmarried brother, and to Carolyn—Mrs. Charles Wetmore, his other—and elder—married sister. He received varied and more or less sympathetic responses, to the effect that with so many little children, and such snowdrifts as always blocked the roads leading toward North Estabrook, it really was not strange—and of course somebody would go next year. But they had all sent the nicest gifts they could find. Didn't Guy think mother liked those beautiful Russian sables Ralph sent her? And wasn't father pleased with his gold-headed cane from Oliver? Surely with such presents pouring in from all the children, Father and Mother Fernald couldn't feel so awfully neglected.

"Gold-headed cane be dashed!" Guy exploded when he read this last sentence from the letter of Marian, Oliver's wife. "I'll bet she put him up to it. If anybody dares give me a gold-headed cane before I'm ninety-five I'll thrash 'em with it on the spot. He wasn't using it, either—bless him. He had his old hickory stick, and he wouldn't have had that if that abominable rheumatism hadn't gripped him so hard. He isn't old enough to use a cane, by jolly, and Ol ought to know it, if Marian doesn't. I'm glad I sent him that typewriter. He liked that, I know he did, and it'll amuse him, too—not make him think he's ready to die!"

Guy was not the fellow to forget anything which had taken hold of him as that pathetic Christmas home-coming had done. When the year had nearly rolled around, the first of December saw him at work getting his plans in train. He began with his eldest brother, Oliver, because he considered Mrs. Oliver the hardest proposition he had to tackle in the carrying out of his idea.

"You see," he expounded patiently, as they sat and stared at him, "it isn't that they aren't always awfully glad to see the whole outfit, children and all, but it just struck me it would do 'em a lot of good to revive old times. I thought if we could make it just as much like one of the old Christmases before anybody got married—hang up the stockings and all, you know—it would give them a mighty jolly surprise. I plan to have us all creep in in the night and go to bed in our old rooms. And then in the morning—See?"

Mrs. Oliver looked at him. An eager flush lit his still boyish face—Guy was twenty-eight—and his blue eyes were very bright. His lithe, muscular figure bent toward her pleadingly; all his arguments were aimed at her. Oliver sat back in his impassive way and watched them both. It could not be denied that it was Marian's decisions which usually ruled in matters of this sort.

"It seems to me a very strange plan," was Mrs. Oliver's comment, when Guy had laid the whole thing before her in the most tactful manner he could command. She spoke rather coldly. "It is not usual to think that families should be broken up like this on Christmas Day, of all days in the year. Four families, with somebody gone—a mother or a father—just to please two elderly people who expect nothing of the sort, and who understand just why we can't all get home at once. Don't you think you are really asking a good deal?"

Guy kept his temper, though it was hard work. "It doesn't seem to me I am," he answered quite gently. "It's only for once. I really don't think father and mother would care much what sort of presents we brought them, if we only came ourselves. Of course, I know I'm asking a sacrifice of each family, and it may seem almost an insult not to invite the children and all, yet—perhaps next year we'll try a gathering of all the clans.

But just for this year—honestly—I do awfully wish you'd give me my way. If you'd seen those two last Christmas——"

He broke off, glancing appealingly at Oliver himself. To his surprise, that gentleman shifted his pipe to the corner of his mouth and put a few pertinent questions to his younger brother. Had he thought it all out? What time should they arrive there? How early on the day after Christmas could they get away? Was he positive they could all crowd into the house without rousing and alarming the pair?

"Sure thing," Guy assured him quickly. "Marietta—well, you know I've had the soft side of her old heart since I was born, somehow. I talked it all over with her last year, and I'm solid with her, all right. She'll work the game. You see, father's quite a bit deaf now——"

"Father deaf?"

"Sure. Didn't you know it?"

"Forgotten. But mother'd hear us."

"No, she wouldn't. Don't you know how she trusts everything about the house to Marietta since she got that fall"——

"Mother get a fall?"

"Why, *yes.*" Guy stared at his brother with some impatience. "Don't you remember she fell down the back stairs a year ago last October, and hurt her knee?"

"Certainly, Oliver," his wife interposed. "I wrote for you to tell her how sorry we were. But I supposed she had entirely recovered."

"She's a little bit lame, and always will be," said Guy, a touch of reproach in his tone. "Her knee stiffens up in the night, and she doesn't get up and go prowling about at the least noise, the way she used to. Marietta won't let her. So if we make a whisper of noise Marietta'll tell her it's the cat or something. Good Lord! yes—it can be worked all right. The only thing that worries me is for fear I can't get you all to take hold of the scheme. On my word, Ol"—he turned quite away from his sister-in-law's critical gaze and faced his brother with something like indignation in his frank young eyes—"don't we owe the old home anything but a present tied up in tissue paper once a year?"

Marian began to speak. She thought Guy was exceeding his rights in talking as if they had been at fault. It was not often that elderly people had so many children within call—loyal children who would do anything within reason. But certainly a man owed something to his own family. And at Christmas! Why not carry out this plan at some other——

Her husband abruptly interrupted her. He took his pipe quite out of his mouth and spoke decidedly:

"Guy, I believe you're right. I'll be sorry to desert my own kids, of course, but I rather think they can stand it for once. If the others fall into line, you may count on me."

Guy got away feeling that the worst of his troubles was over. In his younger sister, Nan, he hoped to find an ardent ally and he was not disappointed. Carolyn—Mrs. Charles Wetmore—also fell in heartily with the plan. Ralph, from somewhere in the far West, wrote that he would get home or break a leg. Edson thought the idea rather a foolish one, but was persuaded by Jessica, his wife—whom Guy privately declared a trump—that he must go by all means. And so they all did fall into line, and there remained for Guy only the working out of the details.

"Mis' Fernald"—Marietta Cooley strove with all the decision of which she was capable to keep her high-pitched, middle-aged voice in order—"'fore you get to bed I'm most forgettin' what I was to ask you. I s'pose you'll laugh, but Guy—he wrote me partic'lar he wanted you and his father to"—Marietta's rather stern, thin face took on a curious expression—"to hang up your stockin's."

Mrs. Fernald paused in the doorway of the bedroom opening from the sitting-room downstairs. She looked back at Marietta with her gentle smile.

"Guy wrote that?" she asked. "Then—it almost looks as if he might be coming himself, doesn't it, Marietta?"

"Well, I don't know's I'd really expect him," Marietta replied, turning her face away and busying herself about the hearth. "I guess what he meant was more in the way of a surprise for a Christmas present—something that'll go into a stockin', maybe."

"It's rather odd he should have written you to ask me," mused Mrs. Fernald, as she looked out the stockings.

Marietta considered rapidly. "Well, I s'pose he intended for me to get 'em on the sly without mentionin' it to you, an' put in what he sent, but I sort of guessed you might like to fall in with his idee by hangin' 'em up yourself, here by the chimbley, where the children all used to do it. Here's the nails, same as they always was."

Mrs. Fernald found the stockings, and

touched her husband on the shoulder, as he sat unlacing his shoes. "Father, Guy wrote he wanted us to hang up our stockings," she said, raising her voice a little and speaking very distinctly. The elderly man beside her looked up smiling.

"Well, well," he said. "Anything to please the boy. It doesn't seem more than a year since he was a little fellow hanging up his own stocking, does it, mother?"

The stockings were hung in silence. They looked thin and lonely as they dangled beside the dying fire. Marietta hastened to make them less lonely. "Well," she said, in a shamefaced way, "the silly boy said I was to hang mine, too. Goodness knows what he'll find to put into it, that'll fit, 'less it's a poker."

They smiled kindly at her, wished her good night, and went back into their own room. The little episode had aroused no suspicions. It was very like Guy's affectionate boyishness.

"I presume he'll be down," said Mrs. Fernald, as she limped quietly about the room, making ready for bed. "Don't you remember how he surprised us last year? I'm sorry the others can't come. Of course I sent them all the invitation, just as usual—I shall always do that—but it *is* pretty snowy weather, and I suppose they don't quite like to risk it."

Presently, as she was putting out the light, she heard Marietta at the door.

"Mis' Fernald, Peter Piper's got back in this part o' the house, somehow, and I can't lay hands on him. Beats all how cute that cat is. Seem's if he knows when I'm goin' to put him out in the wood-shed. I don't think likely he'll do no harm, but I thought I'd tell you, so's if you heard any queer noises in the night you'd know it was Peter."

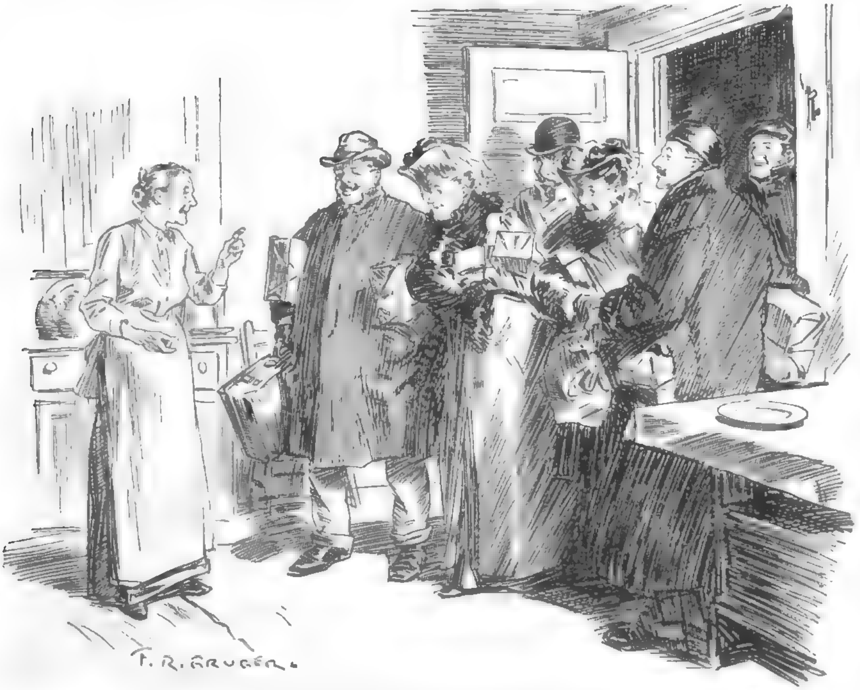
"Very well, Marietta"— the soft voice came back to the schemer on the other side of the door. "Peter will be all right, wherever he is. I sha'n't be alarmed if I hear him."

"All right, Mis' Fernald; I just thought I'd let you know," and the guileful one went grinning away.

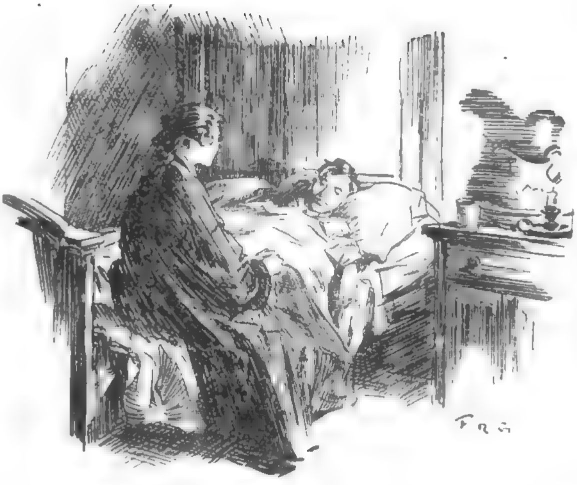
There was a long silence in the quiet sleeping-room. Then, out of the darkness, came this little colloquy:

"Emeline, you aren't getting to sleep."

"I—know I'm not, John. I—Christmas Eve keeps one awake, somehow. It always did."



"YOU BET WE'RE THE FERNALD FAMILY—EVERY MAN-JACK OF US."



"THIS IS LIKE OLD TIMES," HE SAID.

"Yes. . . . I don't suppose the children realize at all, do they?"

"Oh, no—oh, *no!* They don't realize—they never will, till—they're here themselves. It's all right. I think—I think at least Guy will be down to-morrow, don't you?"

"I guess maybe he will." Then, after a short silence, "Mother—you've got me, you know. You know—you've always got me, dear."

"Yes." She would not let him hear the sob in her voice. She crept close, and spoke cheerfully in his best ear. "And you've got me, Johnny Boy!"

"Thank the Lord, I have!"

So, counting their blessings, they fell asleep at last. But, even in sleep, one set of lashes was strangely wet.

"Christopher Jinks, what a drift!"

"Lucky we weren't two hours later."

"*Sh-h—* They might hear us."

"Nan, stop laughing, or I'll drop a snowball down your neck!"

"Here, Carol, give me your hand. I'll plow you through. Large bodies move slowly, of course, but go elbows first and you'll get there."

"Gee *whiz!* Can't you get that door open? I'll bet it's frozen fast."

A light showed inside the kitchen. The storm-door swung open, propelled by force from inside. A cautious voice said low: "That the Fernald family?"

A chorus of whispers came back at Miss Marietta Cooley:

"Yes, yes—let us in, we're freezing."

"You bet we're the Fernald family—every man-Jack of us — not one missing."

"Oh, Marietta — you dear old thing!"

"Hurry up—this is their side of the house."

"*Ssh-hh!*"

"Carol, your *sh-h-ishes* would wake the dead!"

Stumbling over their own feet and bundles in the endeavor to be preternaturally quiet, the crew poured into the warm kitchen. Bearded Oliver, oldest of the clan; stout Edson, big Ralph, tall and slender Guy—and the two daughters of the house, Carolyn, growing plump and rosy at thirty; Nan, slim and girlish at twenty-four—they were all there. Marietta heaved a sigh of content as she looked them over.

"Well, I didn't really think you'd get here—all of you. Thank the Lord, you have. I s'pose you're tearin' hungry, bein' past 'leven. If you think you can eat quiet as cats, I'll feed you up, but if you're going to make as much rumpus as you did comin' round the corner o' the wood-shed I'll have to pack you straight off to bed up the back stairs."

They pleaded for mercy and hot food. They got it—everything that could be had that would diffuse no odor of cookery through the house. Smoking clam-broth, a great pot of baked beans, cold meats, and jellies—they had no reason to complain of their reception. They ate hungrily, with the appetites of winter travel.

"Say, but this is great," hissed Ralph, the stalwart, consuming a huge wedge of mince pie with a fine disregard for any consequences that might overtake him. "This alone is worth it. I haven't eaten such pie in a century. What a jolly place this old kitchen is! Let's have a candy-pull to-morrow. I haven't been home Christmas in—let me see—by Jove, I believe it's six—seven—yes, seven years. Look here: There's been some excuse for me, but what about you people that live near?"

He looked accusingly about. Carolyn got up and came around to him. "Don't talk about it to-night," she whispered. "We haven't any of us realized how long it's been."

"We'll get off to bed now," Guy declared, rising. "I can't get over the feeling that they may catch us down here. If either of them should want some hot water or anything——"

"The dining-room door's bolted," Marietta assured him, "but it might need explainin' if I had to bring 'em hot water by way of the parlor. Now, go awful careful up them stairs. They're pretty near over your ma's head, but I don't dare have you tramp through the settin'-room to the front ones. Now, remember that seventh stair creaks like Ned—you've got to step right on the outside edge of it to keep it quiet. I don't know but what you boys better step right up over that seventh stair without touchin' foot to it."

"All right—we'll step!"

"Who's going to fix the bundles?" Carolyn paused to ask as she started up the stairs.

"Marietta," Guy answered. "I've labeled every one, so it'll be easy. If they hear paper rattle, they'll think it's the usual presents we've sent on, and if they come out they'll see Marietta, so it's all right. Quiet, now. Remember the seventh stair!"

They crept up, one by one, each to his or her old room. There needed to be no "doubling up," for the house was large, and each room had been left precisely as its owner had left it. It was rather ghostly, this stealing silently about with candles, and in the necessity for the suppression of speech the animation of the party rather suffered eclipse. It was late, and they were beginning to be sleepy, so they were soon in bed. But, somehow, once composed for slumber, more than one grew wakeful again.

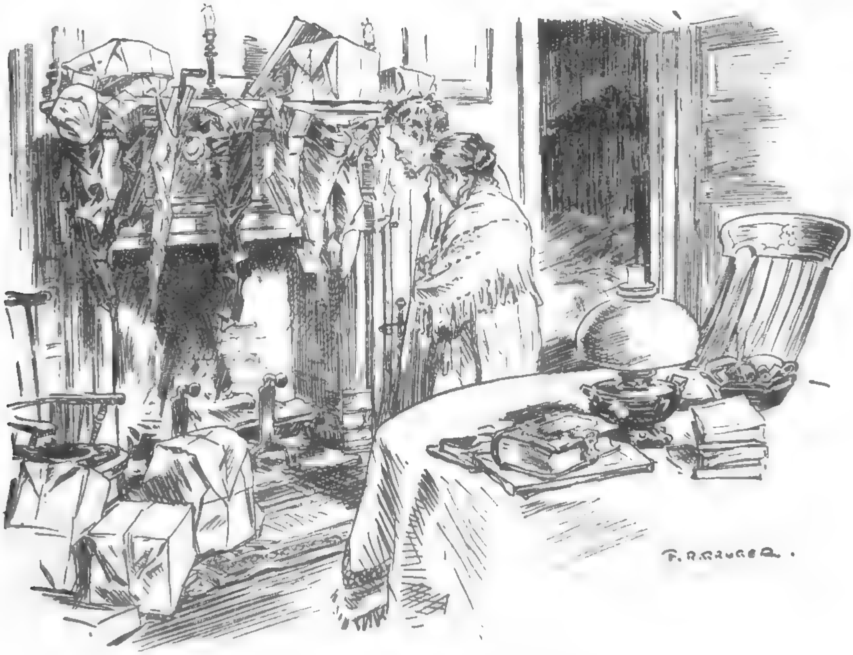
Guy, lying staring at a patch of wintry moonlight on the odd striped paper of his wall—it had stopped snowing since they had come into the house, and the clouds had broken away, leaving a brilliant sky—discovered his door to be softly opening. The glimmer of a candle filtered through the crack, a voice whispered his name.

"Who is it?" he answered under his breath.

"It's Nan. May I come in?"

"Of course. What's up?"

"Nothing. I wanted to talk a minute." She came noiselessly in, wrapped in a woolly scarlet kimono, scarlet slippers on her feet, her brown braids hanging down her back. The frost-bloom lately on her cheeks had melted into a ruddy glow, her eyes were stars. She set her candle on the little stand, and sat down on the edge of Guy's bed. He raised himself on his elbow and lay looking appreciatively at her.



"THE CHILDREN! THEY—THEY—JOHN—THEY MUST BE HERE."

"This is like old times," he said. "But won't you be cold?"

"Not a bit. I'm only going to stay a minute. Anyway, this thing is warm as toast. Yes, isn't it like old times?"

"Got your lessons for to-morrow?"

She laughed. "All but my Cæsar. You'll help me with that, in the morning, won't you?"

"Sure—if you'll make some cushions for my bobs."

"I will. Guy—how's Lucy Harper?"

"She's all right. How's Bob Fields?"

"Oh! I don't care for him, now." She tossed her head.

He kept up the play. "Like Dave Strong better, huh? He's a softy."

"He isn't. O Guy—I—heard you had a new girl."

"New girl nothing. Don't care for girls."

"Yes, you do. At least I think you do. Her name's—Margaret."

The play ceased abruptly. Guy's face changed. "Perhaps I do," he murmured, while his sister watched him in the candle-light.

"She won't answer yet?" she asked very gently.

"Not a word."

"You've cared a good while, haven't you, dear?"

"Seems like ages. Suppose it isn't."

"No—only two years, really caring hard. Plenty of time left."

He moved his head impatiently. "Yes, if I didn't mind seeing her smile on Tommy Gower—de'il take him—just as sweetly as she smiles on me. If she ever held out the tip of her finger to me, I'd seize it and hold on to it for fair. But she doesn't. She won't. And she's going South next week for the rest of the winter, and there's a fellow down there in South Carolina where she goes—oh, he—he's red-headed after her, like the rest of us. And, well—I'm up against it good and hard, Nan, and that's the truth."

"Poor boy. And you gave up going to see her on Christmas Day, and came down here into the country just to——"

"Just to get even with myself for the way I've neglected 'em these two years while my head's been so full of—her. It isn't fair. After last year I'd have come home to-day if it had meant I had to lose—well—Margaret knows I'm here. I don't know what she thinks."

"I don't believe, Guy, boy, she thinks the less of you. Yes—I must go. It will all come right in the end, dear—I'm sure of it. No, I don't know how Margaret feels—Good night—good night!"

Christmas morning, breaking upon a wintry world—the Star in the East long set. Outside the house a great silence of drift-wrapped hill and plain—inside, a crackling fire upon a wide hearth, and a pair of elderly people waking to a lonely holiday.

Mrs. Fernald crept to the door of her room—the injured knee always made walking difficult after a night's quiet. She meant to sit down by the fire which she had lately heard Marietta stirring and feeding into activity, and warm herself at its flame. She remembered with a sad little smile that she and John had hung their stockings there, and looked to see what miracle had been wrought in the night.

"*Father!*" Her voice caught in her throat. What was all this? By some mysterious influence her husband learned that she was calling him, though he had not really heard. He came to the door and looked at her, then at the chimneypiece where the stockings hung—a long row of them, as they had not hung since the children grew up—stockings of quality: one of brown silk, Nan's; a fine sock with scarlet clocks, Ralph's—all stuffed to the top, with bundles overflowing upon the chimneypiece and even to the floor below.

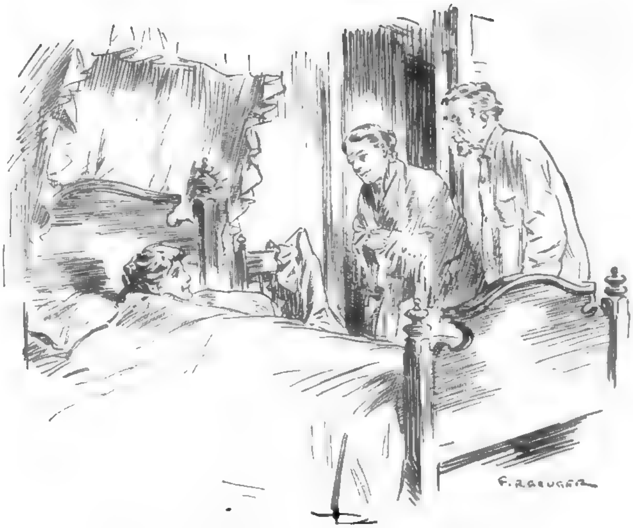
"What's this—what's this?" John Fernald's voice was puzzled. "Whose are these?" He limped closer. He put on his spectacles and stared hard at a parcel protruding from the sock with the scarlet clocks. "'*Merry Christmas to Ralph from Nan,*'" he read. "'To Ralph from Nan,'" he repeated vaguely. His gaze turned to his wife. His eyes were wide like a child's. But she was getting to her feet, from the chair into which she had dropped.

"The children!" she was saying. "They—they—John—they must be *here*."

He followed her through the chilly hall to the front staircase, seldom used now, and up—as rapidly as those slow, stiff joints would allow. Trembling, Mrs. Fernald pushed open the first door at the top.

A rumpled brown head raised itself from among the pillows, a pair of sleepy but affectionate brown eyes smiled back at the two faces peering in, and a voice brimful of mirth cried softly: "Merry Christmas, mammy and daddy!" They stared at her, their eyes growing misty. It was their little daughter Nan, not yet grown up!

They could not believe it. Even when they had been to every room—had seen their big son Ralph, still sleeping, his yet youthful face, full of healthy color, pillowed on his brawny arm, and his mother had gently kissed him awake to be half-strangled in his hug—when they had met Edson's hearty laugh as he fired a pillow at them—carefully, so that his father could catch it—when they had seen plump pretty Carol pulling on her stockings as she sat on the floor smiling up at them—Oliver, advancing to meet them in his bath-robe and slippers—Guy, holding out both arms from above his blankets, and shouting "Merry Christmas!—and how do you like your children?"—even then it was difficult to realize that not one was missing—and that no one else was there. Unconsciously Mrs. Fernald found herself looking about for the sons' wives and daughters' husbands and children. She loved them all—yet—to have her own, and no others, just for this one day—it was happiness indeed.



"MERRY CHRISTMAS, MAMMY AND DADDY!"

When they were all down-stairs, about the fire, there was great rejoicing. They had Marietta in; indeed, she had been hovering continuously in the background, to the apparently frightful jeopardy of the breakfast in preparation, upon which, nevertheless, she had managed to keep a practised eye.

"And you were in it, Marietta?" Mr. Fernald said to her in astonishment when he first saw her. "How in the world did you get all these people into the house and to bed without waking us?"

"It was pretty consid'able of a resk," Marietta replied, with modest pride, "seein' as how they was inclined to be middlin' lively. But I kep' a-hushin' 'em up, and I filled 'em up so full of victuals they couldn't talk. I didn't know's they'd be any eatables left for to-day," she added—which last remark, since she had been slyly baking for a week, Guy thought might be considered pure bluff.

At the breakfast table, while the eight heads were bent, this thanksgiving arose, as the head of the table, in a voice not quite steady, offered it to One Unseen:

"*Thou who camest to us on that first Christmas Day, we bless Thee for this good and perfect gift Thou sendest us to-day, that Thou forgettest us not in these later years, but givest us the greatest joy of our lives in these our loyal children.*"

Nan's hand clutched Guy's under the table. "Doesn't that make it worth it?" his grasp said to her, and hers replied with a frantic pressure, "Indeed it does, but we don't deserve it."

. . . It was late in the afternoon, a tremendous Christmas dinner well over, and the group scattered, when Guy and his mother sat alone by the fire. The "boys" had gone out to the great stock barn with their father to talk over with him every detail of the prosperous business he, with the help of an invaluable assistant, was yet able to manage. Carolyn and Nan had ostensibly gone with them, but in reality the former was calling upon an old friend of her childhood, and the latter had begged a horse and sleigh and driven merrily away alone upon an errand she would tell no one but her mother.

Mrs. Fernald sat in her low chair at the side of the hearth, her son upon a cushion at her feet, his head resting against her knee. Her slender fingers were gently threading the thick locks of his hair, as she listened while he talked to her of everything in his life, and, at last, of the one thing he cared most about.

"Sometimes I get desperate and think I may as well give her up for good and all," he was saying. "She's so—so—*elusive*—I don't know any other word for it. I never can tell how I stand with her. She's going South next week. I've asked her to answer me before she goes. Somehow I've clung to the hope that I'd get my answer to-day. You'll laugh, but I left word with my office-boy to wire me if a note or anything from her came. It's five o'clock, and I haven't heard. She—you see, I can't help thinking it's because she's going to—turn me down—and—hates to do it—Christmas Day!"

He turned suddenly and buried his face in his mother's lap; his shoulders heaved a little in spite of himself. His mother's hand caressed his head more tenderly than ever, but, if he could have seen, her eyes were very bright.

They were silent for a long time. Then suddenly a jingle of sleigh bells approached through the falling winter twilight, drew near, and stopped at the door. Guy's mother laid her hands upon his shoulders. "Son," she said, "there's some one stopping now. Perhaps it's the boy with a message from the station."

He was on his feet in an instant. Her eyes followed him as he rushed away through the hall. Then she rose and quietly closed the sitting-room door behind him.

As Guy flung open the front door, a tall, slender figure in gray furs and a wide gray hat was coming up the walk. Eyes whose glance had long been his dearest torture met Guy Fernald's and fell. Lips like which there were no others in the world smiled tremulously in response to his eager exclamation. And over the piquant young face rose an exquisite color which was not altogether born of the wintry air. The girl who for two years had been only "elusive" had taken the significant step of coming to North Estabrook in response to an eloquent telephone message sent that morning by Nan.

Holding both her hands fast, Guy led her up into the house—and found himself alone with her in the shadowy hall. With one gay shout Nan had driven away toward the barn. The inner doors were all closed. Blessing the wondrous sagacity of his womankind, Guy took advantage of his moment.

"Nan brought you—I see that. I know you're very fond of her, but—you didn't come wholly to please her, did you—Margaret?"

"Not wholly."

"I've been looking all day for my answer. I—oh—I wonder if—" He was gathering courage from her aspect, which for the first time in his experience failed to keep him at a distance—"*dare* I think you—*bring it?*"

She slowly lifted her face. "I thought it was so—so dear of you," she murmured, "to come home to your people instead of—staying with me. I thought you deserved—what you say—you want——"

"*Margaret!*—you——"

"I haven't given you any Christmas present. Will—I—do?"

"Will you do! . . . *Oh!*" It was a great explosive sigh of relief and joy, and as he gave vent to it he caught her close. "Will—you—do! . . . Good Lord! . . . I rather *think you will!*"

"Emeline——"

"Yes, John dear?"

"You're not—crying?"

"Oh, no—*no, no,* John!" What a blessing deafness is sometimes! The ear cannot detect the delicate *tremolo* which might tell the story too plainly. And in the darkness of night, the eye cannot see.

"It's been a pretty nice day, hasn't it?"

"A beautiful day!"

"I guess there's no doubt but the children care a good deal for the old folks yet."

"No doubt at all, dear."

"It's good to think they're all asleep under the roof once more, isn't it?— And one extra one. We like her, don't we?"

"Oh, very, very much!"

"Yes, Guy's done well. I always thought he'd get her, if he hung on. The Fernalds always hang on, but Guy's got a mite of a temper—I didn't know but he might let go a little too soon. Well—it's great to think they all plan to spend every Christmas Day with us, isn't it, Emeline?"

"Yes, dear—it's—great."

"Well—I must let you go to sleep. It's been a big day, and I guess you're tired. Emeline, we've not only got each other—we've got the children too. That's a pretty happy thing at our age, isn't it, now?"

"Yes—yes."

"Good night—*Christmas Night,* Emeline."

"Good night, dear."

Soldiers of the Common Good

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Author of "The Greatest Trust in the World"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The dramatic story of the half-starved flannel-weavers who founded Cooperation in England, opens Mr. Russell's important new series on the great social experiments of to-day. He shows how the wretched little shop in Toad Lane, maintained by savings of twopence a week, prospered; and how its influence spread till to-day Cooperation bids fair to absorb the entire trade of Great Britain. By a vivid description of the Cooperative stores at Woolwich, he makes plain how the new system has transformed the lives of working men. He explains why Cooperation succeeds in England and fails in America. His discussion as to how far it goes toward curing the "world's disease" concludes an instalment of intense interest and tremendous significance.

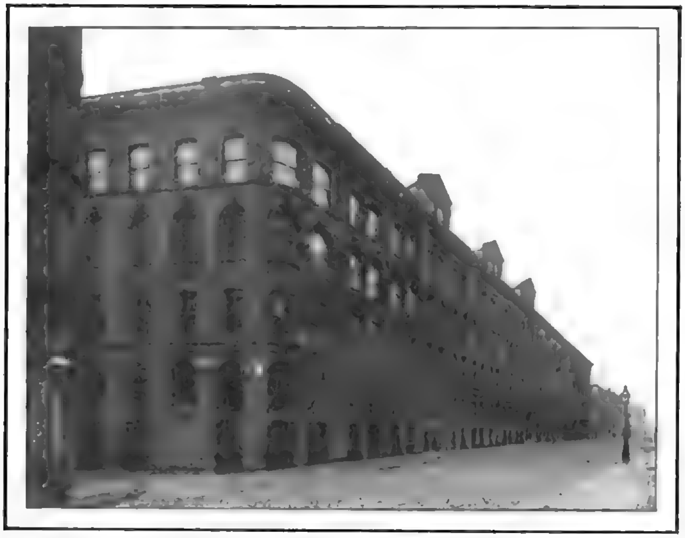
CHAPTER I

THE STORY OF THE TOAD LANE WEAVERS AND THEIR LITTLE SHOP

THE greatest idea in modern English life was evolved by a handful of starving men caught like rats in one of the forlornest spots on earth.

There was a strike in the flannel-mills of Rochdale. The English flannel-weaver was, and is, wretchedly underpaid; on what he earns in a month an average family might exist normally perhaps three days. Moreover, he lives under conditions the merest glance at which crushes the most resolute optimism. The long rows of dreary caves, the dirt and squalor, the gloom without and the damp within strike chill to one's very heart. Even now, after all that has been done for it, even when work is plentiful and the mills buzz, or even in summer when occasionally the sun comes pallidly through the everlasting mists, Rochdale is a red scar across the face of civilization. In 1843, when the great strike sent idle and despairing men drifting through the frightful streets, and darkened the gloom of the November days and the incessant rains, Rochdale must have been perdition. The inhabitants will tell you now that the place is one hundred times better than it was in 1843. Hearing this and seeing what it is now, you will marvel much at the persistence of men that stayed to fight their fight in such appalling surroundings, instead of running away.

The strike was for an increase of wages. Flannel-mill owners were doing prodigiously well in 1843. A great boom was on in flannels; prices soared before the wind of a world-wide demand; the mill owners got rich in a year, sometimes in a month. The weavers, living on scraps, thought the owners ought to share a part of this golden harvest. The owners, not living on scraps, regarded the suggestion as highly unreasonable and calculated to upset the foundations of society and commerce. The weavers were therefore confronted with the universal problem, and in its baldest terms. The mill owners were plainly deriving a share disproportionately large of the returns of the enterprise; the weavers were getting a share disproportionately small. Some men were getting too much of the fruits of the earth and some men too little; the same old story. To equalize the allotment—that was, as it is, the question. As the weavers' experience included both ends of advocated remedy —Force and Self-improvement—it may seem



Photograph by R. Banks, Manchester, England.

EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BUILDING OWNED BY THE WHOLESALE COOPERATIVE SOCIETY, LTD., DANTZIC STREET, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

worth noting. Being, like the rest of us, blind, groping creatures late come from the jungle, their first impulse was toward Force. They said they would strike. At this one or two owners relented and said they would consent to a small wage increase if the other owners would do as much. I suppose the complaints must have continued to be acute and the distress severe and not pleasant to see. Anyway, nothing coming of their former overture, the same few owners again proposed that in their establishments a small advance should be made, on the condition that it should be followed in all the other mills in the district; otherwise it should be rescinded.

Something about this proposition struck the Lancashire intelligence as intolerable. It was like showing a bone to a starving dog and keeping it out of reach. Of course the wage advance was scorned in the mills where increased wages were regarded as attacks upon the social order, and at last the strike began.

These men had nothing but large families, empty larders, empty pockets, and the grim prospect of defeat. They had entered upon the movement for higher wages with a compact that those that had work should contribute each twopence a week to a fund for those that should strike. But the slow, dogged resentment of the weavers had been aroused; the strikers were many, the workers few, and the twopenny contributions netted but a paltry sum. Meanwhile empty stomachs and crying children in the cheerless hovels were the strong battalions on the employers' side; these rubbed their hands and knew they had but to wait.

Just before the end, a little knot of the strikers came together one November afternoon, knowing very well that they were beaten, that the owners had triumphed, to talk over a hopeless situation. In this world every idea that amounts to anything has its roots in democracy. Almost every man at that meeting was a Chartist. Now Chartism was the first stirring in England of the democratic spirit. It was, in substance, a demand that the whole people should share in a government up to that time conducted solely by and for the landed classes and nobles. Vested interests had been properly shocked by Chartism and had put it down with becoming severity, partly by representing it as disorderly, anarchistic, revolutionary, vulgar, bad form, un-English, and not countenanced by the better classes; and partly by instigating it to riot, when an efficient police force did the rest. But while Chartism as a movement failed to reform the Government, the spirit of Chartism survived among thousands of its followers, and of the ideas it inspired one was some notion of regard for the common welfare, one was a definite conception of equality, and one was the advantages of work for the common good instead of work for selfish advantage. This meeting I am telling you about was soaked with Chartism.

The men sat down seriously to see what they could do. Force had failed, the employers had won, strikes helped nothing, solved nothing, gained nothing; so much was plain. They had struck because they were getting little, and now they were getting nothing; and meantime they had taken on a weary load of debt. The net result of their effort to better their condition was to make it infinitely worse. What then?

"There is no remedy for these things," said the Chartists, "until you get a Constitution. What working men must do is to agitate for the Charter."

Some Teetotalers were in the group, and they brought out their hobby, perennial and groomed for all seasons. What workmen needed was to sign the pledge and lay aside the part of their wages they had formerly expended in drink. Inasmuch as none of them was getting any wages, this did not promise much. The prevalent idea was that as it seemed impossible for working men to increase their income their only chance was to diminish their outgo, and as most of them, with their families, had long been accustomed to live on just enough to keep the breath in their bodies, the prospect of their living on any less was not inspiriting. And then some one began to complain about the grasping storekeepers. The storekeepers! That was something—the corner grocery and the mill owner seemed the weaver's upper and nether millstones; he was crushed between them. How if the weaver could get his supplies without paying the storekeeper's profit, eh? How if he combined with other weavers and got his supplies at the prices the shopkeeper paid, eh?

Thus the Chartists, being filled with their idea of the Common Good, the idea of democracy. The notion of penniless and debt-ridden strikers combining for anything that required capital would have appealed to a race with a sense of humor as merely comic. In the whole meeting that afternoon was not enough money to buy a pound of tea. But some advantages pertain to the temperament without humor. Their enterprise might seem of colossal difficulty; it did not strike the weavers as funny. Hence it was not removed at once from the range of the possible. Besides, the Chartists, it seems, never laughed at anything, but merely roared day and night for a Constitution. The twopenny strike contribution occurred to some one as a feasible basis of funds. If men could give twopence a week to help a strike, they could give twopence a week to better their condition. Twopence a week would amount to something—if you went on piling them up long enough. So twenty-eight weavers, most of them Chartists or Teetotalers, formed a body with the resounding title of the Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers, and undertook, in a groping way, to see what could be done with twopence a week from each. A treasurer was appointed to collect and care for all this capital, and when enough had accumulated they were to see if they could not buy a little tea and salt fish and jam—on the which national dainties they were nourished—at wholesale prices, and thus save money.

Photograph by R. Banks, Manchester, England.

A ROOM IN THE PRINTING DEPARTMENT OF THE WHOLESALE COOPERATIVE SOCIETY, LTD., AT MANCHESTER.

They went back to work, the twenty-eight with the rest of the beaten army of Force, and took the small wage and the hard defeat and turned in their twopence a week and waited. In December, 1844, they found they were in possession of the magnificent sum of £28 ($140), and were embarrassed to know what to do with it. In a Rochdale street that bore the inauspicious name of Toad Lane they found what was described as the most dismal barracks in the dismal town, an ancient warehouse of ill-favored aspect. Therein they rented a ground-floor room at the rate of $50 a year, and when this had been fitted up with some rude shelving, they had £14 ($70) left to buy stock.

A little flour, a little butter, some sugar and some oatmeal, that was all they had to do business with, the beggars. A scornful tradesman in their own line subsequently announced, without much exaggeration, that he could go down there with a wheelbarrow and carry off their entire stock. They were to open the shop on the night of December 21st. When the time came they were afraid to take down the shutters. They looked over the poor little pile of things and the feeble lamp, and felt as women feel when they are about to faint. Their hearts failed them: it seemed so utterly lunatic to invite the public to come and inspect two sacks of flour and a handful of oatmeal. It is recorded that they stood about "hafflin'," as Robert Burns hath it, Joseph Smith trying to get Samuel Ashworth to go out and take down the shutters, and Ashworth nominating William Cooper, or something like that. What added to the terrors of the situation, the street gamins (of whom Rochdale had, and has, no lack) were waiting on the outside for a chance to exhibit the acrid wit that, world around, is the symbol of their kind, and a crowd of unsympathetic neighbors stood on the curb ready to jeer. No one knew better than the Equitable Pioneers that there was occasion enough for jeering; but at last one of them dashed at it, head down, tore off the shutters, and the thing was done.

Photograph by R. Banks, Manchester, England.
THE MILLINERY DEPARTMENT OF THE WHOLESALE COOPERATIVE SOCIETY, LTD., AT MANCHESTER.

I suppose it was not so awful, after all, the phalanx of gamins and neighbors. Anyway, the stock was sold, more was bought and sold in its turn, and by slowest degrees it dawned upon Toad Lane and environs that the Equitable Pioneers had an idea. At first the business of the wretched little place was no more than enough to keep it open for a short time on two evenings of the week. Presently it must be kept open three nights, then four, and then five. As fast as the profits accrued they were added to the microscopic capital, and the stock was enlarged. In the store the Equitable Pioneers worked for nothing; hence there was no clerk hire. They were fired with the zeal of propagandists; hence they were never weary in the cause. And, finally, they had something at stake besides profits; hence they were bent on bringing in all their neighbors to share the good thing.

Before they knew whether their $70 worth of flour and oatmeal would not be closed out by the sheriff, they had adopted a code of most solemn rules of business. I told you in the beginning that a sense of humor would have been fatal to the enterprise. Among the ideals to which these business men without business bound themselves were to sell always for cash, not to run into debt, to buy pure goods of the best quality, to set their faces resolutely against adulteration or trickery, to sell at current market rates, and, above all, to oppose the competitive theory of business. They would not enter into competition with any one. They regarded competition as immoral and the great source of the world's evil, the baleful seed from which came great fortunes and great poverty. Strange, strange people, as you shall see. Finally, they determined to devote a certain percentage of all profits to education.

The attraction for buyers at the little Toad Lane store was not the cheapened first cost of the articles sold there, but something very different. Sales were made at current prices, but every purchaser received a metal tag representing the amount of the purchase, and the promise was held out that when the store was adequately equipped, these tags would be redeemed with a proportionate share in the profits. In other words, the store was to be like other stores except that the profits were to go to the purchasers instead of to the storekeeper. The power of this idea was much more tremendous than you would guess. For the first time the patient slave housewives of Toad Lane laid hold of the concept of hope. Every time they bought a pound of flour at the place called in the barbarous dialect of the region "The Owd Weavyurs' Shop," they laid by a brass tag that would some day be money. They had never before been able to save a cent; their whole weary struggle had been to make the scanty income spread wide enough to keep the family alive. They had never expected nor dreamed of anything else. And now without their volition, for the first time they had something to look forward to.

Only, to get the benefits of "The Owd Weavyurs' Shop" one must join the "Society of Equitable Pioneers" and sign the rules and take out some of the capital stock, to wit, not less than £1 thereof. But this, after paying the trifling initiation fee, could be paid for in Rochdale fashion, with twopence a week; and meantime all the advantages accrued. The Equitable ship slowly gathered headway. In March, 1845, tea and tobacco were added to the stock. At the close of the year there were more than eighty members, the capital stock had grown to $905, and the weekly receipts for goods averaged more than $150. In a few more months the store was ordered to be kept open on Saturday afternoons as well as the five nights, and butcher's meat was added to the things dealt in.

The boom in the flannel business came to an end, hard times fell upon the Rochdale district, the local savings-bank failed with all its deposits, and the membership of the Pioneers rapidly increased, for by this time it appeared certain that they alone had hit upon the only plan that provided any security against adversity. The Society took a lease of the whole barracks in Toad Lane, three floors and an attic, enlarged its trade, gradually absorbed in its lists the working population, hired clerks, began to deal in whatever its subscribers wished to buy, and spread the foundations of a great business. It had become an institution. In 1850 it had 600 members. In 1857 it had 1,850 and sold $400,000 worth of goods. But by that time its success was acknowledged everywhere, in other towns the like societies were forming, and Cooperation was successfully launched.

Not without enough of trouble. The vested interests took alarm, and Parliament after Parliament was petitioned to stop the thing. The ponderous remarks of the grave statesmen of the day that plainly foresaw how Cooperation meant national ruin ought to teach us all the true value of statesmanship. Further, the blunt democracy of the thing alarmed many uneasy souls; it was a kind of Chartism. And incessantly the local shopkeepers fought the new idea. They fight it yet, by the way. Within six months the Government had defeated an attempt to wreck Cooperation by steering it against the British income tax. But the commonest attack was by underselling the Cooperative stores. The managers of the stores invariably remained true to the principles announced by the "Equitable Pioneers" and adopted everywhere by their imitators. They were warring against the Competitive Idea; they would not be led into Competition. They never reduced the price of any article to meet any cut made by another dealer. They never resorted to any device to gain trade, and never attempted to secure a penny of illegitimate profit. Their first object was to improve the condition of their members, not to sell goods nor to pile up profits; and price-cutting by their rivals they looked upon with a bland and amiable indifference very beautiful to see. Cooperation, by the way, seems to be an amiable business. No one seems to get angry about it,

Photograph by R. Banks, Manchester, England.

SALESROOM IN THE GROCERY DEPARTMENT OF THE WHOLESALE COOPERATIVE SOCIETY, LTD., AT MANCHESTER.

nor flurried nor worried. I would not be too sanguine, but after knocking about a great many Cooperative stores, wholesale and retail, I was obliged to admit that the people in them seem to find life comfortable and human. It seems rather foolish and somewhat Utopian, but other persons have noted the same thing; there must be something in it. Clerks in English Cooperative stores are not surly nor indifferent nor cross nor tired. They have short hours, they have a share in the profits, mostly they are members of the Society, and have a childlike faith in Cooperation as a kind of religion. Strange people, as I said before. There are among them astonishingly good talkers about Cooperation and conditions. I know one of them that goes out almost every night and lectures on these subjects. For nothing, the foolish young person. He sells groceries in the daytime.

There are no strikes in Cooperative stores and Cooperative factories, no lockouts, no walking-delegates, no disputes between Labor and Capital, no rows, no riots, no police, no militia, no appeals to the governor, no arbitration boards. Whatever a Cooperative society is to do is determined by all its members in a meeting in which all have a vote and an equal right to be heard. There is no other business enterprise that has grown so rapidly and so peacefully.

CHAPTER II

THE GROWTH OF A SOCIAL REVOLUTION AND THE OBSTACLES IT MET

THE Equitable Pioneers and their imitators and followers went forward steadily, year after year, establishing new societies and attaining a larger measure of success. They had much to contend against: intense prejudice, the fondness for old forms and methods always strongly rooted in England, the eternal proneness of the Englishman to jaw about politics and religion, the whole tremendous reactionary power of the caste system. The Pioneers themselves went near to wreck by reason of one of their collateral ventures. An affiliated society, in which they had at first only the concern of brotherhood, undertook to operate a Cooperative flour-mill in Rochdale, and the Pioneers helped them with loans. Through bad management and ignorance the mill fared exceedingly ill. The losses became very great, the enterprise seemed to go from bad to worse, and all commercial wisdom indicated that the Pioneers should draw out and let the thing sink. Not being commercial, they turned in, worked with prodigious zeal and patience, put their brothers' mill in good condition and made it profitable. A thousand difficulties arose that no one had foreseen, complications about the territories of adjacent societies, about buying and selling, about new enterprises and extensions. These plain men from the mills, unaided by any superior intelligences or gifted beings, solved all these problems successfully. None of the "better classes" ever gave them a word of encouragement or of advice or of suggestion. They spread Cooperation over all Great Britain. In a few years it crossed to the Continent and took root there, often with astonishing results. The idea of a business managed by and solely

SLUM DWELLINGS AT DEPTFORD. TO SUPPLANT THIS TYPE, THE WOOLWICH COOPERATIVE SOCIETY BUILT THE BOSTALL HOUSES.

for the benefit of a community had in it a vital principle. The Rochdale plan was often modified or improved, but in general it was imitated: sales for cash at current rates, certificates of sales to members, a division of profits, and democratic management by the vote of the whole body. In France are now about 8,000 Cooperative societies, 250 Cooperative workshops, and more than 800,000 members of the agricultural societies alone. Germany has about 20,000 Cooperative societies of all kinds and 700 Cooperative dairies. Austria has 7,600 societies; Switzerland, 3,500 with 150,000 members; Holland, 1,152 societies; Italy, 3,000; Sweden, 1,800; Servia, 731; Spain, 300. One Cooperative society in Bâle, Switzerland, has 20,000 members. In Belgium a society in Ghent has 17,000 members, one in Brussels has 20,000, and the Cooperative movement has taken on political aspects likely to be of grave and historical importance to the kingdom.

THE ROYAL ARSENAL AT WOOLWICH. IN THE SMALL SHOP IN THE FOREGROUND THE COOPERATIVE SOCIETY BEGAN BUSINESS.

I have seen Cooperation tried twice in the United States, and fail—once in a Vermont manufacturing town, once in Colorado. In Vermont it failed because it was in collision with a "Company store." That is to say, the owners of the factory in that town had a store of their own, and working men that bought elsewhere found prepared for them certain practical disadvantages in the matter of getting and retaining employment. I state the case as diplomatically and euphemistically as I can, for I would fain not wound the tender Vermont sensitiveness, but working men will understand what I mean. Let us say merely that the thing failed. In Colorado certain miners undertook to duplicate the experience and methods of the Equitable Pioneers. But they did not. Do you know why? The wholesale dealers would not sell to them. So you can actually do something in monarchical England that you can't do in free America, supposing Colorado to be free. The miners tried for a time to circumvent the wholesaler by having goods sent in the name of an individual. The trick was discovered, the shipments were stopped, and Cooperation in Colorado came to an end. It has been tried in a few other places in America, sometimes with moderate success but generally with absolute failure, I suppose for such reasons as I have specified above.

And yet nothing ever devised has been of such enormous benefit to the working people of England. Is it not strange? In certain ways and up to a certain limit it has transformed life. Often it has made just the difference between hope and despair. Moreover, it has been of incalculable social as well as industrial significance. The store has been everywhere a meeting-place where the members came together, discussed ways of improvement, learned something worth while, and felt for the first time the democratic inspiration. The great impulse of a common cause and a high aim has been a boon to minds and morals. It has inculcated thrift, it has tended to break down a little the iron barriers of caste, it has produced better homes, greater comfort, and happier lives. After careful and deliberate inspection of the home life of Cooperators and of non-cooperators in about the same circumstances, there is no shadow of doubt left for me of the genuine blessing of Cooperation.

The difficulties that have beset it in America have been annihilated in England. There the Cooperators have gone into manufacturing and wholesaling on their own account. They do not fear what manufacturers may do to them; they are prepared to make their own supplies should occasion arise. They have no awe of wholesalers; they have great Cooperative wholesale stores stocked with everything they wish. In England the signs of Cooperative industry obtrude upon your notice everywhere. Cooperative printing, Cooperative banking, Cooperative building, Cooperative insurance, Cooperative farming, Cooperative manufacturing, supplement the activities of the great Cooperative stores you observe wherever you travel. Cooperative newspapers are published in the interest of the Cooperative cause. Cooperative thinkers write books and address great congresses of Cooperative delegates. The original idea of supplying a few staples of household consumption has been as far outgrown as that wretched one-dollar-a-week room in dismal Toad Lane. Every article used or consumed by man can now be obtained in England on the Cooperative principle. Lately looking over a catalogue of one of the vast Cooperative stores of London, I noticed that among the supplies to be had, there were funerals at many different prices, according to the style of the hearse and the number of the carriages; houses, furnished and unfurnished; automobiles, plows, Chinese carvings, sharks' teeth for decorative purposes, jams, jellies, and preserves, chewing-gum, violinists, piano-players, orchestras, brass bands, monologists, concerts and concertinas, evening-suits, and stuffed birds. These are mere samples noted in idly turning the leaves of the ponderous volume. They will furnish anything, these stores, anything bought and sold by men from Nova Zembla to the line, and farther. I asked one manager what was the strangest order he had ever received. He said it was an order for a pint of fleas. His store filled it. In a bottle—corked. An army officer gave the order. Fleas, I need hardly say, are not exactly an article of commerce, and are not likely to be quoted in any catalogue. In this case their mission may be said to have been more altruistic than commercial. The officer wished to enliven a fellow officer by turning them loose in his bed.

As examples of successful cooperating I may cite the extensive boot and shoe factory that travelers can hardly fail to notice on the Midland Railroad near Leicester, and the Cooperative printing-plants in Manchester and in Tudor Street, London. The Manchester plant is a monstrous thing, covering a space about half as large as a New York City block, and said to be the largest and best printing establishment in Great Britain. Like the business of the Pioneers it has been built from the smallest beginnings. Whoever cares to see what the Cooperative Wholesale stores are like can find them in all large English cities and conspicuously in Manchester, Newcastle, and in Leman Street, London, E. C. One odd feature about these vast establishments I should note here: the buildings are always left unfinished. I mean provision has been made at the side or in the rear, or somewhere, for the additions that experience has taught will soon be demanded. Another is the excellent architecture, and another, still more remarkable, is the prevailing cleanliness, neatness, and good order of everything.

Sometimes, of course, Cooperation has failed in England; sometimes it has blundered, and sometimes the power of Vested Interests and the Competitive Idea have prevailed upon it. One danger to which it has been, and may yet be, exposed is to be seen in a little chapter of this story, which I may as well relate here.

What are called Civil Servants in England, that is, persons that work for the Government departments, such as post-office clerks and so on, form a class by themselves because they are never dismissed and seldom promoted, and when a young man enters the service, normally his path is fixed for life. The pay of the Civil Servants is small, but some distinction goes with the work—and in England chances for distinction are few. About fifty years ago a dozen or so Civil Service men were living in one short street in London, and it occurred to some of them that they might save a few shillings if they were to combine to buy a chest of tea instead of buying at retail prices for several consumption. They subscribed to a little fund, got their tea, and found that it was not only cheaper but better, and naturally proceeded to get other things in the same way. They let their fellow clerks into the plan, and presently, like the Rochdale Pioneers, they found themselves obliged to rent a store. But observe what followed. At Rochdale the inspiration of the poor weavers had been the bettering of the condition of their kind. In the case of the Civil Servants, they being of a higher caste, the inspiration was

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MAIN ENTRANCE GATES TO THE ROYAL ARSENAL AT WOOLWICH, ENGLAND.

quite different. The plan became an enormous success; great warehouses were built in different parts of London; the business went into every department of retail trade. And then Capital descended upon it, the thing became a mere Stock Company, the Cooperative feature dwindled to a name, and the profits designed to smooth the paths of housewives were turned into dividends. The supporters of Cooperation as a social principle seem confident that the capture of the Civil Service venture could not be repeated now in the case of any other important Cooperative enterprise. Perhaps not. Certainly it would be a difficult task to capture, divert, or engulf the whole movement. You can't very well buy or bribe or bully a million people. But I know of nothing more interesting than the contest that must be not far off. In England the growing force of Concentrated Capital and the growing force of Cooperation are like two fast trains trying to pass on a single track. One or the other seems certain to be smashed.

CHAPTER III

THE MAN WITH THE BIG HEAD AND THE BIG HEART, AND WHAT HE ACCOMPLISHED

As a fair example of the practical working of the Coöperative societies that from the Rochdale seed have overrun England, I like the Royal Arsenal Society at Woolwich. In all such institutions the success is due to men imbued and inspired with this idea of the Common Good. I am bound to admit that to go about among the Cooperators of England shakes cynicism. After all, I am not so sure that selfish aggrandizement and the thirst for private gain are the strongest motives in human life. I know we have always been so taught, but I am not quite sure of it. This story is full of instances of men that worked just as hard for the common cause as men work for their own fortunes. I know the thing seems most improbable, but I have seen it. When the Pioneers were struggling to hold up the Rochdale flour-mill, which was hardly a concern of theirs, one of them, Abraham Greenwood, wrecked his health and nearly lost his life by his toil in a cause that had nothing to offer him, not even a little distinction. The death of Thomas Blandford, one of the Pioneer friends of the Cooperative workshop, was due directly to his gratuitous labors for his favorite project. I know managers of Cooperative societies and stores that work for a fraction of the income they could command elsewhere, and do it for the sheer love of the work.

Such a man fifty years ago was a laborer in the Royal Arsenal shops at Woolwich, Alex-

ONE OF THE NEW HOUSES AT BOSTALL, BUILT BY THE COOPERATIVE SOCIETY OF WOOLWICH.

A ROW OF HOUSES AT BOSTALL, OWNED BY WORKMEN BELONGING TO THE COOPERATIVE SOCIETY AT WOOLWICH.

ander McLeod, one of those serious-minded Scotchmen with big plain faces, fringes of beard under their chins, and piety in their hearts. This man used to sit up of nights to read what he could find about economic conditions—which were hard for toilers in the Royal Arsenal as elsewhere in England. I assume that you have never been in Woolwich. It is a dismal spot whose one glory is that, bad as it is, it is not so bad as its neighbor, Deptford; an assertion that no visitor to Deptford will wish to deny. The workmen in McLeod's time had long hours and small pay, and their economical diet of tea, salt fish, and jam was neither fortifying nor conducive to joy. So McLeod read anything he could find that promised to throw light on this ancient problem of life for the men that toil with their hands, which is to say for the overwhelming majority of mankind; for while those who do not work make a loud noise and the workers are mostly unheard, the workers outnumber the others about twenty to one. Among the things that McLeod read was an account of the Equitable Pioneers. At once the Scotch mind gripped the idea involved, and McLeod undertook to establish Cooperation in the Royal Arsenal shops. He was the organizer, treasurer, general manager, and life of the whole project. He worked in the shops by day, and by night he hammered Cooperation into the heads about him until he had his enterprise started. He was a big man with a big head, a big square chin, and square shoulders, and he lifted the Royal Arsenal Cooperative Society with his two hands. When they got their little store-room he was the salesman. He used to sell goods one night in the week, talk against the competitive idea the other nights, and the only compensation he got was the satisfaction that comes from good work well done. McLeod toiled on for many years before he drew from his labor anything but such unmerchantable returns. When he was an old man the Society made him a manager with about such a salary as he could earn in the shops. You can see a statue of him now on the front of the great Cooperative Stores in Woolwich, for he is dead and gone to his reward. About 50,000 men, women, and children look up at that statue and call him blessed, for his unselfish labors lightened life for every one of them.

Practically the entire working force of the Royal Arsenal is now included in the Cooperative Society he founded on November 8, 1868. It is not easy to convey any adequate idea of the enormous and beneficent operations of this institution. I will furnish here a few details as mere indices. There is, first, the great Central Stores at Woolwich, a handsome new brick structure, very much like a New York or Chicago department store and dealing in about the same commodities. Then in this town of Woolwich, or immediately about it, are ten branch stores to supply local demand. These are some of the departments in the Central Stores: Groceries, Green Groceries, Bakery, Butchery, Drapery, Tailoring, Hardware, Confectionery, Shoemaking, Coal, Dairy Products. In the six months ending January 14, 1905, the Central Stores did a business of $429,570, about the rate of a million dollars a year; and there are 40,000 inhabitants in Woolwich. The business at the branch stores varied from $40,000 to $420,000 a year each. The Central Stores baked in 1904, 4,486,078 loaves of bread, which not only represented profit to the purchasers, but hygiene; since probably no other article of food known to man is so full of complicated horrors as ordinary English bread. The thoughtful should not overlook the fact that every year a larger proportion of the articles sold comes from Cooperative sources. From such sources in the last six months of 1904 came one-half of the groceries, forty-four per cent. of the shoes, forty-four per cent. of the hardware, twenty-two per cent. of the drapery. What does that mean? Well, it means that the Cooperative movement is steadily going forward to absorb and dominate productive industry in England. The Cooperative bond is of perdurable strength. Cooperators buy of cooperators always, if they can; retailers of wholesalers, wholesalers of manufacturers, and day by day as these increase and multiply the whole supply system of Great Britain undergoes such changes that one contemplating them no longer thinks extravagant the prediction of East-End orators that in a comparatively few years private enterprise in common staples will have ceased, and the mass of British society will be reorganized on the Cooperative principle.

Consider how the membership has grown in this typical society of Woolwich from 47 in 1869, 1,579 in 1879, 6,721 in 1889, to 24,120 in 1904. Consider how its capital has grown from $135 in 1869 to $1,761,495 in 1904. Consider how its sales have grown from $2,220 in 1869 to $2,399,000 in 1904, with a steadily growing reserve fund, with dividends to members of a shilling seven and a halfpence in the pound, with profit-sharing for the 949 employees, with an educational fund that keeps pace with the reserve, with voluntary gifts from the Society's fund to hospitals and philanthropic enterprises, with an insurance fund well started, with new stores, new branches, new stables, with extensions and enlargement always in progress. And all this the record of one society in one town of 40,000 inhabitants. Is not this a tremendous force to loose in any country?

And yet there is more of it, even in Woolwich. The Society has loftier aims and better results than the saving of money for its members. It exists primarily to make life better. It has taken an old church on the hill, the only sightly spot in Woolwich, and refitted it for a lecture-hall and reading-room, and there it provides from its lecture funds a regular series of lectures. In many ways it cares systematically for the education and mental welfare of its members, but the greatest good it has accomplished is in home-building, the greatest boon and, on the whole, the most needed. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the average English working man's home, unimproved by Cooperation, is a dreadful place, cursed in about equal proportions by poverty, poor construction, and greedy landlordism. That great evil the Woolwich Cooperative Society is remedying for its members. It seized a favorable opportunity to buy a tract of outlying property, called the Bostall Estate, on which it has built and sold or leased 491 houses for working men. Not the pasteboard things familiar in our American "model towns," where the roofs come unglued in the first rain and door-knobs drop off with their own weight, but substantial dwellings both handsome and convenient, built for light, air, and comfort. The Society's object is to help its members to own their homes—a startling innovation for English working men. To this end it gets for them money on very low interest, if they wish to build; or it sells to them its own houses on easy terms. Besides the 491 houses I have mentioned, the Society has built eighty-two others that it rents, and is now building more of both classes. The contrast between life on the Bostall Estate and life in the old grimy and mephitic tenements wherein the workmen used to live is calculated to make one whoop for joy. Bostall lies on a hill, there is plenty of air and light, the houses are separate, clean, sanitary, and dry. In them there is some chance to rear human beings. The tenements were fitted only to raise wild beasts.

This is what Cooperation is doing in

England. You can see it would take a book to give an adequate idea of the extent and variety of its operations or of the vast and subtle changes it is working. I can here do no more than to offer a glimpse at a peaceful revolution. More than 2,200,000 persons are members of the 1,637* British Cooperative Societies (exclusive of agricultural). Already about one-fifth the population of England and Scotland is concerned in Cooperative enterprises. The present capital (again excluding the Agricultural Societies) is $140,642,130, and the total reserve fund $12,000,000. Daily the movement increases in membership and strength, and daily its benefits to a certain class appear in surer light. What may come of it, who can guess? Observe these Cooperators well. They do not believe in war, they do not believe in competition, they do not believe that life is a battle-field with mankind turned loose upon it to slay and plunder. Good-will, tolerance, brotherhood, are the moral foundations of their faith and have been from the first. Something about their creed must be infectious. All Cooperators seem to have a feeling of sincere good-will for all other Cooperators around the world. They are a very strange people. They believe that Cooperation will work to destroy race prejudice, break down national barriers, obliterate armaments, and bring about the universal peace. The existence of a great and increasing league, slowly driving a democratic wedge into caste-ridden England, slowly spreading the idea that to live yourself it is not necessary to stamp on your neighbor's neck, ought to have more attention. It seems to portend much. Already its leaders declare that it has solved the Trust problem for England. Trusts can never amount to much in a country where the sources of supply are in the hands of the people and where their management is directed solely by popular vote and for the Common Good. Yes, a strange, strange people. Some of them assert from their own observation that as soon as men are released from the competitive idea they become decent, kindly, tolerant, and unselfish. They say it is the competitive idea that makes of men the cruel devils of the money mart. They even say that about the idea of the Common Good and working for it is something that tends to make life infinitely better, sweeter and more attractive. Ridiculous, isn't it?

And yet while Cooperation has brought some measure of light and hope to millions of lives in England, while it has done incalculable good and may be destined to the working of a great historical revolution in the most reactionary and feudal of nations, for the greatest problem of the day it is a palpable failure, for the world's disease it is no cure at all. The slums grow for all of Cooperation, the slums and Mayfair, Whitechapel and Park Lane. The enormous estates are no smaller, the great fortunes gather their increment, surplusage and deficiency, waste and want are exactly as before. Still unchecked in any way, Greed accumulates and Penury gnaws crusts and remainder old bones. In London are 129,000 registered paupers. What is Cooperation to them? There are 1,500,000 persons that are practically starving. What is Cooperation to them? There is a vast population that crawls about in subcellars and filth and misery unutterable. What is Cooperation to these? In every English city, one-fifth of the inhabitants never know what it is to have enough to eat, never sleep in a decent bed, never know wealth nor decency nor comfort. What is Cooperation to them? Cooperation! They have nothing to buy; they have nothing to save. While the Cooperators increase in numbers, steadily increase also the ranks of the paupers, the starving, the degenerate, the brutish, the prowling and slinking creatures of the East End. Are these the poor we are to have with us always? Not at all, not at all. They are the awful menace and the awful retribution of a system of civilization that must have in it something radically wrong. Wise men in England are under no hallucination as to the meaning of the gaunt, sickly forms that herd and doze about the greasy arches of Whitechapel. Royal Commissions, appalled at the statistics of the increasing ratios of pauperism, insanity, and disease, are laboriously trying to find a remedy for a monstrous and sinister evil against which Cooperation avails nothing.

For the truth is that, compared with the real disease that drags down England and threatens every other nation, Cooperation works to save only those that are already saved

In the January instalment of "Soldiers of the Common Good," Mr. Russell will give an account of English experiments with Municipal Ownership.

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* This is the number of societies enrolled in the Cooperative Union. Outside of the Union are about 300 additional societies.

The Spoilers

By REX E. BEACH

Illustration by J. N. Marchand

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is a story of love, adventure, and intrigue in the land of the Midnight Sun. The theatre of the action is Nome, the Arctic gold-fields on the beach of Bering Strait. The time, a year after the first rush. Miners, gamblers, cowboys, judges, lawyers, and a few United States officials are the actors. Loot is the motive. The plot turns on a gigantic conspiracy hatched in Washington to dispossess the original claimants of their rich properties. The machinery of the United States Court is manipulated to accomplish the steal. A United States Judge and a great political boss are the factors in the intrigue. Against them is set as hero a virile and picturesque young miner, who loves the Judge's niece, a beautiful and spirited American girl. His rival is the political boss. About the startling incidents of this struggle for the fabulous mines of the North, the author has woven an absorbing love story. The vicissitudes of the contest are of vital interest. Rex Beach's name has become familiar to readers of American magazines by his picturesque short stories of Alaskan adventure. He was among the first men at Nome, and lived there during the troublous epoch of which he writes. "The Spoilers" is his first novel.

CHAPTER I

THE ENCOUNTER

GLENISTER gazed out over the harbor, agleam with the lights of anchored ships, then up at the crenelated mountains, black against the sky. He drank the cool air burdened with its taints of the sea, while the blood of his boyhood leaped within him.

"Oh, it's fine—fine," he murmured, "and this is my country—my country, after all, Dex. It's in my veins, this hunger for the North. I grow. I expand."

"Careful you don't bust," warned Dextry. "I've seen men get plumb drunk on mountain air. Don't expand too strong in one spot." He went back abruptly to his pipe, its villainous fumes promptly averting the danger, if there was one, of the air's too tonic quality.

"Gad! What a smudge!" sniffed the younger man. "You ought to be in quarantine."

"I'd ruther smell like a man than talk like a kid. You desecrate the hour of meditation with rhapsodies on Nature when your esthetics ain't honed up to the beauties of good tobacco."

The other laughed, inflating his deep chest. In the gloom he stretched his muscles restlessly, as though an excess of vigor filled him.

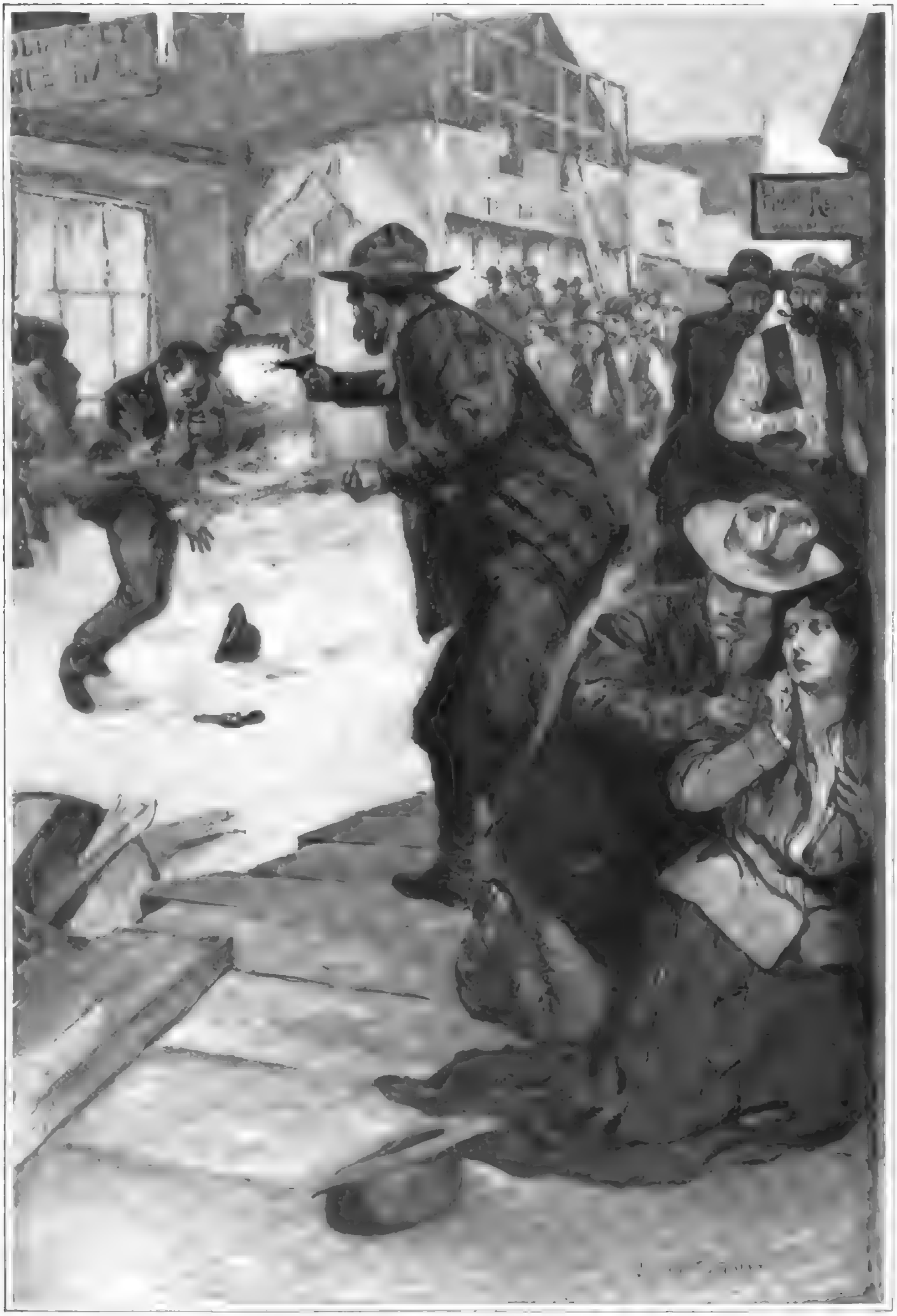
They were lounging upon the dock, while before them lay the Santa Maria ready for her midnight sailing. Behind, slept Unalaska, quaint, antique, and Russian, rusting amid the fogs of Bering Sea. Where, a week before, mild-eyed natives had dried their cod among the old bronze cannon, now a frenzied horde of gold seekers paused in their rush to the new El Dorado. They had come like a locust cloud, thousands strong, settling on the edge of the Smoky Sea, waiting the going of the ice that barred them from their Golden Fleece—from Nome the new, where men found fortune in a night.

The mossy hills back of the village were ridged with graves of those who had died on the out trip the fall before, when a plague had gripped the land,—but what of that? Gold glittered in the sands, so said the survivors; therefore men came in armies. Glenister and Dextry had left Nome the autumn previous, the young man raving with fever. Now they returned to their own land.

"This air whets every animal instinct in me," Glenister broke out again. "Away from the cities I turn savage. I feel the old primitive passions—the fret for fighting."

"Mebbe you'll have a chance."

"How so?"



HE CROUCHED OVER HER, HIS ARMS ABOUT HER, HIS BODY FORMING A LIVING SHIELD.

"Well, it's this way. I met Mexico Mullins this mornin'. You mind old Mexico, don't you? The feller that relocated Discovery Claim on Anvil Creek last summer?"

"You don't mean that 'tin-horn' the boys were going to lynch for claim-jumping?"

"Identical! Remember me tellin' you about a good turn I done him once down Guadalupe way?"

"Greaser shooting-scrape, wasn't it?"

"Yep! Well, I noticed first off that he's gettin' fat; high-livin' fat, too, all in one spot like he was playin' both ends ag'in the center. Also he wore di'mon's fit to handle with ice tongs.

"Says I, lookin' at his side elevation, 'What's accented your middle syllable so strong, Mexico?'

"'Prosperity, politics, an' the Waldorf-Astorier,' says he. It seems Mex hadn't forgot old days. He claws me into a corner an' says, 'Bill, I'm goin' to pay you back for that Moralez deal.'

"'It ain't comin' to me,' says I. 'That's a bygone!'

"'Listen here,' says he, an' seein' he was in earnest, I let him run on.

"'How much do you value that claim o' yourn at?'

"'Hard tellin',' says I. 'If she holds out like she run last fall, there'd ought to be a million clear in her.'

"'How much'll you clean up this summer?'

"''Bout four hundred thousand, with luck.'

"'Bill,' says he, 'there's hell a-poppin' an' you've got to watch that ground like you'd watch a rattlesnake. Don't never leave 'em get a grip on it or you're down an' out.'

"He was so plumb in earnest it scared me up, 'cause Mexico ain't a gabby man.

"'What do you mean?' says I.

"'I can't tell you nothin' more. I'm puttin' a string on my own neck, sayin' *this* much. You're a square man, Bill, an' I'm a gambler, but you saved my life oncet an' I wouldn't steer you wrong. For God's sake, don't let 'em jump your ground, that's all.'

"'Let who jump it? Congress has give us judges an' courts an' marshals—' I begins.

"'That's just it. How you goin' to buck that hand? Them's the best cards in the deck. There's a man comin' by the name of McNamara. Watch him clost. I can't tell you no more. But don't never let 'em get a grip on your ground.' That's all he'd say."

"Bah! He's crazy! I wish somebody would try to jump the Midas; we'd enjoy the exercise."

The siren of the Santa Maria interrupted, its hoarse warning throbbing up the mountain.

"We'll have to get aboard," said Dextry.

"Sh-h! What's that?" the other whispered.

At first the only sound they heard was a stir from the deck of the steamer. Then from the water below them came the rattle of rowlocks and a voice cautiously muffled.

"Stop! Stop there!"

A skiff burst from the darkness, grounding on the beach beneath. A figure scrambled out and up the ladder leading to the wharf. Immediately a second boat, plainly in pursuit of the first one, struck on the beach behind it.

As the escaping figure mounted to their level the watchers perceived with amazement that it was that of a young woman. Breath sobbed from her lungs, and, stumbling, she would have fallen but for Glenister, who ran forward and helped her to her feet.

"Don't let them get me," she panted.

He turned to his partner in puzzled inquiry, but found that the old man had crossed to the head of the landing ladder up which the pursuers were climbing.

"Just a minute—you there! Back up or I'll kick your face in." Dextry's voice was sharp and unexpected, and in the darkness he loomed tall and menacing to those below.

"Get out of the way. That woman's a runaway," came from the one highest on the ladder.

"So I jedge."

"She broke qu——"

"Shut up," broke in another. "Do you want to advertise it? Get out of the way, there, ye —— fool. Climb up, Thorsen." He spoke like a bucko mate and his words stirred the bile of Dextry.

Thorsen grasped the dock floor, trying to climb up, but the old miner stamped on his fingers and the sailor loosened his hold with a yell, carrying the under men with him to the beach in his fall.

"This way! Follow me!" shouted the mate, making up the bank for the shore end of the wharf.

"You'd better pull your freight, miss," Dextry remarked; "they'll be here in a minute."

"Yes, yes! Let us go! I must get aboard the Santa Maria. She's leaving now. Come, come!"

Glenister laughed, as though there were a humorous touch in her remark, but did not stir.

"I'm gettin' awful old an' stiff to run," said Dextry, removing his mackinaw, "but I allow I ain't too old for a little diversion in the way of a rough-house when it comes nosin' around." He moved lightly, though the girl could see in the half darkness that his hair was silvery.

"What do you mean?" she questioned sharply.

"You hurry along, miss; we'll toy with 'em till you're aboard." They stepped across to the dock house, backing against it. The girl followed.

Again came the warning blast from the steamer, and the voice of an officer:

"Clear away that stern line!"

"Oh, we'll be left," she breathed, and somehow it struck Glenister that she feared this more than the men whose approaching feet he heard.

"*You* can make it all right," he urged her, roughly. "You'll get hurt if you stay here. Run along and don't mind us. We've been thirty days on shipboard and were praying for something to happen." His voice was boyishly glad, as if he exulted in the fray that was to come; and no sooner had he spoken than the sailors came out of the darkness upon them.

During the space of a few heart-beats there was only a tangle of whirling forms with the sound of fist on flesh, then the blot split up and forms plunged outward, falling heavily. Again the sailors rushed, attempting to clinch. They massed upon Dextry only to grasp empty air, for he shifted with remarkable agility, striking bitterly, as an old wolf snaps. It was baffling work, however, for in the darkness his blows fell short or overreached.

Glenister, on the other hand, stood carelessly, beating the men off as they came to him. He laughed gloatingly, deep in his throat, as though the encounter were merely some rough sport. The girl shuddered, for the desperate silence of the attacking men terrified her more than a din, and yet she stayed crouched against the wall.

Dextry swung at a dim target, and, missing it, was whirled off his balance. Instantly his antagonist grappled with him and they fell to the floor, while a third man shuffled about them. The girl throttled a scream.

"I'm goin' to kick 'im, Bill," the man panted hoarsely. "Le' me fix 'im." He swung his heavy shoe, and Bill cursed with stirring eloquence.

"Ow! You're kickin' me. I've got 'im, safe enough. Tackle the big un."

Bill's ally then started toward the others, his body bent, his arms flexed yet hanging loosely. He crouched beside the girl, ignoring her, while she heard the breath wheezing from his lungs; then silently he leaped. Glenister had hurled a man from him, then stepped back to avoid the others, when he was seized from behind and felt the man's arms wrapped about his neck, the sailor's legs locked about his thighs. Now came the girl's first knowledge of real fighting. The two spun back and forth so closely entwined as to be indistinguishable, the others holding off. For what seemed many minutes they struggled, the young man striving to reach his adversary, till they crashed against the wall near her and she heard her champion's breath coughing in his throat at the tightening grip of the sailor. Fright held her paralyzed, for she had never seen men thus. A moment and Glenister would be down beneath their stamping feet, they would kick his life out with their heavy shoes. At thought of it, the necessity of action smote her like a blow in the face. Her terror fell away, her shaking muscles stiffened, and before realizing what she did, she had acted.

The seaman's back was to her. She reached out and gripped him by the hair, while her fingers, tense as talons, sought his eyes. Then the first loud sound of the battle arose. The man yelled in sudden terror; and the others as suddenly fell back. The next instant she felt a hand upon her shoulder and heard Dextry's voice.

"Are ye hurt? No? Come on then, or we'll get left." He spoke quietly, though his breath was loud, and glancing down, she saw the huddled form of the sailor whom he had fought.

"That's all right—he ain't hurt. It's a Jap trick I learned. Hurry up!"

They ran swiftly down the wharf, followed by Glenister and by the groans of the sailors in whom the lust for combat had been quenched. As they scrambled up the Santa Maria's gangplank, a strip of water widened between the boat and the pier.

"Close shave, that," panted Glenister, feeling his throat gingerly, "but I wouldn't have missed it for a spotted pup."

"I've been through b'iler explosions and snowslides, not to mention a triflin' jail de livery, but fer real sprightly diversions I don't recall nothin' more pleasin' than this." Dextry's enthusiasm was boylike.

"What kind of men are you?" the girl laughed nervously, but got no answer.

They led her to their deck cabin, where they switched on the electric light, blinking at each other and at their unknown guest.

They saw a graceful and altogether attractive figure in a trim short skirt and long tan boots. But what Glenister first saw was her eyes; large and gray, almost brown under the electric light. They were active eyes, he thought, and they flashed swift, comprehensive glances at the two men. Her hair had fallen loose and crinkled to her waist, all agleam. Otherwise she showed no sign of her recent ordeal.

Glenister had been prepared for the type of beauty that follows the frontier; beauty that may stun, but that has the polish and chill of a new-ground bowie. Instead, this girl with the calm, reposeful face struck a note almost painfully different from her surroundings, suggesting countless pleasant things that had been strange to Glenister for the past few years.

Pure admiration alone was patent in the older man's gaze.

"I make oration," said he, "that you're the gamest little chap I ever fought over, Mexikin, Injun, or white. What's the trouble?"

"I suppose you think I've done something dreadful, don't you?" she said. "But I haven't. I had to get away from the Ohio to-night for—certain reasons. I'll tell you all about it to-morrow. I haven't stolen anything, nor poisoned the crew—really I haven't." She smiled at them, and Glenister found it quite impossible not to smile with her, dismaying as he felt her lack of explanation to be.

"Well, I'll wake up the steward and find a place for you to go," he said at length. "You'll have to double up with some of the women, though; it's awfully crowded aboard."

She laid a detaining hand on his arm. He thought he felt her tremble.

"No, no! I don't want you to do that. They mustn't see me to-night. I know I'm acting strangely and all that, but it's happened so quickly I haven't found myself yet. I'll tell you to-morrow, though, really. Don't let any one see me or it will spoil everything. Wait till to-morrow, please."

She was very white and spoke with eager intensity.

"Help you? Why, sure Mike!" assured the impulsive Dextry, "an', see here, Miss—you take your time on explanations. We don't care a cuss what you done. Morals ain't our long suit 'cause ' there's never a law of God or man runs north of Fifty-three,' as the poetry man remarked, an' he couldn't have spoke truer if he'd knowed what he was sayin'. Everybody is privileged to 'look out' his own game up here. A square deal an' no questions asked."

She looked somewhat doubtful at this till she caught the heat of Glenister's gaze. Some boldness of his look brought home to her the actual situation, and a stain rose in her cheek. She noted him more carefully; noted his heavy shoulders and ease of bearing; an ease and looseness begotten of perfect muscular control. Strength was equally suggested in his face, she thought, for he carried a marked young countenance, with thrusting chin, aggressive thatching brows, and mobile mouth that whispered all the changes from strength to abandon. Prominent was a look of reckless energy. She considered him handsome in a heavy, virile, perhaps too purely physical fashion.

"You want to stowaway?" he asked.

"I've had a right smart experience in that line," said Dextry, "but I never done it by proxy. What's your plan?"

"She will stay here to-night," said Glenister quickly. "You and I will go below. Nobody will see her."

"I can't let you do that," she said. "Isn't there some place where I can hide?" But they reassured her and left.

When they had gone she crouched trembling upon her seat for a long time, gazing fixedly before her. "I'm afraid!" she whispered, "I'm afraid. What am I getting into? Why do men look so at me? I'm frightened. Oh, I'm sorry I undertook it." At last she rose wearily. The close cabin oppressed her; she felt the need of fresh air. So, turning out the lights, she stepped forth into the night. Figures loomed near the rail and she slipped astern, screening herself behind a life-boat where the cool breeze fanned her face.

The forms she had seen approached, speaking earnestly. Instead of passing, they stopped abreast of her hiding-place; then, as they began to speak, she saw that her retreat was cut off and that she must not stir.

"What brings her here?" Glenister was echoing a question of Dextry's. "Bah! What brings them all? What brought 'the

Duchess' and Cherry Malotte, and all the rest?"

"No, no," said the old man. "She ain't that kind—she's too fine, too delicate—too pretty."

"That's just it. Too pretty! Too pretty to be alone—or anything except what she is."

Dextry growled sourly. "This country has plumb ruined you, boy. You think they're all alike—an' I don't know but they are—all but this girl. Seem's like she's different, somehow—but I can't tell."

Glenister spoke musingly:

"I had an ancestor who buccaneered among the Indies, a long time ago—so I'm told. Sometimes I think I have his disposition. He comes and whispers things to me in the night. Oh, he was a devil, and I've got his blood in me—untamed and hot—I can hear him saying something now—something about the spoils of war. Ha, ha! Maybe he's right. I fought for her to-night—Dex—the way he used to fight for his sweethearts along the Mexicos. She's too beautiful to be good—and, 'there's never a law of God or man runs north of Fifty-three.'"

They moved on, his vibrant, cynical laughter stabbing the girl till she leaned against the yawl for support.

She held herself together while the blood beat thickly in her ears, then fled to the cabin, hurling herself into her berth where she writhed silently, beating the pillow with hands into which her nails had bitten, staring the while into the darkness with dry and aching eyes.

CHAPTER II

THE STOWAWAY

SHE awoke to the throb of the engines, and, gazing cautiously through her stateroom window, saw a glassy, level sea, with the sun brightly agleam on it.

So this was Bering? She had clothed it always with the mystery of her school-days, thinking of it as a weeping, fog-bound stretch of gray waters. Instead, she saw a flat, sunlit main with occasional sea-parrots flapping their fat bodies out of the ship's course. A glistening head popped up from the waters abreast and she heard the cry of "seal."

Dressing, the girl noted minutely the personal articles scattered about the cabin, striving to derive therefrom some fresh hint of the characteristics of the owners. First, there was an elaborate, copper-backed toilet-set, all richly ornamented and leather bound. The metal was magnificently hand worked and bore Glenister's initial. It spoke of elegant extravagance, and seemed oddly out of place in an Arctic miner's equipment, as did also a small set of De Maupassant.

Next, she picked up Kipling's "Seven Seas," marked liberally, and felt that she had struck a scent. The roughness and brutality of the poems had always chilled her, though she had felt vaguely their splendid pulse and swing. This was the girl's first venture from a sheltered life. She had not rubbed elbows with the world enough to find that Truth may be rough, unshaven, and garbed in homespun. The book confirmed her analysis of the junior partner.

Pendent from a hook was a worn and blackened holster from which peered the butt of a large Colt's revolver, showing evidence of many years' service. It spoke mutely of the white-haired Dextry, who, before her inspection was over, knocked at her door, and, when she admitted him, addressed her cautiously:

"The boy's down forrad, teasin' grub out of a flunky. He'll be up in a minute. How'd ye sleep?"

"Very well, thank you," she lied, "but I've been thinking that I ought to explain myself to you."

"Now, see here," the old man interjected, "there ain't no explanations needed till you feel like givin' them up. You was in trouble—that's unfortunate; we help you—that's natural; no questions asked—that's Alaska."

"Yes—but I know you must think——"

"What bothers me," the other continued irrelevantly, "is how in blazes we're goin' to keep you hid. The steward's got to make up this room, and somebody's bound to see us packin' grub in."

"I don't care who knows if they won't send me back. They wouldn't do that, would they?" She hung anxiously on his words.

"Take you back? Why, don't you savvy that this boat is bound for Nome? There ain't no turnin' back on gold stampedes, and this is the wildest rush the world ever saw. The captain wouldn't turn back—he couldn't—his cargo's too precious and the company pays five thousand a day for this ship. No, we ain't puttin' back to unload no stowaways at five thousand per. Besides, we passengers wouldn't let him—time's too precious." They were interrupted by the rattle of dishes outside, and Dextry was about to open the door when his hand wavered uncertainly above the knob, for he heard the hearty greeting of the ship's captain.

"Well, well, Glenister, where's all the breakfast going?"

"Oo!" whispered the old man—"that's Cap' Stephens."

"Dextry isn't feeling quite up to form this morning," replied Glenister easily.

"Don't wonder! Why weren't you aboard sooner last night? I saw you—most got left, eh? Served you right if you had." Then his voice dropped to the confidential: "I'd advise you to cut out those women. Don't misunderstand me, boy, but they're a bad lot on this boat. I saw you come aboard. Take my word for it—they're a bad lot. Cut 'em out. Guess I'll step inside and see what's up with Dextry."

The girl shrank into her corner, gazing apprehensively at the other listener.

"Well—er—he isn't up yet," they heard Glenister stammer; "better come around later."

"Nonsense, it's time he was dressed." The master's voice was gruffly good-natured. "Hello, Dextry! Hey! Open up for inspection." He rattled the door.

There was nothing to be done. The old miner darted an inquiring glance at his companion, then, at her nod, slipped the bolt, and the captain's blue bulk filled the room.

His grizzled, close-bearded face was genially wrinkled till he spied the erect, gray figure in the corner, when his cap came off involuntarily. There his courtesy ended, however, and the smile died coldly from his face. His eyes narrowed, and the good-fellowship fell away, leaving him the stiff and formal officer.

"Ah," he said, "not feeling well, eh? I thought I had met all of our lady passengers. Introduce me, Dextry."

Dextry squirmed under his cynicism.

"Well—I—ah—didn't catch the name myself."

"What?"

"Oh, there ain't much to say. This is the lady we brought aboard last night—that's all."

"Who gave you permission?"

"Nobody. There wasn't time."

"There wasn't *time*, eh? Which one of you conceived the novel scheme of stowing away ladies in your cabin? Whose is she? Quick! Answer me." Indignation was vibrant in his voice.

"Oh!" the girl cried—her eyes widening darkly. She stood slim, and pale, and slightly trembling.

His words had cut her bitterly, though, through it all, he had scrupulously avoided addressing her.

The captain turned to Glenister, who had entered and closed the door.

"Is this your work? Is she yours?"

"No," he answered quietly, while Dextry chimed in:

"Better hear details, captain, before you make breaks like that. We helped the lady side-step some sailors last night and we most got left doing it. It was up to her to make a quick get-away, so we helped her aboard."

"A poor story! What was she running away from?" He still addressed the men, ignoring her completely, till, with hoarse voice, she broke in:

"You mustn't talk about me that way—I can answer your questions. It's true—I ran away. I had to. The sailors came after me and fought with these men. I had to get away quickly, and your friends helped me on here from gentlemanly kindness, because they saw me unprotected. They are still protecting me. I can't explain how important it is for me to reach Nome on the first boat, because it isn't my secret. It was important enough to make me leave my uncle in Seattle at an hour's notice when we found there was no one else who could go. That's all I can say. I took my maid with me, but the sailors caught her just as she was following me down the ship's ladder. She had my bag of clothes when they seized her. I cast off the rope and rowed ashore as fast as I could, but they lowered another boat and followed me."

The captain eyed her sharply, and his grim lines softened a bit, for she was clean-cut and womanly, and utterly out of place. He took her in, shrewdly, detail by detail, then spoke directly to her:

"My dear young lady—the other ships will get there just as quickly as ours, maybe more quickly. To-morrow we strike the ice-pack and then it is all a matter of luck."

"Yes, but the ship I left won't get there."

At this the commander started, and, darting a great, thick-fingered hand at her, spoke savagely:

"What's that? What ship? Which one did you come from? Answer me."

"The Ohio," she replied, with the effect of a hand-grenade. The master glared at her.

"The Ohio! Good God! You *dare* to

stand there and tell me that?" He turned and poured his rage upon the others.

"She says the Ohio, d'ye hear? You've ruined me! I'll put you in irons—all of you. The Ohio!"

"What d'ye mean? What's up?"

"What's up? There's smallpox aboard the Ohio! This girl has broken quarantine. The health inspectors bottled up the boat at six o'clock last night! That's why I pulled out of Unalaska ahead of time to avoid any possible delay. Now, we'll all be held up when we get to Nome. Great Heavens! do you realize what this means—bringing this hussy aboard?"

His eyes burned and his voice shook, while the two partners stared at each other dismayed. Too well they knew the result of a smallpox panic aboard this crowded troopship. Not only was every available cabin bulging with passengers, but the lower decks were jammed with both humanity and live stock all in the most unsanitary conditions. The craft, built for three hundred passengers, was carrying triple her capacity; men and women were stowed away like cattle. Order and a half tolerable condition were maintained only by the efforts of the passengers themselves, who held to the thought that imprisonment and inconvenience would last but a few days longer. They had been aboard three weeks and every heart was aflame with the desire to reach Nome—to reach it ahead of the pressing horde behind.

What would be the temper of this gold-frenzied army if thrown into quarantine within sight of their goal? The impatient hundreds would have to lie packed in their floating prison, submitting to the foul disease. Long they must lie thus, till a month should have passed after the disappearance of the last symptom. If the disease recurred sporadically, that might mean endless weeks of maddening idleness. It might even be impossible to impose the necessary restraint; there would be violence, perhaps mutiny.

The fear of the sickness was nothing to Dextry and Glenister, but of their mine they thought with terror. What would happen in their absence, where conditions were as unsettled as in this new land; where titles were held only by physical possession of the premises? During the long winter of their absence, ice had held their treasure inviolate, but with the warming summer the jewel they had fought for so wearily would lie naked and exposed to the first comer. The Midas lay in the valley of the richest creek, where men had schemed and fought and slain for the right to inches. It was the fruit of cheerless, barren years of toil, and if they could not guard it—they knew the result.

The girl interrupted their terrified reflections.

"Don't blame these men, sir," she begged the captain. "I am the only one at fault. Oh! I *had* to get away. I have papers here that must be delivered quickly." She laid a hand upon her bosom. "They couldn't be trusted to the unsettled mail service. It's almost life and death. And I assure you there is no need of putting me in quarantine. I haven't the smallpox. I wasn't even exposed to it."

"There's nothing else to do," said Stephens. "I'll isolate you in the deck smoking-cabin. God knows what these madmen on board will do when they hear about it, though. They're apt to tear you to shreds. They're crazy!"

Glenister had been thinking rapidly.

"If you do that, you'll have mutiny in an hour. This isn't the crowd to stand that sort of thing."

"Bah! Let 'em try it. I'll put 'em down." The officer's square jaws clicked.

"Maybe so; but what then? We reach Nome and the Health Inspector hears of smallpox suspects, then we're all quarantined for thirty days; eight hundred of us. We'll lie at Egg Island all summer while your company pays five thousand a day for this ship. That's not all. The firm is liable in damages for your carelessness in letting disease aboard."

"*My carelessness!*" The old man ground his teeth.

"Yes; that's what it amounts to. You'll ruin your owners, all right. You'll tie up your ship and lose your job, that's a cinch!"

Captain Stephens wiped the moisture from his brow angrily.

"My carelessness! Curse you—you say it well. Don't you realize that I'm criminally liable if I don't take every precaution?" He paused for a moment, considering. "I'll hand her over to the ship's doctor."

"See here, now," Glenister urged. "We'll be in Nome in a week—before the young lady would have time to show symptoms of the disease, even if she were going to have it—and a thousand to one she hasn't been exposed, and will never show a trace of it. Nobody knows she's aboard but we three. Nobody will see her get off. She'll stay in this cabin, which will be just as effectual as though you isolated her in any other part of the boat. It will avoid a panic—you'll save your ship and your company—no one will be the wiser—then if the girl comes down with smallpox after she gets ashore, she can go to the pest house and not jeopardize the health of all the people aboard this ship. You go up forrad to your bridge, sir, and forget that you stepped in to see old Bill Dextry this morning. We'll take care of this matter all right. It means as much to us as it does to you. We've *got* to be on Anvil Creek before the ground thaws or we'll lose the Midas. If you make a fuss, you'll ruin us all."

For some moments they watched him breathlessly as he frowned in indecision, then——

"You'll have to look out for the steward," he said, and the girl sank to a stool while two great tears rolled down her cheeks. The captain's eyes softened and his voice was quite gentle as he laid his hand on her head.

"Don't feel hurt over what I said, miss. You see, appearances don't tell much, hereabouts—most of the pretty ones are no good. They've fooled me many a time, and I made a mistake. These men will help you through; I can't. Then when you get to Nome, make your sweetheart marry you the day you land. You are too far north to be alone."

He stepped out into the passage and closed the door carefully.

CHAPTER III

IN WHICH GLENISTER ERRS

"WELL, bein' as me an' Glenister is gougin' into the bowels of Anvil Creek all last summer, we don't really get the fresh-grub habit fastened on us none. You see, the gamblers down-town cop out the few aigs an' green vegetables that stray off the ships, so they never get out as far as the Creek none; except, maybe, in the shape of anecdotes.

"We don't get intimate with no nutriments except hog-boosum an' brown beans, of which luxuries we have unstinted measure, an' bein' as this is our third year in the country we hanker for bony fido grub, somethin' scan'lous. Yes, ma'am—three years without a taste of fresh fruit nor meat nor nuthin'—except pork an' beans. Why, I've et bacon till my immortal soul has growed a rind.

"When it comes time to close down the claim, the boy is sick with the fever an' the only ship in port is a Point Barrow whaler, bound for Seattle. After I book our passage, I find they have nothin' aboard to eat except canned salmon, it bein' the end of a two years' cruise, so when I land in the States after seventeen days of a fish diet, I am what you might call sated with canned grub, and have added salmon to the list of things concernin' which I am goin' to economize.

"Soon's ever I get the boy into a hospital, I gallop up to the best restarawnt in town an' prepare for the huge pot-latch. This here, I determine, is to be a gormandizin' jag which shall live in hist'ry, an' wharof in later years the natives of Puget Sound shall speak with bated breath.

"First, I call for five dollars' worth of pork an' beans an' then a full-grown platter of canned salmon. When the waiter lays 'em out in front of me, I look them vittles coldly in their disgustin' visages, an' say in sarcastic accents:

"'Set there, damn you! an' watch me eat *real* grub,' which I proceed to do, cleanin' the menu from soda to hock. When I have done my worst, I pile bones an' olive seeds an' peelin's all over them articles of nourishment, stick toothpicks into 'em, an' havin' offered 'em what other indignities occur to me, I leave the place."

Dextry and the girl were leaning over the stern rail, chatting idly in the darkness. It was the second night out and the ship lay dead in the ice-pack. All about them was a flat, floe-clogged sea, leprous and mottled in the deep twilight that midnight brought in this latitude. They had threaded into the ice field as long as the light lasted, following the lanes of blue water till they closed, then drifting idly till others appeared; worming out into leagues of open sea, again creeping into the shifting labyrinth till darkness rendered progress perilous.

Occasionally they had passed herds of walrus huddled sociably upon ice-pans, their wet hides glistening in the sunlight. The air had been clear and pleasant, while away on all quarters they had seen the smoke of other ships toiling through the barrier. The spring fleet was knocking at the door of the Golden North.

Chafing at her imprisonment, the girl had asked the old man to take her out on deck under the shelter of darkness; then she had led him to speak of his own past experiences, and of Glenister's; which he had done freely. She was frankly curious about them, and she wondered at their apparent lack of interest in her own identity and her secret mission. She even construed their silence as indifference, not realizing that these Northmen were offering her the truest evidence of *camaraderie*.

The frontier is capable of no finer compliment than this utter disregard of one's folded pages. It betokens that highest faith in one's fellow man, the belief that he should be measured by his present deeds, not by his past. It says, translated: "This is God's free country where a man is a man, nothing more. Our land is new and pure, our faces are to the front. If you have been square, so much the better; if not, leave behind the taints of artificial things and start again on the level—that's all."

It had happened, therefore, that since the men had asked her no questions, she had allowed the hours to pass and still hesitated to explain further than she had explained to Captain Stephens. It was much easier to let things continue as they were; and there was, after all, so little that she was at liberty to tell them.

In the short time since meeting them, the girl had grown to like Dextry, with his blunt chivalry and boyish, whimsical philosophy, but she avoided Glenister, feeling a shrinking, hidden terror of him, ever since her eavesdropping of the previous night. At the memory of that scene she grew hot, then cold—hot with anger, icy at the sinister power and sureness which had vibrated in his voice. What kind of life was she entering where men spoke of strange women with this assurance and hinted thus of ownership? That he was handsome and unconscious of it, she acknowledged, and had she met him in her accustomed circle of friends, garbed in the conventionalities, she would perhaps have thought of him as a striking man, vigorous and intelligent; but here he seemed naturally to take on the attributes of his surroundings, acquiring a picturesque negligee of dress and morals, and suggesting rugged, elemental, chilling potentialities. While with him—and he had sought her repeatedly that day—she was uneasily aware of his strong personality tugging at her; aware of the unbridled passionate flood of a nature unbrooking of delay and heedless of denial. This it was that antagonized her and set her every mental sinew in rigid resistance.

During Dextry's garrulous ramblings, Glenister emerged from the darkness and silently took his place beside her, against the rail.

"What portent do you see that makes you stare into the night so anxiously?" he inquired.

"I am wishing for a sight of the midnight sun or the aurora borealis," she replied.

"Too late for one an' too fur south for the other," Dextry interposed. "We'll see the sun further north, though."

"I feel that I am going to like the North," the girl said.

"Perhaps you will," Glenister replied, "although it is not a woman's land."

"Tell me what led you out here in the first place. You are an Eastern man. You have had advantages, education—and yet you choose this. You must love the North."

"Indeed I do! It calls to a fellow in some strange way that a gentler country never could. When once you've lived the long, lazy June days that never end, and heard geese honking under a warm, sunlit midnight; or when once you've hit the trail on a winter morning so sharp and clear that the air stings your lungs, and the whole white, silent world glistens like a jewel; yes—and when you've seen the dogs romping in harness till the sled runners ring; and the distant mountain ranges come out like beautiful carvings, so close you can reach them—well, there's something in it that brings you back—that's all, no matter where you've lost yourself. It means health and equality and unrestraint. That's what I like best, I dare say—the utter unrestraint.

"When I was a schoolboy, I used to gaze at the map of Alaska for hours. I'd lose myself in it. It wasn't anything but a big, blank corner in the North then, with a name, and mountains, and mystery. The word 'Yukon' suggested to me everything unknown and weird—hairy mastodons, golden river bars, savage Indians with bone arrow-heads and sealskin trousers. When I left college I came as fast as ever I could—the adventure, I suppose.

"The law was considered my destiny. How the shades of old Choate and Webster and Patrick Henry must have wailed when I forswore it. I'll bet Blackstone tore his whiskers."

"I think you would have made a success," said the girl, but he laughed.

"Well, anyhow, I stepped out, leaving the way to the United States Supreme bench unobstructed, and came north. I found it was where I belonged. I fitted in. I'm not contented—don't think that. I'm ambitious, but I prefer these surroundings to the others—

that's all. I'm realizing my desires. I've made a fortune—now I'll see what else the world has.

"See here," he abruptly questioned, "what's your name?"

She started, and glanced toward where Dextry had stood, only to find that the old frontiersman had slipped away during the tale.

"Helen Chester," she replied.

"Helen Chester," he repeated musingly. "What a pretty name. It seems almost a pity to change it—to marry, as you will."

"I am not going to Nome to get married."

He glanced at her quickly.

"Then you won't like this country. You are two years too early; you ought to wait till there are railroads and telephones, and *tables d'hôte*, and chaperons. It's a man's country yet."

"I don't see why it isn't a woman's country, too. Surely we can take a part in taming it. Yonder on the Oregon is a complete railroad, which will be running from the coast to the mines in a few weeks. Another ship back there has the wire and poles and fixings for a telephone system, which will go up in a night. As to *tables d'hôte*, I saw a real French count in Seattle with a monocle. He's bringing in a restaurant outfit, imported snails, and *pâté de foies gras*. All that's wanting is the chaperon. In my flight from the Ohio I left mine. The sailors caught her. You see I am not far ahead of schedule."

"What part are you going to take in this taming process?" he questioned.

She paused long before replying, and when she did her answer sounded like a jest.

"I herald the coming of the law," she said.

"The law! Bah! Red tape, a dead language, and a horde of shysters! I'm afraid of law in this land; we're too new and too far away from things. It puts too much power in too few hands. Heretofore we men up here have had recourse to our courage and our Colts, but we'll have to unbuckle them both when the law comes. I like the court that hasn't any appeal." He laid hand upon his hip.

"The Colts may go, but the courage never will," she broke in.

"Perhaps. But I've heard rumors already of a plot to prostitute the law. In Unalaska a man warned Dextry, with terror in his eye, to beware of it; that beneath the cloak of Justice was a drawn dagger whetted for us fellows who own the rich diggings. I don't think there's any truth in it, but you can't tell."

"The law is the foundation—there can't be any progress without it. There is nothing here now but disorder."

"There isn't half the disorder you think there is. There weren't any crimes in this country till the tenderfeet arrived. We didn't know what a thief was. If you came to a cabin you walked in without knocking. The owner filled up the coffee-pot and sliced into the bacon; then when he'd started your meal, he shook hands and asked your name. It was just the same whether his cache was full or whether he'd packed his few pounds of food two hundred miles on his back. That was hospitality to make your Southern article look pretty small. If there was no one at home, you ate what you needed. There was but one unpardonable breach of etiquette—to fail to leave dry kindlings. I'm afraid of the transitory stage we're coming to—that epoch of chaos between the death of the old and the birth of the new. Frankly, I like the old way best. I love the license of it. I love to wrestle with nature; to snatch, and guard, and fight for what I have. I've been beyond the law for years and I want to stay there, where life is just what it was intended to be—a survival of the fittest."

His large hands, as he gripped the bulwark, were tense and corded, while his rich voice issued softly from his chest with the hint of power unlimited behind it. He stood over her, tall, virile, and magnetic. She saw now why he had so joyously hailed the fight of the previous night; to one of his kind it was as salt air to the nostrils. Unconsciously she approached him, drawn by the spell of his strength.

"My pleasures are violent and my hate is mighty bitter in my mouth. What I want, I take. That's been my way in the old life, and I'm too selfish to give it up."

He was gazing out upon the dimly lucent miles of ice; but now he turned toward her, and, doing so, touched her warm hand next his on the rail.

She was staring up at him unaffectedly, so close that the faint odor from her hair reached him. Her expression was simply one of wonder and curiosity at this type, so different from any she had known. But the man's eyes were hot and blinded with the sight of her, and he felt only her beauty heightened in the dim light, the brush of her garments, and the small, soft hand beneath his. The thrill from the touch of it surged over him—mastered him.

"What I want—I take," he repeated, and then suddenly he reached forth and, taking her in his arms, crushed her to him, kissing her softly, fiercely, full upon the lips. For an instant she lay gasping and stunned against his breast, then she tore her clenched hand free and, with all her force, struck him full in the face.

It was as though she beat upon a stone. With one movement he forced her arm to her side, smiling into her terrified eyes; then, holding her like iron, he kissed her again and again upon the mouth, the eyes, the hair—and released her.

"I am going to love you—Helen," said he.

"And may God strike me dead if I ever stop *hating* you!" she cried, her voice coming thick and hoarse with passion.

Turning, she walked proudly forward toward her cabin, a trim, straight, haughty figure; and he did not know that her knees were shaking and weak.

CHAPTER IV

THE KILLING

For four days the Santa Maria felt blindly through the white fields, drifting north with the spring tide that sets through Bering Straits, till, on the morning of the fifth, open water showed to the east. Creeping through, she broke out into the last stage of the long race, amid the cheers of her weary passengers; and the dull jar of her engines made welcome music to the girl in the deck stateroom.

Soon they picked up a mountainous coast which rose steadily into majestic, barren ranges, still white with the melting snows; and at ten in the evening under a golden sunset, amid screaming whistles, they anchored in the roadstead of Nome. Before the rumble of her chains had ceased or the echo from the fleet's salute had died from the shoreward hills, the ship was surrounded by a swarm of tiny craft clamoring about her iron sides, while an officer in cap and gilt climbed the bridge and greeted Captain Stephens. Tugs with trailing lighters circled discreetly about awaiting the completion of certain formalities. These over, the uniformed gentleman dropped back into his skiff and rowed away.

"A clean bill of health, captain," he shouted, saluting the commander.

"Thank ye, sir," roared the sailor, and with that the rowboats swarmed inward pirate-like, boarding the steamer from all quarters.

As the master turned, he looked down from his bridge to the deck below, full into the face of Dextry, who had been an intent witness of the meeting. With unbending dignity, Captain Stephens let his left eyelid droop slowly, while a boyish grin spread widely over his face. Simultaneously, orders rang sharp and fast from the bridge, the crew broke into feverish life, the creak of booms and the clank of donkey hoists arose.

"We're here, Miss Stowaway," said Glenister, entering the girl's cabin. "The inspector passed us and it's time for you to see the magic city. Come, it's a wonderful sight."

This was the first time they had been alone since the scene on the after-deck, for, besides ignoring Glenister, she had managed that he should not even see her except in Dextry's presence. Although he had ever since been courteous and considerate, she felt the leaping emotions that were hidden within him and longed to leave the ship, to fly from the spell of his personality. Thoughts of him made her writhe, and yet when he was near she could not hate him as she willed—he overpowered her, he would not be hated, he paid no heed to her slights. This very quality reminded her how willingly and unquestioningly he had fought off the sailors from the Ohio at a word from her. She knew he would do so again, and more, and it is hard to be bitter to one who would lay down his life for you, even though he has offended—particularly when he has the magnetism that sweeps you away from your moorings.

"There's no danger of being seen," he continued. "The crowd's crazy, and, besides, we'll go ashore right away. You must be mad with the confinement—it's on my nerves, too."

As they stepped outside, the door of an adjacent cabin opened, framing an angular, sharp-featured woman, who, catching sight of the girl emerging from Glenister's stateroom, paused with shrewdly narrowed eyes, flashing quick, malicious glances from one to the other. They came later to remember with regret this chance encounter, for it was fraught with grave results for them both.

"Good evening, Mr. Glenister," the lady said with acid cordiality.

"Howdy, Mrs. Champian?" He moved away.

She followed a step, staring at Helen.

"Are you going ashore to-night or wait for morning?"

"Don't know yet, I'm sure." Then aside to the girl he muttered, "Shake her, she's spying on us."

"Who is she?" queried Miss Chester, a moment later.

"Her husband manages one of the big companies. She's an old cat."

Gaining her first view of the land, the girl cried out sharply. They rode on an oily sea, tinted like burnished copper, while on all sides, amid the faint rattle and rumble of machinery, scores of ships were belching cargoes out upon living swarms of scows, tugs, stern-wheelers, and dories. Here and there Eskimo oomiaks, fat, walrus-hide boats, slid about like huge, many-legged water-bugs. An endless, ant-like stream of tenders, piled high with freight, plied to and from the shore. A mile distant lay the city, stretched like a white ribbon between the gold of the ocean sand and the dun of the moss-covered tundra. It was like no other in the world. At first glance it seemed all made of new white canvas. In a week its population had swelled from three to thirty thousand. It now wandered in a slender, sinuous line along the coast for miles, because only the beach afforded dry camping ground. Mounting to the bank behind, one sank knee deep in moss and water, and, treading twice in the same tracks, found a bog of oozing, icy mud. Therefore, as the town doubled daily in size, it grew endwise like a string of dominoes, till the shore from Cape Nome to Penny River was a long reach of white, glinting in the low rays of the Arctic sunset like foamy breakers on a tropic island.

"That's Anvil Creek up yonder," said Glenister. "There's where the Midas lies. See!" He indicated a gap in the buttress of mountains rolling back from the coast. "It's the greatest creek in the world. You'll see gold by the mule-load, and hillocks of nuggets. Oh, I'm glad to get back. *This* is life. That stretch of beach is full of gold. These hills are seamed with quartz. The bed-rock of that creek is yellow. There's gold, gold, gold, everywhere—more than ever was in old Solomon's mines—and there's mystery and peril and things unknown."

"Let us make haste," said the girl. "I have something I must do to-night. After that, I can learn to know these things."

Securing a small boat, they were rowed ashore, the partners plying their ferryman with eager questions. Having arrived five days before, he was exploding with information and volunteered the fruits of his ripe experience till Dextry stated that they were "sour-doughs" themselves, and owned the Midas, whereupon Miss Chester marveled at the awe which sat upon the man and the wondering stare with which he devoured the partners, to her own utter exclusion.

"Sufferin' cats! Look at the freight!" ejaculated Dextry. "If a storm come up it would bust the community!"

The beach they neared was walled and crowded to the high-tide mark with ramparts of merchandise, while every incoming craft deposited its quota upon whatever vacant foot was close at hand, till bales, boxes, boilers, and baggage of all kinds were confusedly intermixed in the narrow space. Singing longshoremen trundled burdens from the lighters and piled them on the heap, while yelling, cursing crowds fought over it all, selecting, sorting, loading.

There was no room for more, yet hourly they added to the mass. Teams splashed through the lapping surf, or stuck in the deep sand between hillocks of goods. All was noise, profanity, congestion, and feverish hurry. This burning haste rang in the voice of the multitude, showed in its violence of gesture and redness of face, permeated the atmosphere with a magnetic, electrifying energy.

"It's somethin' fierce ashore," said the oarsman. "I been up fer three days an' nights steady—there ain't no room, nor time, nor darkness to sleep in. Ham an' eggs is a dollar an' a half, an' whisky's four bits a throw." He wailed the last, sadly, as a complaint unspeakable.

"Any trouble doin'?" inquired the old man.

"You *know* it!" the other cried colloquially. "There was a massacree in the Northern last night."

"Gamblin' row?"

"Yep. Tin-horn called 'Missou' done it."

"Sho!" said Dextry. "I know him. He's a bad actor." All three men nodded sagely, and the girl wished for further light, but they volunteered no explanation.

Leaving the skiff, they plunged into turmoil. Dodging through the tangle, they came out into fenced lots where tents stood wall to wall and every inch was occupied. Here and there was a vacant spot guarded jealously by its owner, who gazed sourly upon all men with the forbidding eye of suspicion. Finding an eddy in the confusion, the men stopped.

"Where do you want to go?" they asked Miss Chester.

There was no longer in Glenister's glance that freedom with which he had come to regard the women of the north. He had come to realize dully that here was a girl driven by some strong purpose into a position repellent to her. In a man of his type, her independence awoke only admiration and her coldness served but to inflame him the more. Delicacy, in Glenister, was lost in a remarkable singleness of purpose. He could laugh at her loathing, smile under her abuse, and remain utterly ignorant that anything more than his action in seizing her that night lay at the bottom of her dislike. He did not dream that he possessed characteristics abhorrent to her; and he felt a keen reluctance at parting.

She extended both hands.

"I can never thank you enough for what you have done—you two; but I shall try. Good-by!"

Dextry gazed doubtfully at his own hand, rough and gnarly, then taking hers as he would have handled a robin's egg, waggled it limply.

"We ain't goin' to turn you adrift this-a-way. Whatever your destination is, we'll see you to it."

"I can find my friends," she assured him.

"This is the wrong latitude in which to dispute a lady, but knowin' this camp from soup to nuts, as I do, I su'gests a male escort."

"Very well! I wish to find Mr. Struve, of Dunham & Struve, lawyers."

"I'll take you to their offices," said Glenister. "You see to the baggage, Dex. Meet me at the Second Class in half an hour and we'll run out to the Midas." They pushed through the tangle of tents, past piles of lumber, and emerged upon the main thoroughfare, which ran parallel to the shore.

Nome consisted of one narrow street, twisted between solid rows of canvas and half-erected frame buildings, its every other door that of a saloon. There were fair-looking blocks which aspired to the dizzy height of three stories, some sheathed in corrugated iron, others gleaming and galvanized. Lawyers' signs, doctors', surveyors', were in the upper windows. The street was thronged with men from every land—Helen Chester heard more dialects than she could count. Laplanders in quaint, three-cornered, padded caps idled past. Men with the tan of the tropics rubbed elbows with yellow-haired Norsemen, and near her a carefully groomed Frenchman with riding-breeches and monocle was in pantomime with a skin-clad Eskimo. To her left was the sparkling sea, alive with ships of every class. To her right towered timberless mountains, unpeopled, unexplored, forbidding and desolate—their hollows inlaid with snow. On one hand were the life and the world she knew, on the other, silence, mystery, possible adventure.

The roadway where she stood was a crush of sundry vehicles from bicycles to dog-hauled water-carts, and on all sides men were laboring busily, the echo of hammers mingling with the cries of teamsters and the tinkle of music within the saloons.

"And this is midnight," exclaimed Helen breathlessly. "Do they ever rest?"

"There isn't time—this is a gold stampede. You haven't caught the spirit of it yet."

They climbed the stairs in a huge, iron-sheeted building to the office of Dunham & Struve, and in answer to their knock, a red-faced, white-haired, tousled man, in shirt-sleeves and stocking-feet, opened the door.

"What d'ye wan'?" he bawled, his legs wavering uncertainly. His eyes were heavy and bloodshot, his lips loose, and his whole person exhaled alcoholic fumes like a gust from a still-house. Hanging to the knob, he strove vainly to solve the mystery of his suspenders—hiccuping intermittently.

"Humph! Been drunk ever since I left?" questioned Glenister.

"Somebody mus' have tol' you," the lawyer replied. There was neither curiosity, recognition, nor resentment in his voice. In fact, his head drooped so that he paid no attention to the girl, who had shrunk back at sight of him. He was a young man, with marks of brilliancy showing through the dissipation betrayed by his silvery hair and coarsened features.

"Oh, I don't know what to do," lamented the girl.

"Anybody else here beside you?" asked her escort of the lawyer.

"No, I'm runnin' the law business unassisted. Don't need any help. Dunham's in Wash'n'ton, D. C., the lan' of the home, the free of the brave. What can I do for you?"

He made to cross the threshold hospitably, but tripped, plunged forward, and would have rolled down the stairs had not Glenister gathered him up and borne him back into the office, where he tossed him upon a bed in a rear room.

"Now what, Miss Chester?" asked the young man, returning.

"Isn't that dreadful?" she shuddered. "Oh, and I must see him to-night!" She stamped impatiently. "I must see him alone."

"No, you mustn't," said Glenister, with equal decision. "In the first place, he wouldn't know what you were talking about, and in the second place—I know Struve. He's too drunk to talk business and too sober to—well, to see you alone."

"But I *must* see him," she insisted. "It's what brought me here. You don't understand."

"I understand more than he could. He's in no condition to act on any important matter. You come around to-morrow when he's sober."

"It means so much," breathed the girl. "The beast!"

Glenister noted that she had not wrung her hands nor even hinted at tears, though plainly her disappointment and anxiety were consuming her.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to wait, but I don't know where to go—some hotel, I suppose."

"There aren't any. They're just building two, but to-night you couldn't hire a room in Nome for money. I was about to say 'love nor money.' Have you no other friends here—no women? Then you must let me find a place for you. I have a friend whose wife will take you in."

She rebelled at this. Was she never to have done with this man's favors? She thought of returning to the ship, but dismissed that. She undertook to decline his aid, but he was half-way down the stairs and paid no attention to her beginning—so she followed him.

It was then that Helen Chester witnessed her first tragedy of the frontier, and through it came to know better the man whom she disliked and with whom she had been thrown so fatefully. Already she had thrilled at the spell of this country, but she had not learned that strength and license carry blood and violence as corollaries.

Emerging from the doorway at the foot of the stairs, they drifted slowly along the walk, watching the crowd. Beside the universal tension, there were laughter and hope and exhilaration in the faces. The enthusiasm of this boyish multitude warmed one. The girl wished to get into this spirit—to be one of them. Then suddenly from the babble at their elbows came a discordant note, not long nor loud, only a few words, penetrating and harsh, with the metallic quality lent by passion.

Helen glanced over her shoulder to find that the smiles of the throng were gone and that its eyes were bent on some scene in the street, with an eager interest she had never seen mirrored before. Simultaneously Glenister spoke:

"Come away from here."

With the quickened eye of experience, he foresaw trouble and tried to drag her on, but she shook off his grasp impatiently, and, turning, gazed absorbed at the spectacle which unfolded itself before her. Although not comprehending the play of events, she felt vaguely the quick approach of some crisis, yet was unprepared for the swiftness with which it came.

Her eyes had leaped to the figures of two men in the street from whom the rest had separated like oil from water. One was slim and well dressed—the other bulky, mackinawed, and lowering of feature. It was the smaller who spoke, and for a moment she misjudged his bloodshot eyes and swaying carriage to be the result of alcohol, until she saw that he was racked with fury.

"Make good, I tell you, quick! Give me that bill of sale, you ——."

The unkempt man swung on his heel with a growl and walked away, his course leading him toward Glenister and the girl. With two strides he was abreast of them; then, detecting the flashing movement of the other, he whirled like a wild animal. His voice had the snarl of a beast in it.

"Ye had to have it, didn't ye? Well, there!"

The actions of both men were quick as light, yet to the girl's taut senses they seemed theatrical and deliberate. Into her mind was seared forever the memory of that second, as though the shutter of a camera had snapped, impressing upon her brain the scene, sharp, clear-cut, and vivid. The shaggy back of the large man almost brushing her, the rage-drunken, white-shirted man in the derby hat, the crowd sweeping backward like rushes before a blast, men with arms flexed and feet raised in flight, the glaring yellow sign of the "Gold Belt Dance Hall" across the way—these were stamped upon her retina, and then she was jerked violently backward, two strong arms crushed her down upon her knees against the wall, and she was smothered in the arms of Roy Glenister.

"My God! Don't move! We're in line!"

He crouched over her, his cheek against her hair, his weight forcing her down into the smallest compass, his arms about her, his body forming a living shield against the flying bullets. Over them the big man stood, and the sustained roar of his gun was deafening. Simultaneously they heard the thud and felt the jar of lead in the thin boards against which they huddled. Again the report echoed above their heads, and they saw the slender man in the street drop his weapon and spin half round as though hit with some heavy hand. He uttered a cry and, stooping for his gun, plunged forward, burying his face in the sand.

The man by Glenister's side shouted curses thickly, and walked toward his prostrate enemy, firing at every step. The wounded man rolled to his side, and, raising himself on his elbow, shot twice, so rapidly that the reports blended—but without checking his antagonist's approach. Four more times the relentless assailant fired deliberately, his last missile sent as he stood over the body which twitched and shuddered at his feet, its garments muddy and smeared. Then he turned and retraced his steps. Back within arm's length of the two who pressed against the building he came, and as he went by they saw his coarse and sullen features drawn and working pallidly, while the breath whistled through his teeth. He held his course to the door they had just quitted, then as he turned he coughed bestially, spitting out a mouthful of blood. His knees wavered. He vanished within the portals and, in the sickly silence that fell, they heard his hob-nailed boots clumping slowly up the stairs.

Noise awoke and rioted down the thoroughfare. Men rushed forth from every quarter, and the ghastly object in the dirt was hidden by a seething mass of miners.

Glenister raised the girl, but her head rolled limply, and she would have slipped to her knees again had he not placed his arm about her waist. Her eyes were staring and horror-filled.

"Don't be frightened," said he, smiling at her reassuringly; but his own lips shook and the sweat stood out like dew on him; for they had both been close to death. There came a surge and swirl through the crowd, and Dextry swooped upon them like a hawk.

"Be ye hurt? Holy Mackinaw! When I see 'em blaze away I yells at ye fit to bust my throat. I shore thought you was gone. Although I can't say but this killin' was a sight for sore eyes—so neat an' genteel—still, as a rule, in these street brawls, it's the innocuous bystander that has flowers sent around to his house afterward."

"Look at this," said Glenister. Breast high in the wall against which they had crouched, not three feet apart, were bullet holes.

"Them's the first two he unhitched," Dextry remarked, jerking his head toward the object in the street. "Must have been a new gun an' pulled hard—throwed him to the right. See!"

Even to the girl it was patent that, had she not been snatched as she was, the bullet would have found her.

"Come away quick," she panted, and they led her into a near-by store, where she sank upon a seat and trembled until Dextry brought her a glass of whisky.

"Here, Miss," he said. "Pretty tough go for a 'cheechako.' I'm afraid you ain't gettin' enamored of this here country a whole lot."

For half an hour he talked to her, in his whimsical way, of foreign things, till she was quieted. Then the partners arose to go. Although Glenister had arranged for her to stop with the wife of the merchant for the rest of the night, she would not.

"I can't go to bed. Please don't leave me! I'm too nervous. I'll go *mad* if you do. The strain of the last week has been too much for me. If I sleep I'll see the faces of those men again."

Dextry talked with his companion, then made a purchase which he laid at the lady's feet.

"Here's a pair of half-grown gum boots. You put 'em on an' come with us. We'll take your mind off of things complete. An', as fer sweet dreams, when you get back you'll make the slumbers of the just seem as restless as a riot or the antics of a mountain goat which nimbly leaps from crag to crag, and—well, that's restless enough. Come on!"

As the sun slanted up out of Bering Sea, they marched back toward the hills, their feet ankle deep in the soft fresh moss, while the air tasted like a cool draft, and a myriad earthy odors rose up and encircled them. Snipe and reed birds were noisy in the hollows, and from the misty tundra lakes came the honking of brant. After their weary weeks on shipboard, the dewy freshness livened them magically, cleansing from their memories the recent tragedy, so that the girl became herself again.

"Where are we going?" she asked, at the end of an hour, pausing for breath.

"Why, to the Midas, of course," they said; and one of them vowed recklessly, as he drank in the beauty of her clear eyes and the grace of her slender, panting form, that he would gladly give his share of all its riches to undo what he had done one night on the Santa Maria.

CHAPTER V

WHEREIN A MAN APPEARS

In the lives of countries there are crises where, for a breath, destinies lie in the laps of the gods and are jumbled, heads or tails. Thus are marked distinctive cycles like the seven ages of a man, and though, perhaps, they are too subtle to be perceived at the time, yet having swung past the shadowy milestones, the epochs disclose themselves.

Such a period in the progress of the Far Northwest was the nineteenth day of July, although to those concerned in the building of this new empire, the day appealed only as the date of the coming of the law. All Nome gathered on the sands as lighters brought ashore Judge Stillman and his following. It was held fitting that the Senator should be the ship to safeguard the dignity of the first court and to introduce Justice into this land of the wild.

The interest awakened by His Honor was augmented by the fact that he was met on the beach by a charming girl, who flung herself upon him with evident delight.

"That's his niece," said some one. "She came up on the first boat—name's Chester—swell looker, eh?"

Another newcomer attracted even more notice than the limb of the law: a gigantic, well-groomed man, with keen, close-set eyes, and that indefinable easy movement and polished bearing that come from confidence, health, and travel. Unlike the others, he did not dally on the beach nor display much interest in his surroundings; but, with purposeful frown strode through the press, up into the heart of the city. His companion was Struve's partner, Dunham, a middle-aged, pompous man. They went directly to the offices of Dunham & Struve, where they found the white-haired junior partner.

"Mighty glad to meet you, Mr. McNamara," said Struve. "Your name is a household word in my part of the country. My people were mixed up in Dakota politics somewhat, so I've always had a great admiration for you and I'm glad you've come to Alaska. This is a big country and we need big men."

"Did you have any trouble?" Dunham inquired when the three had adjourned to a private room.

"Trouble," said Struve ruefully; "well, I wonder if I did. Miss Chester brought me your instructions O. K. and I got busy right off. But, tell me this—how did you get the girl to act as messenger?"

"There was no one else to send," answered McNamara. "Dunham intended sailing on the first boat, but he was detained in Washington with me, and the Judge had to wait for us at Seattle. We were afraid to trust a stranger for fear he might get curious and examine the papers. That would have meant—" He moved his hand eloquently.

Struve nodded. "I see. Does she know what was in the documents?"

"Decidedly not. Women and business don't mix. I hope you didn't tell her anything."

"No, I haven't had a chance. She seemed to take a dislike to me for some reason. I haven't seen her since the day after she got here."

"The Judge told her it had something to do with preparing the way for his court," said Dunham, "and that if the papers were not delivered before he arrived, it might cause a lot of trouble—litigation, riots, bloodshed, and all that. He filled her up on generalities till the girl was frightened to death and thought the safety of her uncle and the whole country depended on her."

"Well," continued Struve, "it's dead easy to hire men to jump claims and it's dead easy to buy their rights afterward, particularly when they know they haven't got any—but what course do you follow when owners go gunning for you?"

McNamara laughed.

"Who did that?"

"A benevolent, silver-haired old Texan pirate by the name of Dextry. He's one-half owner in the Midas and the other half mountain lion; as peaceable, you'd imagine, as a benediction, but with the temperament of a Geronimo. I sent Galloway out to relocate the claim, and he got his notices up in the night when they were asleep, but at 6 A.M. he came flying back to my room and nearly hammered the door down. I've seen fright in varied forms and phases, but he had them all with some added starters.

"'Hide me out, quick!' he panted.

"'What's up?' I asked.

"I've stirred up a breakfast of grizzly bear, smallpox, and sudden death and it don't set well on my stummick. Let me in.'

"I had to keep him hidden three days, for this gentle-mannered old cannibal roamed the streets with a cannon in his hand, breathing fire and pestilence."

"Anybody else act up?" queried Dunham.

"No; all the rest are Swedes and they haven't got the nerve to fight. They couldn't lick a spoon if they tried. These other men are different, though. There's two of them, the old one and a young fellow. I'm a little afraid to mix it up with them. If their claim wasn't the best in the district, I'd say let it alone."

"I'll attend to that," said Dunham.

Struve resumed:

"Yes, gentlemen, I've been working pretty hard and also pretty much in the dark so far. I'm groping for light. When Miss Chester brought in the papers I got busy instanter. I clouded the title to the richest placers in the region, but I'm blamed if I quite see the use of it. We'd be thrown out of any court in the land if we took them to law. What's the game—blackmail?"

"Humph!" ejaculated McNamara. "What do you take me for?"

"Well, it does seem small for Alec McNamara, but I can't see what else you're up to."

"Within a week I'll be running every good mine in the Nome district."

McNamara's voice was calm but decisive, his glance keen and alert, while about him clung such a breath of power and confidence that it compelled belief even in the face of this astounding speech.

In spite of himself, Wilton Struve, lawyer, rake, and gentlemanly adventurer, felt his heart leap at what the other's daring implied. The proposition was utterly past belief, and yet, looking into the man's purposeful eyes, he believed.

"That's big—awful big—*too* big," the younger man murmured. "Why, man, it means you'll handle fifty thousand dollars a day!"

Dunham shifted his feet in the silence and licked his dry lips.

"Of course it's big, but Mr. McNamara's the biggest man that ever came to Alaska," he said.

"And I've got the biggest scheme that ever came north, backed by the biggest men in Washington," continued the politician. "Look here!" He displayed a typewritten sheet bearing parallel lists of names and figures. Struve gasped incredulously.

"Those are my stockholders and that is their share in the venture. Oh, yes; we're incorporated—under the laws of Arizona—secret, of course; it would never do for the names to get out. I'm showing you this only because I want you to be satisfied who's behind me."

"Lord, I'm satisfied," said Struve, laughing nervously. "Dunham was with you when you figured the scheme out and he met some of your friends in Washington and New York. If he says it's all right, that settles it. But say, suppose anything went wrong with the company and it leaked out who those stockholders are?"

"There's no danger. I have the books where they will be burned at the first sign. We'd have had our own land laws passed but for Sturtevant of Nevada, —— him. He blocked us in the Senate. However, my plan is this." He rapidly outlined his proposition to the listeners, while a light of admiration grew and shone in the reckless face of Struve.

"By heavens, you're a wonder!" he cried at the close, "and I'm with you body and soul. It's dangerous—that's why I like it."

"Dangerous?" McNamara shrugged his shoulders. "Bah! Where is the danger? We've got the law—or rather, we *are* the law. Now, let's get to work."

It seemed that the Boss of Dakota was no sluggard. He discarded coat and waistcoat and tackled the documents which Struve laid before him, going through them like a whirlwind. Gradually he infected the others with his energy, and soon behind the locked doors of Dunham & Struve there were only haste and fever and plot and intrigue.

As Helen Chester led the Judge toward the flamboyant, three-storied hotel, she prattled to him light-heartedly. The fascination of a new land already held her fast, and now she felt, in addition, security and relief. Glenister saw them from a distance and strode forward to greet them.

He beheld a man of perhaps threescore years, benign of aspect save for the eyes, which were neither clear nor steady, but had the trick of looking past one. Glenister thought the mouth, too, rather weak and vacillating; but the clean-shaven face was dignified by learning and acumen and was wrinkled in pleasant fashion.

"My niece has just told me of your service to her," the old gentleman began. "I am happy to know you, sir."

"Besides being a brave knight and assisting ladies in distress, Mr. Glenister is a very great and wonderful man," Helen explained lightly. "He owns the Midas."

"Indeed," said the old man, his shifting eyes now resting full on the other with a flash of unmistakable interest. "I hear that is a wonderful mine. Have you begun work yet?"

"No. We'll commence sluicing day after to-morrow. It has been a late spring. The snow in the gulch was deep and the ground thaws slowly. We've been building houses and doing dead work, but we've got our men on the ground, waiting."

"I am greatly interested. Won't you walk with us to the hotel? I want to hear more about these wonderful placers."

"Well, they *are* great placers," said the miner, as the three walked on together; "nobody knows *how* great because we've only scratched at them yet. In the first place the ground is so shallow and the gold is so easy to get that if nature didn't safeguard us in the winter we'd never dare to leave our claims for fear of 'snipers.' They'd run in and rob us."

"How much will the Anvil Creek mines produce this summer?" queried the Judge.

"It's hard to tell, sir; but we expect to average five thousand a day from the Midas alone, and there are other claims just as good."

"Your title is all clear, I dare say, eh?"

"Absolutely, except for one jumper, and we don't take him seriously. A fellow named Galloway relocated us one night last month, but he didn't allege any grounds for doing so, and we could never find trace of him. If we had, our title would be as clean as snow again." He said the last with a peculiar inflection.

"You wouldn't use violence, I trust?"

"Sure! Why not? It has worked all right heretofore."

"But, my dear sir, those days are gone. The law is here and it is the duty of every one to abide by it."

"Well, perhaps it is; but in this country we consider a man's mine as sacred as his family. We didn't know what a lock and key were in the early times and we didn't have any troubles except famine and hardship. It's different now, though. Why, there have been more claims jumped around here this spring than in the whole length and history of the Yukon."

They had reached the hotel, and Glenister paused, turning to the girl as the Judge entered. When she started to follow, he detained her.

"I came down from the hills on purpose to see you. It has been a long week——"

"Don't talk that way," she interrupted coldly. "I don't care to hear it."

"See here—what makes you shut me out, wrap yourself up in your haughtiness? I'm sorry for what I did that night—I've told you so repeatedly. I've wrung my soul for that act till there's nothing left but repentance."

"It is not that," she said slowly. "I have been thinking it over during the past month, and now that I have gained an insight into this life I see that it wasn't an unnatural thing for you to do. It's terrible to think of, but it's true. I don't mean that it was pardonable," she continued quickly, "for it wasn't, and I hate you when I think about it, but I suppose I put myself into a position to invite such actions. No; I'm sufficiently broad-minded not to blame you unreasonably, and I think I could like you in spite of it, just for what you have done for me; but that isn't all. There is something deeper. You saved my life and I'm grateful, but you frighten me, always. It is the cruelty in your strength, it's something away back in you—lustful, and ferocious, and wild, and crouching."

He smiled wryly.

"It is my local color, maybe—absorbed from this country. I'll try to change, though, if you want me to. I'll let them rope and throw and brand me. I'll take on the graces of civilization and put away revenge and ambition and all the rest of it, if it will make you like me any better. Why, I'll even promise not to violate the person of our claim jumper if I catch him; and Heaven knows, *that* means that Samson has parted with his locks."

"I think I could like you if you did," she said, "but you can't do it. You are a savage."

"The Spoilers" will be continued in the January number.

The Capitulation of Suzanne

By ELEANOR HOYT BRAINERD

Author of "The Misdemeanors of Nancy" and "Concerning Belinda"

Illustrations by John Cassel

"THE very first Christmas since our engagement," she said softly.

"The very last Christmas before our wedding," he added with the masculine propensity for grasping at future happiness instead of loving the good present moment, woman-wise.

"It's the happiest Christmas I've ever had." She was smiling at him with frank sweet admission in the brown eyes that knew so well the teasing tricks of coquetry, and even a mere man realized how good a moment this one was. Conversation languished and such disconnected snatches of it as survived were rational and intelligible only to lovers' ears.

"It will make you happier to have the day with me here in the country than it would to be in the gayest place in the world, won't it?" the girl asked.

Gordon's answer was eminently satisfactory but is not a matter of record.

"Wasn't your mother a brick to open Hillcrest for holiday week!" he added later. "Awful nuisance for her, I suppose, but Christmas isn't really Christmas in town. Just look at this beautiful world."

"Heavenly," assented the girl, drawing a deep breath of the crisp, tingling air.

They stood on the top of a knoll at the edge of a wood, and looked off over the rolling, snow-covered meadow land to the purple hills piled range upon range to where the last far line struck clear against the pale morning sky. At their left, the timber-line trailed in desultory fashion down to a small lake whose waters slept beneath a covering of ice glinting in wind-swept patches or heaped high with soft swirls of snow.

Gordon's arm slipped round the girl's slim waist, with an ease that indicated habit.

"One can breathe and be glad here," he said with content written large on his strong face. "New York isn't roomy enough for my happiness, sweetheart. I'm so glad to get out to the woods and fields and hills with it. Isn't that Filkins?"

The swoop from sentiment to every-day question of fact was abrupt. So was the movement which left presented to the view of the apologetic Filkins an erect and indifferent young woman gazing idly at the lake, and, at some distance, a stolid young man whose attention was concentrated upon the sky-line of the everlasting hills. Filkins's little cough was deprecatory in the extreme.

"Beg pardon, sir. It's a telegram, if you please. Comin' so early, sir, we thought it might be somethin' particular, and Ellen the cook she said she seen you and Miss Suzanne goin' for a walk awhile ago. There wasn't none of the family up yet, so I made bold to see if I could find you, sir." Gordon held out his hand for the despatch.

"Yes, I see. Thank you, Filkins. Very good of you. You needn't wait." The servant melted away in well-trained fashion, and the indifferent young woman wrenched her attention from the lake and moved a step nearer her companion in nature-study.

"What is it?" she asked, with a touch of alarm. "I loathe telegrams. They always frighten me. There's a pricking in my thumbs that says the horrid thing is going to spoil something. Do read it, Billy."

"From the office, I suppose," Gordon said tranquilly as he tore the envelope open. Then as he read, his face took on an expression of the liveliest interest.

"By Jove," he muttered. "Old Carrington! Well, by Jove."

His sweetheart gave his arm a little shake.

"What is it, Billy? Tell me what it is this minute."

For an instant he did not answer, did not even seem to have heard her, and she resented it hotly. Suzanne Herrick was not used to having to speak twice to men, certainly not to this chief of her slaves.

"Billy Gordon!"

The man came back to her, but there was a smile around his lips and a light in his eyes that did not belong to her, and her resentment quickened to jealousy of the tenderness in which she had no share.

"It's Carrington," said the man, with a ring of genuine gladness in his voice.

"So you said—also 'By Jove'—but what has Carrington done? Why did he telegraph to you?"

Gordon was reading the telegram again, still with that warm, eager look on his face.

"You remember about Carrington?" he said at last.

"Yes, the man you were with out West?"

"The finest fellow on God's earth."

Suzanne felt a swift but firm conviction that she should dislike Mr. Carrington if they should meet.

"He did everything for me, you know, when I was a tenderfoot in Wyoming. Nobody knows half I owe him. I'd have been bowled over if it hadn't been for Carrington. He had been over from England for five years and he knew the country—and the boys knew him. There wasn't any fooling with Duke. His name's Jim, but they called him the Duke out there because he was so blamed fastidious and proud in some ways. He was a pardner in a million and I had the luck to get him. Heaven knows why. I wasn't half good enough for the friendship he gave me, but he made a man of me, the Duke did. I haven't seen him in ten years and he has written only once or twice."

The girl's face was a profitable study but Gordon was absorbed in his theme.

"But why did he telegraph?" she repeated impatiently.

The man came out of his reminiscent trance, and his face lengthened.

"Why—" he began lamely.

"What does he want?" she insisted.

"It's too bad, sweetheart. It's a confounded shame. Now isn't it the devil's own luck?"

There was a little frown of apprehension between the girl's brown eyes.

"What?" Her voice had a crisp curtness foreign to it, and the embarrassment in Gordon's face deepened.

"Well, you see—" He made a brave start but stopped. She waited. "You see, Carrington's cousin over in England has passed in his checks and the old chap has come into a pot of money."

"Yes." She was still waiting, non-committally.

"They've had some trouble finding him. He had word only a day or two ago and he has to get over to England on the run, so he sails to-morrow morning early."

"Yes?" The frown had disappeared. The charming face was suspiciously smooth and expressionless. She saw vaguely what was coming.

"He won't be coming back in years, maybe not at all, and he wants to see me." Gordon halted and looked propitiatingly at the very calm and dignified young woman. She made no remark.

"You see the telegram went to New York. He didn't know."

"You are thinking of spending Christmas in New York?"

It was a most polite inquiry, painfully, elaborately polite and formal.

Gordon gasped.

"No, dear, of course not. I couldn't lose all our Christmas, but I can't fail my old pardner, you know. You see he's coming East on that Chicago express. I could catch him by wire on the train and get him to stop over a train or two at Albany. Then I could run down on that nine-thirty and spend the time with him and get back here at six-thirty. I'd hate horribly to give up the time with you, dear, but we've had this beautiful morning and we'll have all the evening after six-thirty. You can see how it is, can't you?"

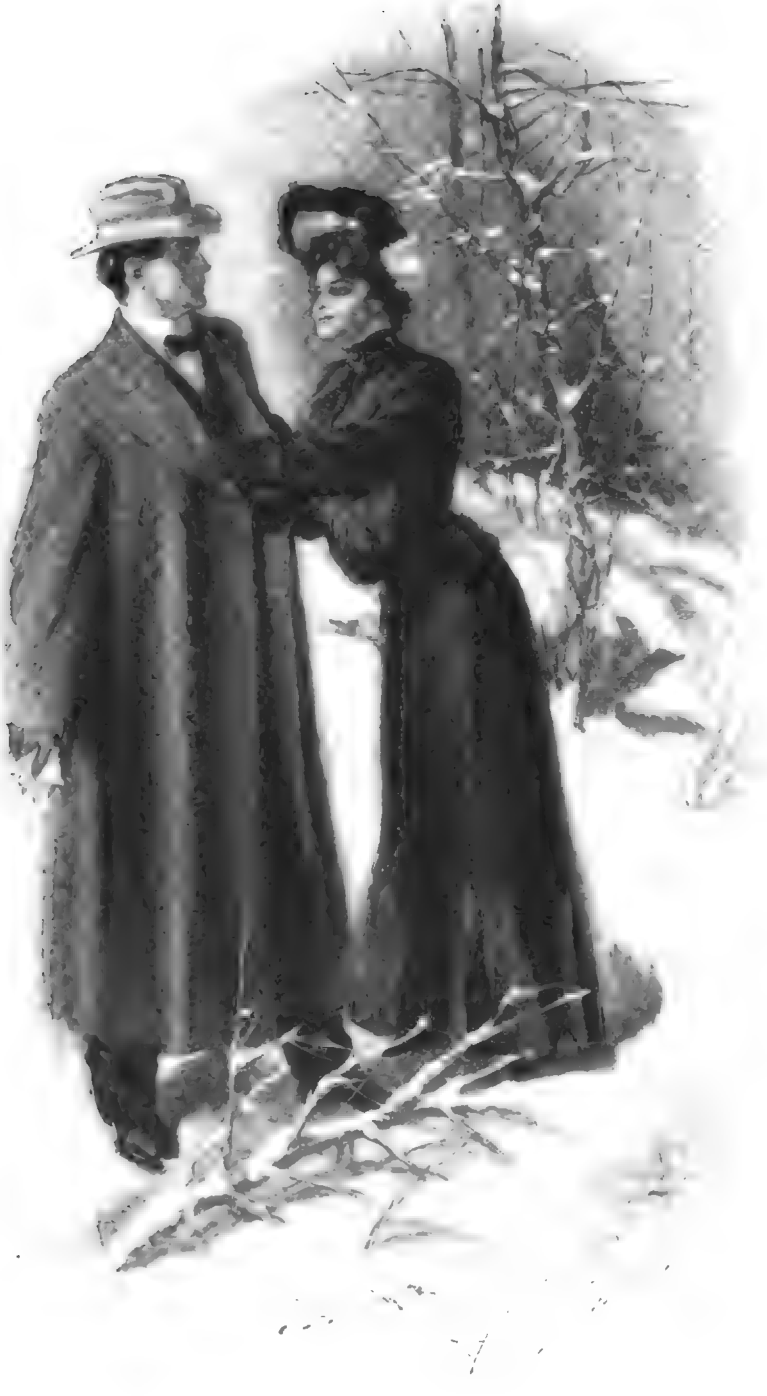
"Yes, I see exactly how it is."

The winter landscape took on a tropical aspect compared with the iciness of the diminutive young person at Gordon's side. It is your small woman who can freeze most solidly.

The big man looked down at her, helpless, adoring, apologetic, pleading, but she did not lift her eyes to meet his, and he, reasoning by masculine logic, could not understand. History holds no revelations for the lover. He is ever too busy making history himself to profit by the blazed trail his fellow lovers have left behind them. It was unreasonable of the small woman to feel so about his being away for a few hours, he thought. She ought to understand one's obligations to an old chum. That she could be jealous of the man who was his friend never even remotely occurred to him.

"Why, Carrington saved my life when I had the fever," he said tentatively.

The fact only added to her grudge against Carrington. Nobody had a right to do such a big thing for Billy. He belonged to her. She wanted to be his past as well as his present and future, but a man could not be ex-



"BILLY, DEAR, YOU WOULDN'T BE SO HORRID TO ME; YOU'LL STAY, WON'T YOU?"

pected to appreciate all that, and Gordon blundered on futilely.

"I really owe it to him to see him before he goes, dearest. An old friendship like that means such a lot to a fellow. There's nothing like it, and I'd be away only for a few hours."

"Naturally the time doesn't seem long to you."

"Why, sweetheart, I hate it worse than you can. I'm awfully sorry it happens this way, but——"

"You'd rather make me unhappy than disappoint him."

There was a treacherous wobble in her voice which she tried vainly to suppress.

The man looked bigger, more helpless than ever. When one's sweetheart won't have one's arm around her and won't be kissed and won't understand, what is a poor fellow to do?

"I wouldn't make you unhappy for anything in the world, little girl, but you see, Carrington——"

"I hate him," flashed Suzanne.

Gordon stared at her in blank surprise.

"Why, you never even met him," he began, but she interrupted him.

"I don't care. I simply loathe and despise him and I'm sure he had a perfectly horrid influence over you. He hasn't any right to you. It's our Christmas and I've just counted on it and counted on it."

"Well, so have I," murmured Gordon, but the Unreasonable One swept on.

"If you loved me you wouldn't let anything take you away from me. You wouldn't make me miserable for any man even if you did like him a long time ago." The wobble was momentarily growing more pronounced, and though the pretty head was still haughty in its pose, the long lashes were wet and the stubborn little chin did not match the trembling lips. Suzanne angry was confusing and appalling. Suzanne unhappy was overwhelming. Gordon tried once more to take her in his arms, but the praiseworthy effort was not crowned by success.

"It's the first Christmas of our engagement and we'll be married—at least we were going to be married before next Christmas. If you cared at all you wouldn't even have considered going away to meet any one."

She was crying now and Gordon's heart melted within him, but a memory of Duke Carrington's face and of a voice with loyal friendship tingling through it, kept him from surrendering incontinently.

"Don't, dear heart. Don't cry," he begged. "There's no one in the world for me except you—but——"

"But," she echoed, "you care more about Mr. Carrington's happiness than about mine."

With a sudden change of tactics, she leaned toward him, taking a coat lapel in each hand.

"You won't go, Billy?" she begged, the anger gone from her face, her voice coaxing sweet. "Billy, dear, you wouldn't be so horrid to me; you'll stay, won't you?" Her face was very near his, her eyes were full of love-light, her lips were ripe for kissing.

For a moment, Gordon's conscience sank into profound coma. How could a fellow refuse anything Suzanne Herrick asked in such fashion?—and as the question filtered through his brain it brought a flash of revelation. A fellow couldn't. He had never refused her anything, however unreasonable. He had always given in to her every whim, had never been able to say no when she coaxed or cried. It had been the same with all her family, all her friends. She had been a tyrant—a lovable one, but from her will there had been no appeal. A long line of unconditional surrenders came to his memory, and the innate sturdiness of the man's nature rose in revolt. It was right that her will should be his—to a certain point, but to marry a woman to whom one had never said no, and to try the effect of the no afterward or sink to a spineless status in one's own family —the man's face flushed. Carrington had a claim upon him—the claim of the brotherhood of men. He had been such a friend as only a man can be. He had helped him in a thousand ways, had staked him, nursed him, fought for him, shared roof and food and clothes and courage with him, kept him on his feet when the world went wrong—and all with the laugh and the jest that are the man's shield for sentiment. Something stirred deep in Gordon's heart and surged up to his throat. He gulped it down, but the urge of it brought a glow to his eyes, a firmness to his lips. To some men God sends a friend. There are few gifts worthier.

The man's gray eyes met the coaxing brown ones, and in her heart, with a startled amazement, Suzanne recognized impending defeat.

"Billy," she pleaded.

His eyes were very tender but he shook his head.

"No, little girl, I've got to go. It wouldn't be the square thing to stay."

"Billy!" It was an incredulous protest this time.

"Try to understand it, sweetheart."

The rank mutiny left her speechless for a moment. He was actually refusing to do what she wanted him to do. The world was upside down, her throne was tottering under her. She lapsed into frank feminine unreason.

"Billy Gordon, you shan't go. I won't budge from this log until you promise me you'll stay."

She sat down squarely upon a log and hurled defiance at the six feet of sheepish but determined manhood before her.

"Come, dear," he said in cajoling accents. "Everybody'll be down to breakfast."

She shook a stubborn and absurdly charming head.

"I won't budge. No, you needn't laugh, I'm quite serious. I'll not move from this log until you promise."

Gordon put his hands in the pockets of his storm coat and looked down at her reflectively. She was so little, so dear, so exasperating, so defiant.

"You'll catch cold."

She ignored the remark.

He tried the masterful.

"Come, Suzanne, this is all nonsense. Breakfast is ready and they'll be waiting for us."

She burrowed in the snow with the toe of one small boot and gave no sign that she heard him.

A resolve formed itself in Gordon's puzzled brain. He smiled cheerfully.

"You'll miss the presents. There's a small mountain of them at your place. I looked into the dining-room as I came out."

A flicker of interest dawned in her eyes but was promptly extinguished.

"You'd really better come."

He was buttoning his coat in leisurely fashion. The wretch was actually going to leave her.

"Of course, if you've made up your mind to stay here, there's no use urging," he said with cheerful calmness, "but it's very silly. You'd much better come."

She cast a look of utter scorn at him.

"I hate to leave you, but I'm pretty cold and horribly hungry. I suppose you'd rather have my room than my company anyway."

"I certainly would," said the stiffly dignified small woman on the log.

"Yes, that's what I thought." He was imperturbably good-natured.

"I'm sorry I can't promise what you want, but I'd be no sort of a man if I did. It wouldn't be white, and there are some things a man can't afford to do even for the woman who is all the world to him. I shouldn't be fit to love the dearest girl in the world, if I could go back on a chum who had done for me what Carrington did. I wish you'd come, dear."

She turned her back upon him.

"I'll bring your presents out to you, if you'd care to have me do it. It's a shame for you not to see them, and if you are going to stay here indefinitely—" His voice was quite grave, but the eyes that surveyed the eloquent back twinkled. Masculine common sense appreciated the humor in a situation that might nevertheless have most unfortunate results. Gordon's face softened as he looked. If she should carry her unreason so far as to throw him over—he squared his shoulders. Well, if she did that, she was not the girl with whom he had fallen in love. There was nothing for it but to do the decent thing like a man and take the consequences.

"I shall worry about you," he said quite simply, and turned away.

Suzanne heard his feet crunching through the snow. He was really going. She kept her face resolutely turned toward the lake for a few moments, then shot a swift glance over her shoulder. Gordon's broad back was disappearing in the wood-path leading to the house. Surely he would come back. She settled herself upon the log and waited. No one came.

A half-hour crept by, while she stared out across the wintry landscape and hated it. Her feet were cold and she knocked them together to warm them. Then she held her fur coat sleeve first over one ear and then over the other. She rather thought her ears were freezing and worse still, she knew that her nose was getting redder and redder, and her cheeks bluer and bluer. If he should come back and find her with a red nose and blue cheeks! She looked furtively toward the wood-path, but no one was in sight. Perhaps he wouldn't come at all. Her heart gave an apprehensive throb at the thought, but she reassured herself. Of course he'd come. Billy couldn't stay away. It would be very hard to forgive him for having gone at all, but if he was very sorry and very abject, perhaps—but she wouldn't relent easily. It was abominable of him, and she was so cold and hungry, and there were no end of Christmas packages waiting for her. She rather wished she hadn't made the rash vow about not leaving that silly log, but it hadn't even occurred to her that Billy could be so stubborn. And then after she had said she wouldn't go until he had given in, of course she couldn't break her word. She'd never be able to do anything with him afterward if she should do that. It was all that miserable Carrington man's fault. He had absolutely spoiled her Christmas. She had started out for the early morning walk so radiantly happy, and here she was, wet and cold and starving and miserable. Probably she'd have pneumonia and she rather hoped she would. Perhaps Billy would realize then that she meant everything to him. The doleful image stirred her to such self-pity that two tears trickled down her cheeks, half-freezing in transit.

She hadn't supposed Billy could be so cruel to her. He had always seemed so tender and gentle and loving. It was like him to be loyal to his friend, though. There wasn't anything sneaking about Billy. He was so big and honest and straightforward. The piquant little face, blue with cold, softened as she thought of the frank genuineness of the man. Of course this Carrington had been a good friend. What was it Billy had said? The man had saved his life—had saved Billy's life for her. Well, after all there might be something good about him. She didn't really hate him if he had saved Billy for her. Maybe it would be better for Billy to go and meet him, just to prove they weren't ungrateful. Yes, she believed she'd tell him to go—but that would be after he had begged her forgiveness and promised to do whatever she wanted. Then she would show him she could be generous and would send him off to his friend.

Some one was coming along the path, some one tall and broad-shouldered. The girl's heart leaped for joy. It must be—surely it was—yes, it *was* Billy. A gleam of triumph crept into her eyes and a smile of conscious power flitted over her lips, but she gave her attention to the landscape, until the steps at her side made her turn in well-simulated surprise.

"Oh, you've come back?" She was elaborately indifferent. He didn't look just as she had expected. There was nothing chastened and contrite about his aspect, rather a cheerful unconcern.

"Do you know not a soul has come downstairs yet?" he said blithely. "Filkins wanted me to go ahead with my breakfast, but I didn't think that was the proper thing on Christmas morning. It occurred to me that I'd bring my present out to you since you weren't coming in. There are thirty-eight packages at your plate. I counted them."

He took from his pocket a small white parcel and held it toward the rigid little figure on the log. Suzanne did not move a finger toward it.

"I don't care to receive a present from you," she said with withering emphasis.

Gordon smiled genially.

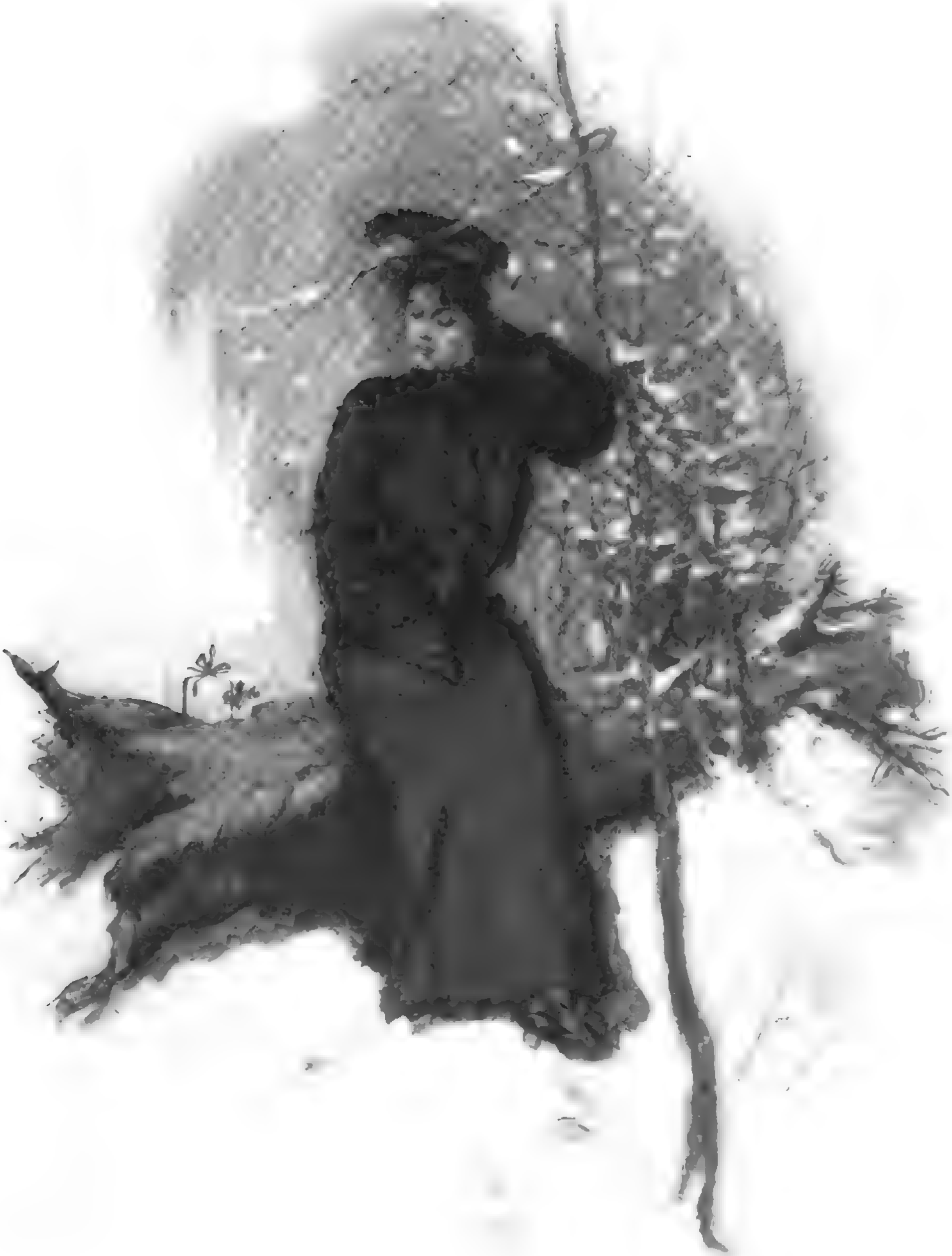
"Oh, well, if you won't take it no one will have it. Throw it away, if you choose."

He laid the package on the log near her.

"I'll go back and see if the family has put in an appearance. You won't come, I suppose?"

She didn't answer.

Once more he walked away. Once more she gazed after him in incredulous amazement, amazement that gradually gave place to blank dismay. He hadn't apologized, he hadn't begged, he hadn't promised, he hadn't given her any chance to relent, to forgive him, to magnanimously send him to his friend. He hadn't done a thing except give her that stupid present. Her glance fell upon the little white package and, for a moment, her attention was diverted. It wasn't very big and yet is wasn't so very small either. There didn't seem to be any mark on it to indicate where it had been bought. She put out a small cold forefinger and turned the package over. No, not a sign of a mark. What in the world could it be in a box that size? She couldn't think of anything he'd be likely to give her that would be that shape. He had never given her presents and one couldn't trust a man's taste. Anybody who could treat her as Billy had, would be equal to giving her a manicure set. Probably it *was* a manicure set. Well, never mind, she wouldn't keep it anyway. Of course she wouldn't. Her thoughts went back to her ridiculous situation and her face flushed hotly despite the zero weather. Was there ever such an absurd position—to be spending Christmas morning on a log in the snow, with no breakfast, no presents, no—lover. Her breath caught in a half-sob. She couldn't sit there forever, and yet she had vowed and she couldn't give in to the creature. Probably some of the family would look her up in time, but meanwhile her feet and nose would freeze, and anyway what a fool she'd look,



AFTER ALL, THERE COULD BE NO HARM IN LOOKING AT HIS PRESENT.

sitting there on a log waiting for somebody to come and make her go home. A vision of the situation as seen through the unsentimental eyes of the family rose clearly before her, and to her surprise and mortification she saw herself cutting a sorry figure. Father and mother and Bob would all think she was an idiot. Their common-sense point of view gradually claimed place in her own mind, and the flush upon her cheeks grew hotter, more crimson. If only she hadn't been so positive—or if she had known that Billy could be so independent! She could see him standing there looking down at her, big and stubborn and manly—and in the right. That was the worst of it—in the right. She had a trick of being honest with herself when forced to see clearly, this self-willed, capricious, unreasonable little woman. It was one of her charms that if she came around at all she came around squarely like a man, not in a half-hearted, grudging fashion.

The package shone white against the dark surface of the log. Even in the midst of her mortification and self-abasement she fell to wondering about it once more. After all, there could be no harm in looking at his present, though of course she couldn't keep it. She picked it up, laid it down, picked it up again, untied the string, opened the box, and settled back upon the log with a rapturous, long-drawn "Ah!" An oriental-looking necklet and pendant of pink and white pearls and wonderfully wrought gold gleamed softly against a background of dull-white velvet, and the steely light of the winter's day suffered a wonderful change in the lustrous depths, was transmuted to the glowing, delicate radiance of an Eastern dawn, exquisite as the face bent over the jewels. The pendant was large, odd of shape.

"I wonder," murmured Suzanne, turning it over in her hand—"It looks—" and, then, as she caught sight of a tiny spring hidden in the gold tracery—"It *is* a locket." She pressed the spring, the back of the pendant swung aside, and an honest, manly face in miniature looked out at the girl, a face with kind, brave eyes, and a mouth gentle for all its firmness.

"Billy!"

For a moment she met the look of the frank smiling eyes, then with a soft little coo of tenderness, she caught up the locket and kissed it.

"To think that he might have died of fever before I ever had a chance to know him," she said, with a warm little thrill in her voice. "That Carrington man's a perfect dear!"

Holding box and trinket tightly she abandoned the log and went scudding through the woods, down to the barn, in at the kitchen door, and up to her own room, unobserved. Ten minutes later, the Herrick family and William Trevor Gordon, seated at the breakfast-table, beheld a vision with shining eyes and smiling lips coming down the stairs and through the open doorway from the hall.

"A Merry Christmas," she called gaily.

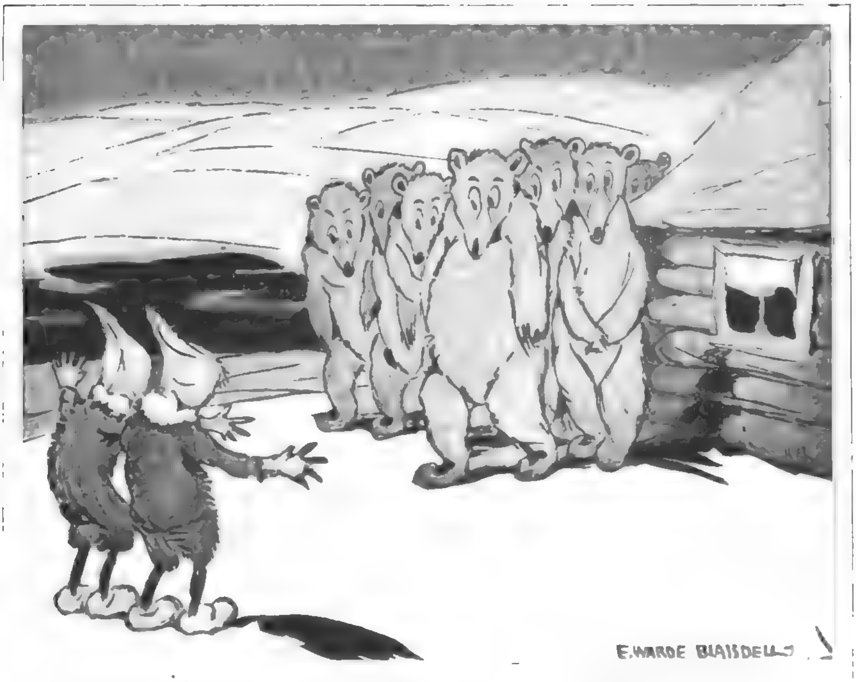
"We were too hungry to wait, dear. You must have slept soundly this morning," said her mother, but Billy Gordon said never a word. She was so hard to understand, his lady of many moods.

Smiling, debonair, ignoring absolutely any previous encounter with him, she nodded a good morning at him across the table and turned to the pile of presents before her.

"Such heaps," she said exultantly, as she picked up a small package wrapped in slightly rumpled white paper and opened it.

"Billy," she gasped in ecstatic surprise, "Billy, you cherub!" Then leaning forward over the open box she smiled straight into his eyes.

"The rest can wait until I come back," she said. "It's nine o'clock now, and I'm going to drive you to your train."



AROUND THE CORNER PARADED SEVEN OF THE BIGGEST POLARS I EVER SAW.

An Arctic Circle Touch-Down

By HUGH PENDEXTER

Illustrations by E. Warde Blaisdell

"I INSIST," repeated Billy Campbell, the strolling actor, "that athletics should be considered a very important item in any school's curriculum. Why, sir, if it hadn't been for my knowledge, dwarfed though it was, of a popular sport, Tiberius Smith and I would be permanent fixtures in northern Alaska to-night. Hum—did I ever tell you how the old showman, incited by myself, broke all college records up at Kinack?" As he reached for his pipe his very hands intimated that he had a story; and, after I had fluttered about the table making him comfortable, I asked, "Did you instruct the natives of that place in athletics?"

"Did we?" he sighed. "If you could have seen us gliding from the perpetual embrace of the chilly tomb by means of my second-hand varsity lore you would rather believe in the affirmative. I reckon that bleak arctic environment never before encompassed such a cluster of activity as Tib and I displayed when we captured the Kinack pennant and presumed to dub ourselves the champions of Alaska." With this preface out of the way, he accepted my hint at continuity, and, pressing down his tobacco, plunged into the heart of the yarn.

"We had just returned from a Greenland venture when the circus-boss wired us to catch the Saucy Liz, sealer, at Seattle, for a cruise to Kinack, on the tip of Point Barrow. We obeyed and found the captain of the Liz was an old employee of the circus and had often collected odd chunks of arctic life for the big shows. It seems he had informed our chief of a whole village of tame polar bears up on that northern fringe of the continent, and we were to go and annex them.

"You know, sir, there is no better card for a menagerie than the *Ursus maritimus;* and despite his natural ferocity and the fact that he is the greatest meat-eater among his furry fellows, the big beast can be tamed and is unusually acute of perception. All the up-to-date animal-shows have polars that will do all sorts of tricks and never growl. But as it costs like sin to get them, and as it takes time to make out their naturalization-papers, an opportunity to pilfer a whole bevy of the deep-coated entertainers is a chance no quadruped king can allow to die of neglect.

"The four-footed treasure-trove was the property of one Olfen, an aged missionary, said the sealer. The old man had been deserted by his Innuit charges and had filled in his time snaring and domesticating the varmints. The Saucy Liz was the first boat in two years to obtrude on his privacy, and as he was short of fodder, the intrusion was very welcome. He had accepted the sealer's proposal that he come to the States and live in comfort at the expense of the circus, while his pets earned his ease by traveling in the menagerie.

"And thus Tib and I, for several years wild-animal procurers for the biggest of all shows, sailed away from the realm of the open-work sock, cheered on by the anticipation of a big bonus if we landed the game. Up to the north we climbed, the coast growing ever more bleak and desolate—past Nome and its gold-sanded shores, stopping at Chuck Cape just long enough to pick up some native hunters, and ultimately rounding the shoulder of Alaska, where the full force of the cold-storage zephyrs caused our stanch little craft to growl its way among the ice-floes like some aquatic bulldog. And such a buffeting! You see, the month was August and an off-shore wind was frisking the cut-glass out to the open, thus giving us our only chance of creeping in to the coast.

"The moment the Saucy Liz poked her head inside the cape, four native whale-boats put out to meet us, and the captain sighed his disappointment. 'For,' he explained, 'if Olfen's Innuit flock has returned he'll never leave them, and we've had our little jaunt for nothing.'

"But Tib, slapping his foxskin gloves briskly together, refused to entertain this unwholesome suggestion, and intimated that inasmuch as our boss had spent enough money on the trip to buy carpet slippers for every bare-footed owl in the country, we must take back something, if only an iceberg.

"The desire to trade kept the natives about the sealer, and we three, Tib, the captain, and I, slid in to shore alone. Then the captain hurried us inland several hundred yards to a low, stone house banked high with dirt and plugged with moss, and called on the missionary to appear and welcome us. But the door remained closed. 'Father Olfen!' he cried again.

"And then—Great Scott, sir! But my heart certainly skipped seven throbs; for, from around the corner of the hut paraded seven of the biggest polars I ever saw. And the whole outfit reared with one accord and eyed us complacently. At our apparent concern the captain laughed and assured us they were tame as kittens. Then he boldly advanced and said, 'Hello, Minnie,' and stuck out his fist. And hang me, sir, if Minnie didn't return the chaste salute most amiably.

"Tib, you know, always had a hypnotic way with animals and he too tripped forward and slapped another elf on the flank. Mr. Bruin slowly dropped to all fours and rubbed his massive white head lovingly against my patron's sealskin coat.

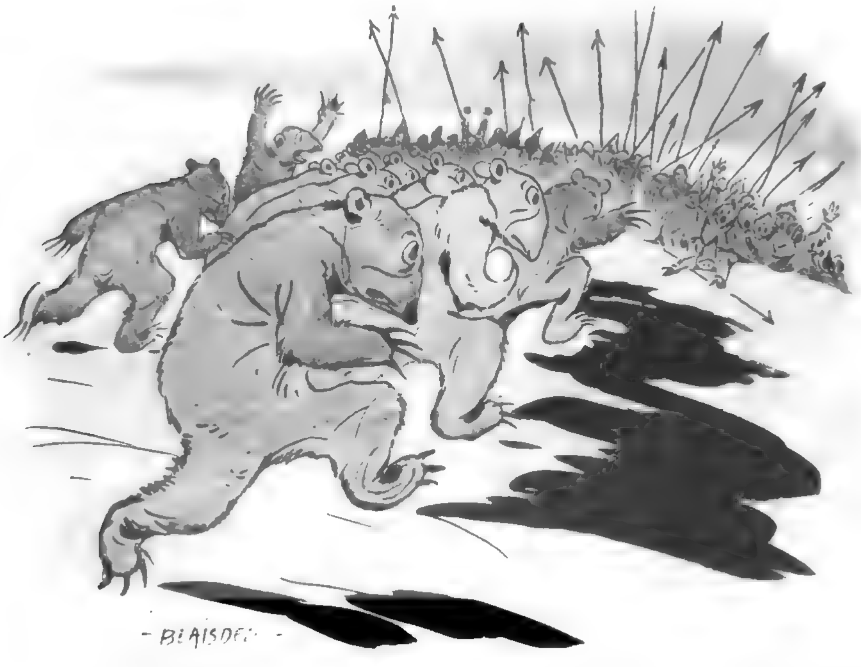
"But no missionary had appeared, and finding the door unfastened, we entered. The room was deserted, but on a rough table was a letter addressed to the captain. In it Olfen explained that he was about to leave on a chance sealer then off shore, as to remain longer meant death. By the date of the note he had been gone about a week. 'A strange tribe has settled here,' he wrote, 'and while their superstition leads them to avoid the hut, as they believe, because of my bears, that I must be an evil spirit, they nevertheless threaten to kill me. They cry out I am Nenook Shaman, the Bear Spirit, and it is only a question of time when they will attack me. Poor ignorant savages! If I were younger I should stay, regardless of the risk. But I find my last days are suddenly filled with a desire to see the flowers, and I cannot wait for you. If you come and my pets are still here, be kind to them.'

"After the captain had slowly spelled this out, a scratching at the door caused me to open it, and there was a nine-foot, sixteen-hundred-pound toy sitting on his haunches and politely salaaming. Tib said the old boy was hungry, and finding a stock of dried fish we led the seven into their rock corral behind the hut—and say, for endurance in gastronomic stunts those fairies had all the old

Roman gluttons reduced to light-weight dyspeptics.

"Just as we had cemented the *entente cordiale* by the simple donation, a cloud of snow capered over the hut and the captain gained the open in three jumps. 'An inshore wind,' he cried in explanation. 'I've got to save Liz. Stay here and I'll beat back at the first let-up.' And his lank form was lost in a swirl of feathers, and we were alone.

"We built a rousing fire, for despite the month the ground was covered with cotton-batting and the raw breezes owned the beach. We were pleased to note the Innuits had disappeared from the map when the storm broke loose. Olfen's letter was not very reassuring, you know. After we had fixed up the hut we paid another visit to the bears. Tib's control over them was something uncanny. They seemed to dope out everything he said, and on the first day he taught them to form pyramids and do several stereotyped tricks.



AWAY WE GAMBOLED TO THE LEFT IN SEARCH OF TEN YARDS MORE OF LEEWAY.

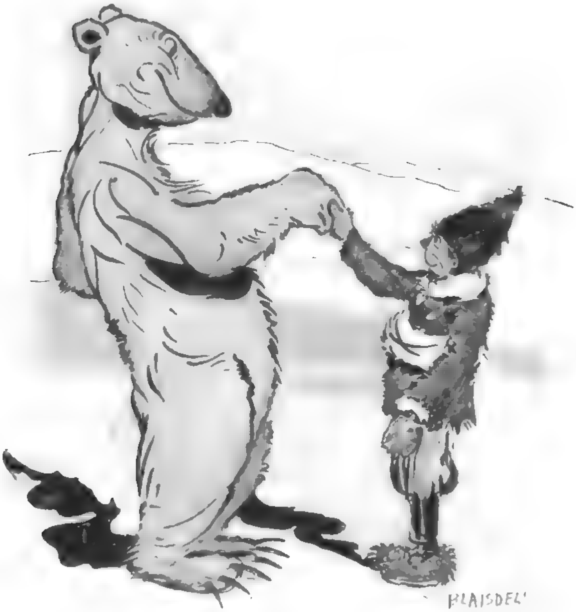
"'What an elegant football squad they'd make,' I carelessly observed on the third morning, as he dealt out the fish.

"Tib stood transfixed for a minute, and then cut a pigeonwing of unadulterated ecstasy. 'An inspiration, Billy,' he cried, and straightway began planning for a Polar Bear Eleven. He said he would borrow the four brutes already with the show to make up the squad, adorn them all with big mitts and muzzles, so as to reassure the timid spectators, and then challenge college teams wherever the circus went.

"'Give me some pointers on that deadly pleasantry and watch me translate it into the bear language,' he commanded.

"And nearly all day I fed him football lore and grounded him in the science of the game. Then as the storm showed no symptoms of weakening, he got to work with his pupils, he and I playing with them. For nine ground-gainers we certainly were clever. And the bears enjoyed it immensely. Tib taught them to tote a deerskin ball and go through three simple maneuvers, not at all unlike the real article.

"Minnie and Maude were at right and left ends respectively, and huge Rudolph in the center. To call Minnie's name meant for her to lead off with the other six following in close formation; and we styled it the Burglar-Proof Wedge. And Maude's name meant a similar play at left end. But our *chef-d'œuvre* was when Rudolph threw back his flat-topped head and in bruinese invited his companions to fill in the vacuums created by the moving of his giant form. For pure realism in bucking the line his stunt at center had the other two combinations plucked to a tawdry finish. We regretted while rejoicing; for it required no prophet to see that only a freight-train could cause him and the *nth* power of energy in his wake to hesitate even and it would never do to spring the joke on the same college twice.



HANG ME, SIR, IF MINNIE DIDN'T RETURN THE CHASTE SALUTE.

"But, sir, for a picturesque effect it was purely supernal. It would have placed your heart three palpitations to the good just to study them as they caught on to the varsity spirit and crouched in line, eagerly awaiting the signals. And after they got so they could perform each hurricane-dash without a flaw, Tib and I fell on each other's necks and shed tears of distilled joy.

"'They are so blessed human, Billy,' he sobbed, in apology for his emotion. And he gave each champion a fish.

"Then came a dampener to our spirits that caused us to forget the gridiron for the nonce. I had gone to the beach at the first intimation of clearing weather, but instead of sighting the sealer I beheld four big oomiaks, well filled with jovial murderers. It required no second glance to see they were our late neighbors, and in the bow of each ferry stood a spear or harpoon-brandishing midget, intimating with easy grace that I was next. These simple gesticulations alone evinced that they were in rare fettle for acting roguish, and Paul Revere would have been distanced at the first quarter had he endeavored to keep tabs on my flitting footsteps.

"Tib stood in the doorway as I blew within his ken, and he had already detected the menace. He dragged me inside and closed the portal, just as the amiable rattlesnakes beached their boats and set up a song of rancor. Then they did a little green-corn dance and set our football stars to growling with a cloud of spears and arrows. I was puzzled to know what had surfeited them with courage until Tib indicated a large bottle, affectionately clasped to the bosom of the chief. Then we detected in the middle distance a sinister-looking keg. It was obvious they had procured the fire-water from the sealer while the captain was ashore with us.

"Of course we searched the hut for trappings of war, but could find nothing more offensive than some stout clubs. 'I'm afraid it's all up if they rush us,' I soliloquized sullenly. 'They number at least two score.'

"Tib sighed in a minor, but made no reply until he had scanned the ice-freckled wavelets with an ancient glass. Then he observed: 'If my old eyes don't deceive me, there's a thread of smoke out yon.'

"I gave a hoot of joy. It was the sealer to the rescue. 'Hurrah for the Saucy Liz!'

"'Only Lizzie knows naught of our embarrassment,' disheartened Tib, 'and is taking her time. The query is, Can we hold out till she arrives?'

"'Speaking of maidens,' I trembled, 'we have Minnie and Maude——'

"'I'd forgotten 'em,' mused Tib. 'If they can lend a helping hand we might gain the beach and keep the foe guessing for an hour, and then win out.'

"'An hour!' I cried. 'Just time for two halves!'

"He grabbed me by my shoulders, sir, and gazed lovingly into my sparkling orbs. Then he lisped: 'My child, we'll start the first half now; and it's our kick-off.'

"'Nenook! Nenook!' howled the rabble, now garbed in a delirium tremens of bravado.

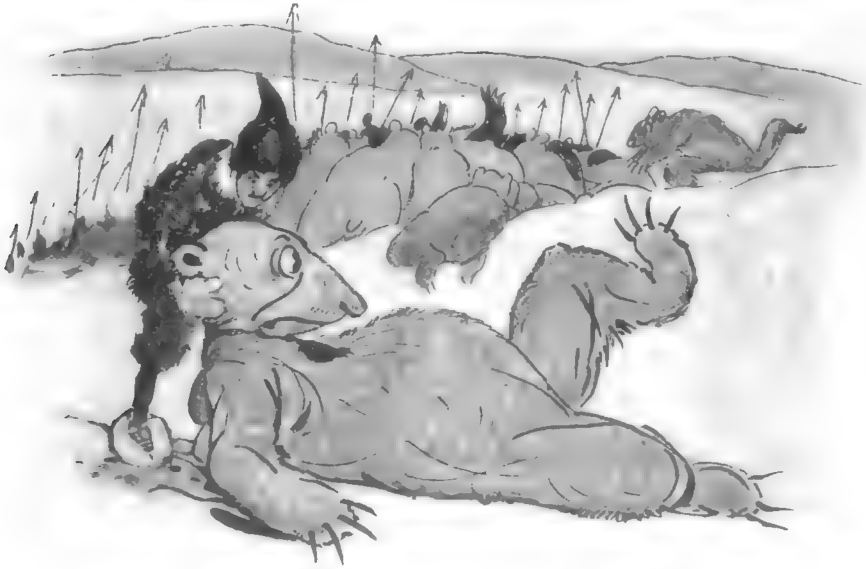
"'The smoke is thicker,' I joyously reminded my companion, as he became absorbed in studying the dancing and advancing enemy.

"'They can't be the regular Innuit article,' he murmured. 'They must be some half-caste people. The Simon-pure Innuit hasn't any more temerity than a sage-hen, except when tackling a bear.'

"'They're bunching for a rush,' I yelled; and the clamor for Nenook was now so uproarious that I had to use my hands as a trumpet in order to reach Tib's dull ear.

"'Bring out the squad,' directed he. 'Have Rudolph play center.'

"And with our seven players in line, with Tib and me at quarter and half-back, we trailed around the corner and on to the arctic gridiron and faced the would-be champions. They had expected the bears and being used to that kind of trouble, were loaded with an antidote in the shape of bone-tipped spears. And yet the shaggy, orderly array puzzled them and warned that we were there for no parlor pastime. Seeing us come to a halt, they foolishly assumed a massed formation, like a revolving wedge, and brusquely advanced to try us out.



HE TRIED TO RISE AND TAKE HIS OLD POSITION.

"'Minnie!' cried Tib, and that blithesome lass began to make a detour to the right, with the others ambling joyfully along behind. Well, sir, it simply swept the gang off its feet. It was all done so quickly and neatly that we'd flanked them before they saw a light. Then Minnie halted and waited for us to form the line.

"Then the chief took a sip from his flagon and coughed out a signal, and the beggars speedily presented a new front and again prepared to rush. You see, we had an elegant chance to cut for the beach after the first end-play, but our players had been trained in the corral, where they were forced to halt after making thirty feet. So the benighted romps had absorbed the impression that ten yards was their limit on any one play. And, of course, Tib and I did not care to wander about on the beach alone while waiting for the sealer to arrive.

"'What are we tarrying for now?' I cried, as the other line again approached, this time more rapidly, and seemingly oblivious to fear.

"'Minnie won't work it twice in succession,' yelled Tib. 'Maude must come next, or they won't play. We taught 'em to alternate, and we mustn't try the left end until the crowd gets nearer.'

"As the last word was barked, Kinack's Prides were upon us, trying to buck the line.

But when it came to plunging they were rotten; too light, you know. And, say, sir, they ought to have been penalized thirty yards for treading on our center's toes and thrusting at the guards with their ticklers.

"'All ready!' howled Tib, reaching between the center's feet to kick a study in oils on the nose. 'Maude!'

"And away we gamboled to the left in search of ten yards more of leeway. And Maude carried with her, sir, the bunch of deerskin. You see, we had to fetch it along to give the bruins their cue. Bless their old hearts! It was all a game to them.

"But this play was attended by a beautiful mêlée, as we'd waited a few seconds too long, and as our guards had never lined up against even a scrub eleven before, and consequently were a bit dazed and rather punk on the defensive. However, they managed to break up the interference after a fashion, and finally, somewhat winded, we were one family again.

"But the captain of the Kinackers absorbed a pint of stimulus and I could see we were in for livelier doings. The first two plays had foozled 'em a trifle, but now they were up and ready and very wise. So far they had suffered no injury, thanks to our teaching the bears to use but little strength in anticipation of the college games to come. Ergo, they waxed confident and decided that Nenook had lost his medicine.

"They didn't seem to realize that their spear-work had excited the home team and that our right guard's ugly dark-stained shoulder was a source of annoyance to him as he compared it with its silvery white companion. But they got an inkling when a rash tackle from their side ducked in and received a crack that sent him thirty feet. As our big boy handed out this bunch of sleep-germs he turned in the middle of a growl and seemed to apologize to Minnie for his rudeness.

"But the jab had puzzled the poor beggar and only Tib's shriek of approval kept him from chasing his man. And I jumped four feet on high just to pat his head. Then, perfectly reassured, he made a scythe-like sweep and knocked a midget out of sight.

"We had now gained twenty yards and still retained the ball. 'Play a saloon game,' begged Tib, prancing up and down behind Rudolph and studying the field.

"The visitors, still failing to appreciate that they had been working the wrong combination, now drew back long enough to toss up a few orisons to their tribal deity, and then came smash against our center before we could budge. Dear! dear! how foolish of them, sir, when they could have run the ends.

"'Boom-a-lacka-boom-a-lacka!' I howled, recalling a fragment of the old yell, while Tib spoiled an off-side play with his club and called on the left end again to lead off.

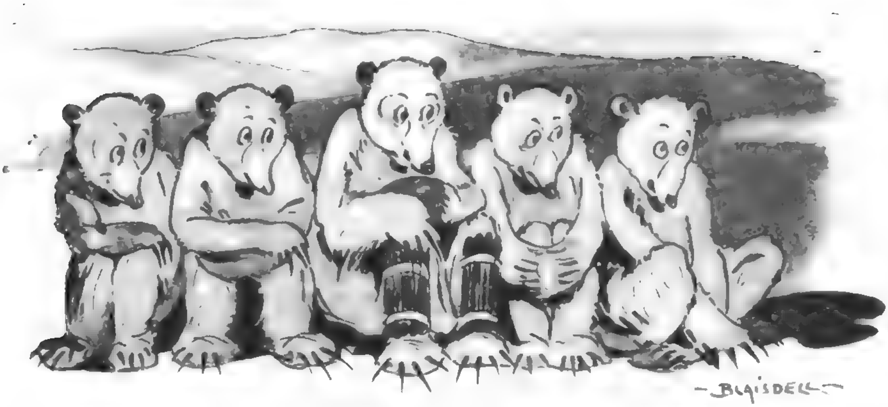
"But it was Rudolph's turn to score and every bear knew it, and Maude wouldn't stir a peg. But they fought where they were just the same, and as each bear was now heavily laden with venomous activity, there was enough heathen fur clothing spoiled to keep a city's worthy poor as warm as toast all winter. Inside of six seconds twice as many of the foe were sent ricochetting in a variety of directions; and in sixty seconds we were pushing the whole crowd away. But they did not get clear before Rudolph, angry at missing his turn, got it through his thick noddle that the other side was behaving like river-drivers. And in one off-side play he gathered four of the vermin in his generous arms and with a mighty *o-o-o-of* of satisfaction strained the collection to his bosom. When he discarded them over our heads they lay very still and their captain had to call in the substitutes.

"'Great game!' I panted in the breathing-space allowed by the Kinackers' retreat to the rum keg.

"'Got to keep moving, or they'll bag us yet,' bawled Tib. And our boys,—now digging up a sulky streak, began beckoning energetically with their steel arms for their rivals to mix it up again, instead of waiting for our signals. You see, sir, we were in a tight place—we didn't dare leave our breastworks, and the squad was unwieldly to handle. The game, too, was vastly different from the merry practise in the corral and the whole bunch were disgusted because their usual honorarium of fish was not forthcoming. Tib and I realized our lives depended on their keeping together and we both worked overtime to tickle their vanity. But what saved us was the ball. Each nine-foot warrior had been taught to center his or her whole soul on that trifle, and true to their training they obeyed orders and refused to desert their colors.

"'They're coming!' I warned, as the mob of round forms waddled to a right-about face and cantered forward.

"'Keep close to Rudolph,' cautioned Tib. And then, 'Center! 4-11-44!' The nu-



AS WE GAZED BACK WE SAW THEM SITTING IN A ROW.

merals meant nothing and were thrown in only for good measure.

"But at the familiar call Rudolph plunged forward to buck the advancing line, with every other ounce of bear flesh trailing on behind, with a fringe of paws cuffing at the sides to spoil interference, while Tib and I scuttled along between the two bulky lines. And I was overjoyed to see Maude emulate Rudolph's system and pluck a hostile right tackle out of his clothes with one neat sweep of her hooks.

"Tib and I tried to reach the brutes' close-set ears with expressions of praise, but they were well-nigh deafened by the hoarse clamor of their assailants and forgot for the moment they had been civilized. But that center play, sir, brushed all records of strenuous endeavor to the background, and, as Rudolph failed to remember the confines of the corral, we advanced to within two hundred yards of the beach.

"Then, as we thought we were to have a breather and time to quiet our men, that happened which Tib and I had feared from the start. The heathens began to open up, preparatory to running the ends and flirting with us bipeds. The first dash came so near to netting Tib, I decided the pennant was surely lost. You see, the dear old furry idiots were again trying to remember our mottoes and maintain a life-lease on the leather; hence, they were but mildly curious when six rum-inflamed full-backs sneaked in from the left and as a unit nailed my patron.

"I dented several fat faces with my club before a relay crew buckled on to me. Then I went to the mat and the count had proceeded to nine before my leader could liberate his vocal organs sufficiently to gurgle, 'Down!' And then Gertrude, bless her! a demure, little lass of about twelve hundred pounds, playing left guard, wheeled and nearly finished us with her zeal to eliminate our encumbrances. But to collect the invaders you would have needed a large quantity of the best blotting-paper. It required just two sweeps of Gertrude's powerful paw to dig us out of the débris.

"When once on our bewildered feet we saw that one end-rush had cost us dear. Our right guard would never play again. For the life of me, sir, I could not help but pause and rub his head as he tried to rise and take his old position. He closed one eye in passing out, as if saying, 'Great foot-work, eh?' And there was a blur in my lamps as I dragged myself behind the faithful, shattered squad. The six of them still accepted it all as a game, you see, although perplexed by their neighbors' roughness.

"'Line up for the last half!' wheezed Tib, wiping the blood from his eyes. 'The sealer's in and dropping boats. One more scamper and we'll be clear.'

"'Nenook! Nenook!' hoarsely yowled the beggars, pointing exultantly at our prostrate guard.

"And say, I actually loved those gigantic, white sillies as they tossed back the challenge in six growls; and true-blue to the last, all ranged up beside Rudolph, who, hugging the ball against his now brown breast, turned his foolish head to catch Tib's signal.

"And Tib, believing his players had lost tabs on whose turn it might be, cried, 'Center!' for the second time, and, sure enough, Rudolph bowed his form and lunged ahead for another irresistible buck.

"The ex-champs, however, catching sight of the approaching boats, no longer tried to run the ends, but to our great felicitation met us fair and square in one last, tremendous effort. As they closed in we enjoyed the worst scrimmage of the game. I'll confess, sir, the visitors played snappy ball and showed lots of ginger; and as our boys indulged in many a hearty nip and rake, they handed it back right smart. Why, even in that last moment they gave every promise of lugging home the cup.

"For the first few yards we tore down the shingle briskly and simply waded through the heavy underbrush of jabbing arms and kicking legs, Tib and I doing real husky work, just staggering along. But as our players became more infuriated and paused in the game, to hold personal altercations, I surrendered my last hope.

"To accentuate our despair, just as we had nearly come to a standstill and Rudolph, busy cuffing a native, refused to heed the signals, we lost our left tackle, a promising young player, but a bit hot headed.

"'Rudolph! Center!' again choked Tib.

"And dear! dear! If the old sport didn't turn his red eyes, stop gunning for pelts, grab up the ball and once more begin to plow ahead. And the other four loyally fell in behind and swung through the big hole he had made in the unsavory mass of alleged humanity. Thus did we come to the water's edge.

"And the enemy seeing the last half had been played, scurried back to the boats somewhere up the coast.

"'How can we get these five life-preservers aboard?' panted Tib, as he wrung the captain's hand.

"'Can't do it now,' bawled the captain, dancing in merriment as he nailed a retreating seven-hundred-dollar bunch of furs with a hatchet. 'The wind is again inshore and we've not a second to lose if we'd save our hides and Liz.'

"So, after all, we had to leave the bears. But despite the scarcity of the minutes we dragged ourselves to each and sorrowfully shook a paw in parting. As we gazed back from the sealer we saw them sitting in a row, the center still holding the ball, and we watched them until their huge white coats slowly melted into the drifting veil of snow.

"In another week we were back again, but could find no bruins.

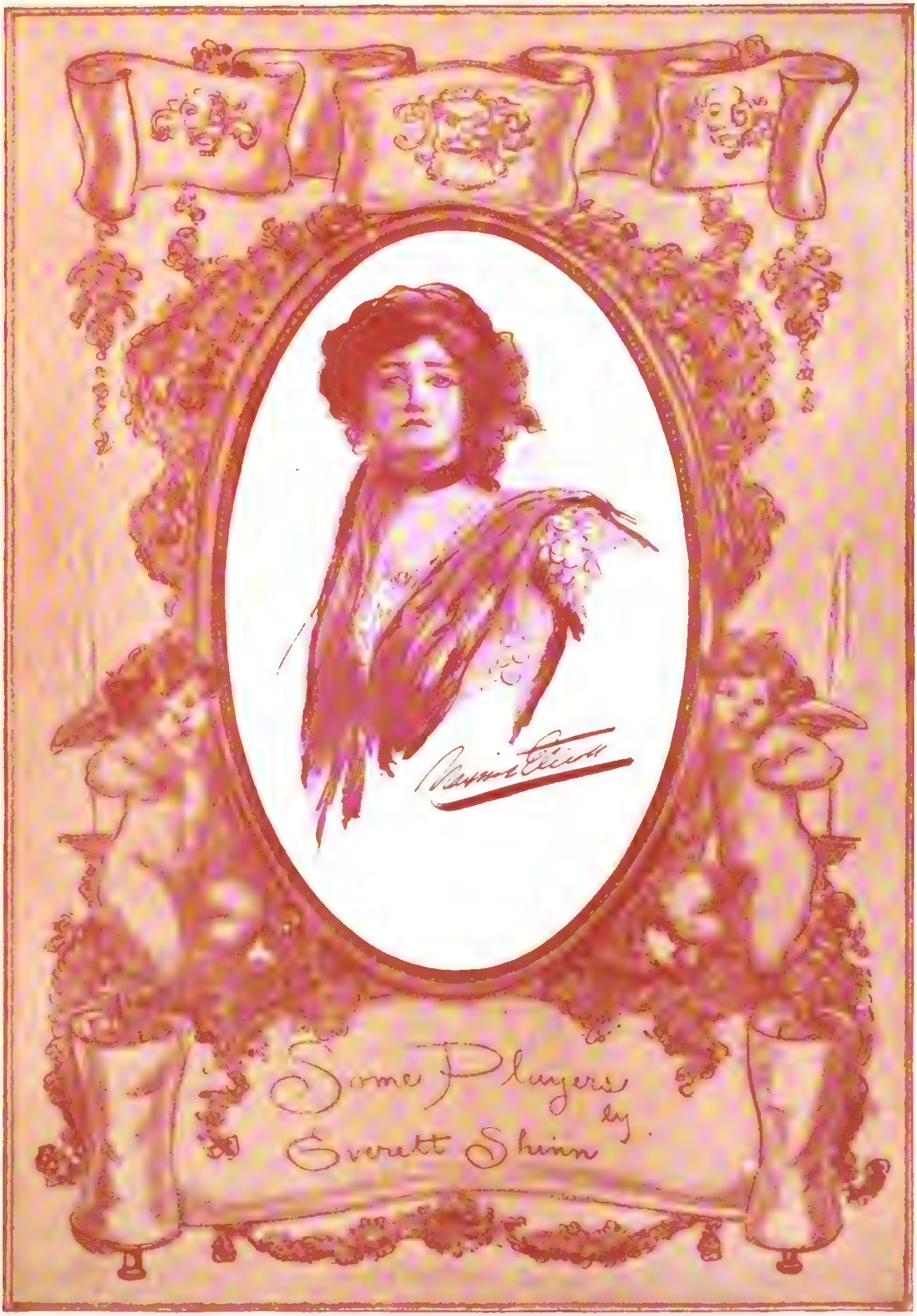
"But up there somewhere in the eternal cold is a fraction of Alaska's first eleven, ready to face all comers. I often see them in my mind's eye stanchly standing off a gang of natives; and although their old trainer's voice will direct their plays no more, I can see them pegging down with ponderous energy the championship of the Arctic Circle. And do you know, sir, I've often wondered if in their wanderings they affectionately tote about that absurd wad of deerskin; and if, on pleasant days, they indulge in a little quiet practise in memoriam of their first coach. At least, I know they are loyal to each other, and mayhap to-night are forming up for the last game. And if, perchance, only one of the rugged quintet remains, I have no doubt but he will go down gamely, with only a few yards to gain."

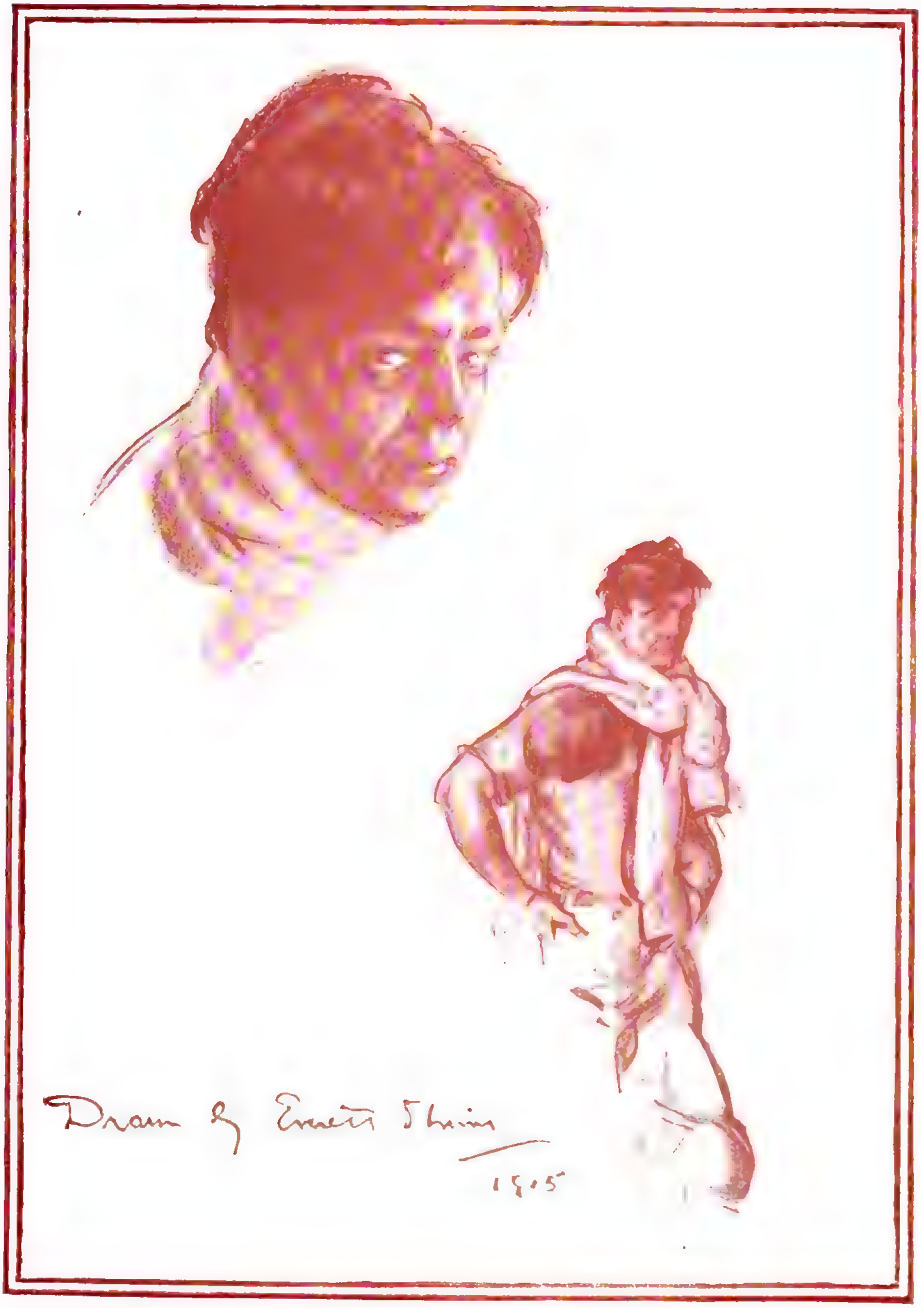
Answered

By IRENE FOWLER BROWN

THEY took them all away—my toys—
Not one was left;
They set me here, shorn, stripped of humblest joys,
Anguished, bereft.

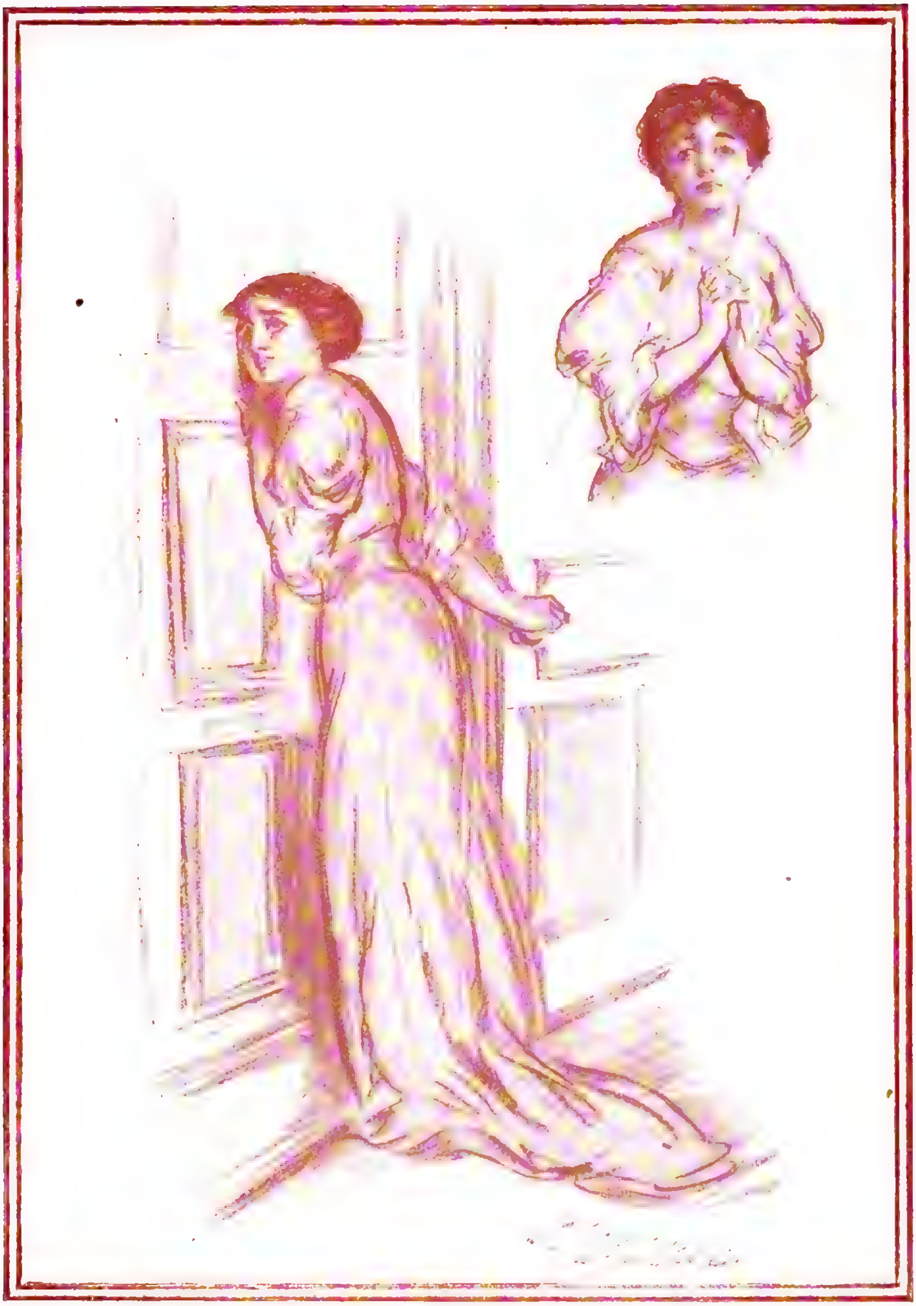
I wondered why— The years have flown;
Unto my hand
Cling weaker, sadder ones who walk alone—
I understand.


Some Players
by
Everett Shinn

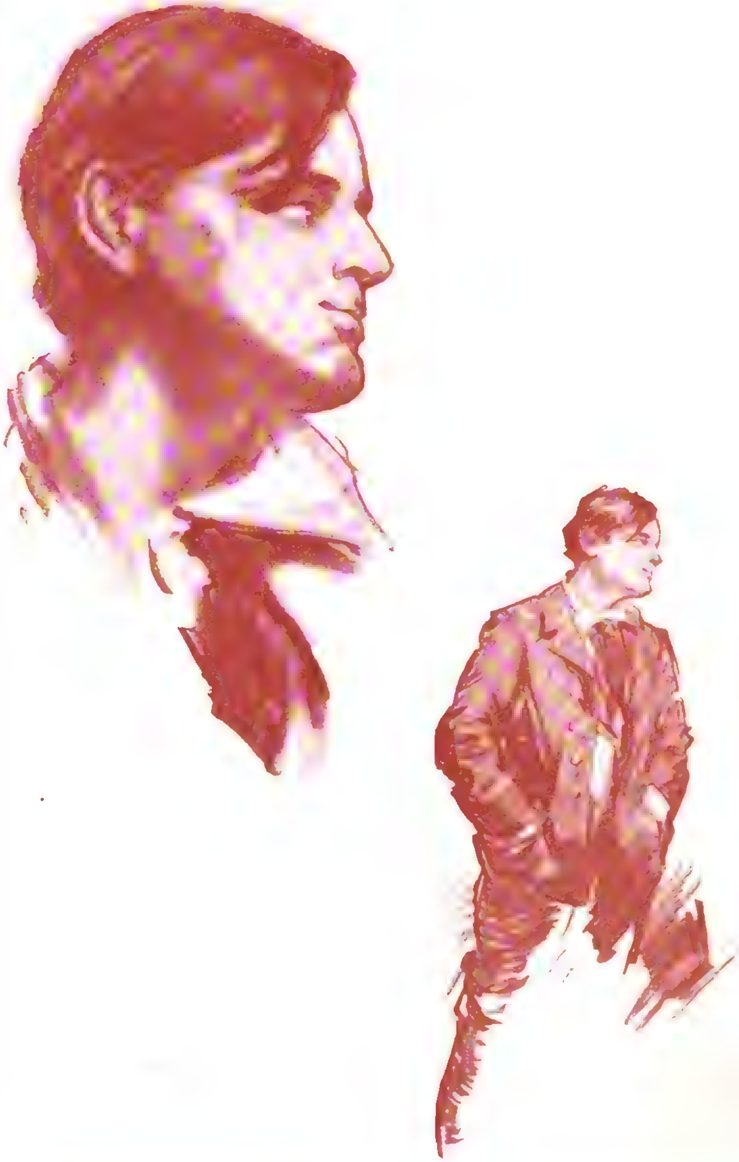


Drawn by Everett Shinn
1905

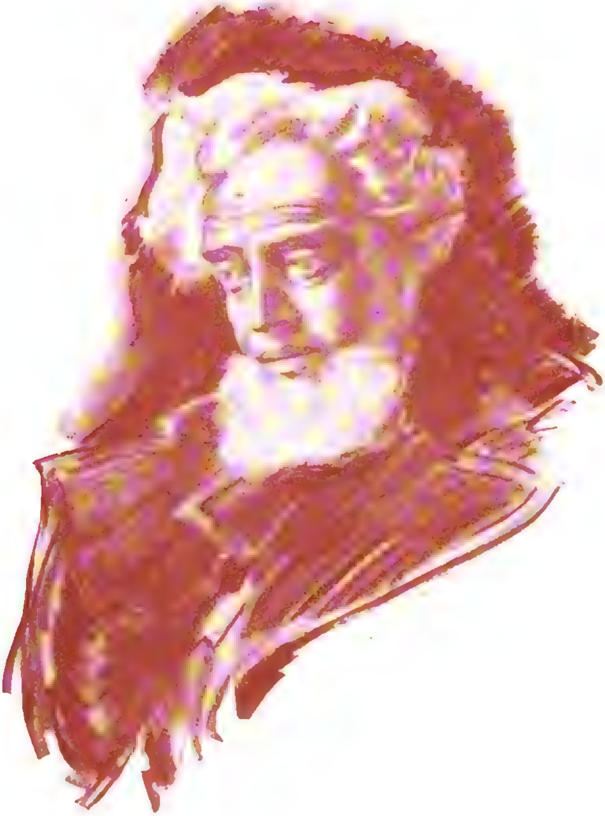
Robert Edeson
1906



Margaret Anglin

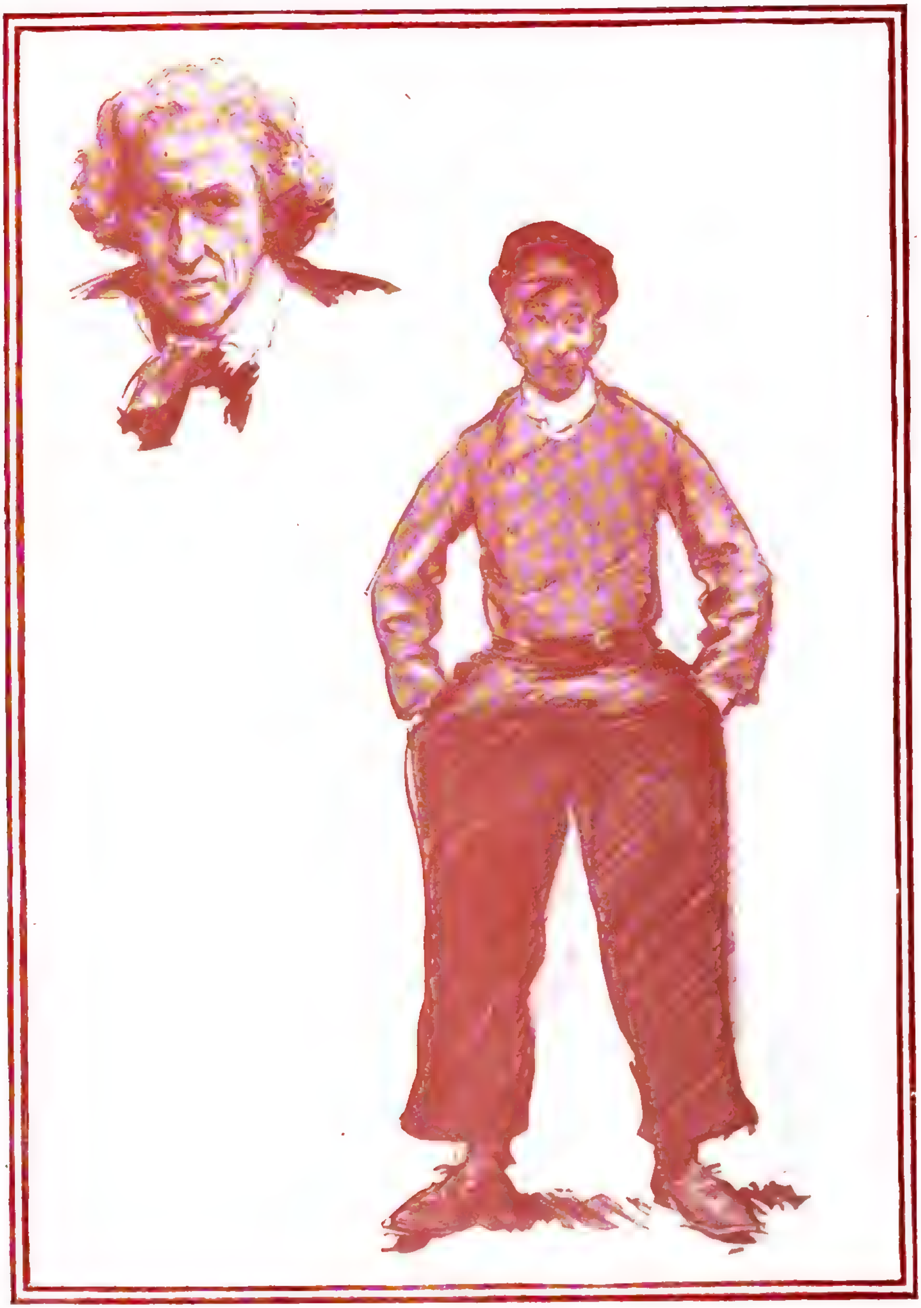


Edward Morgan

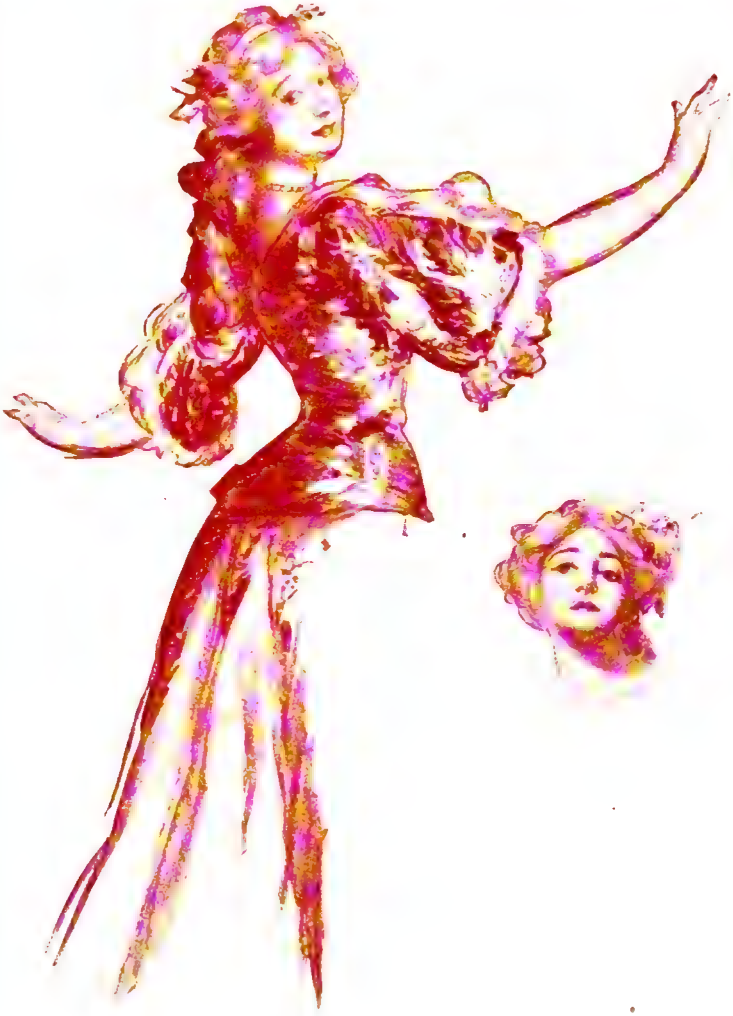


Drawn by Everett Shinn
1905

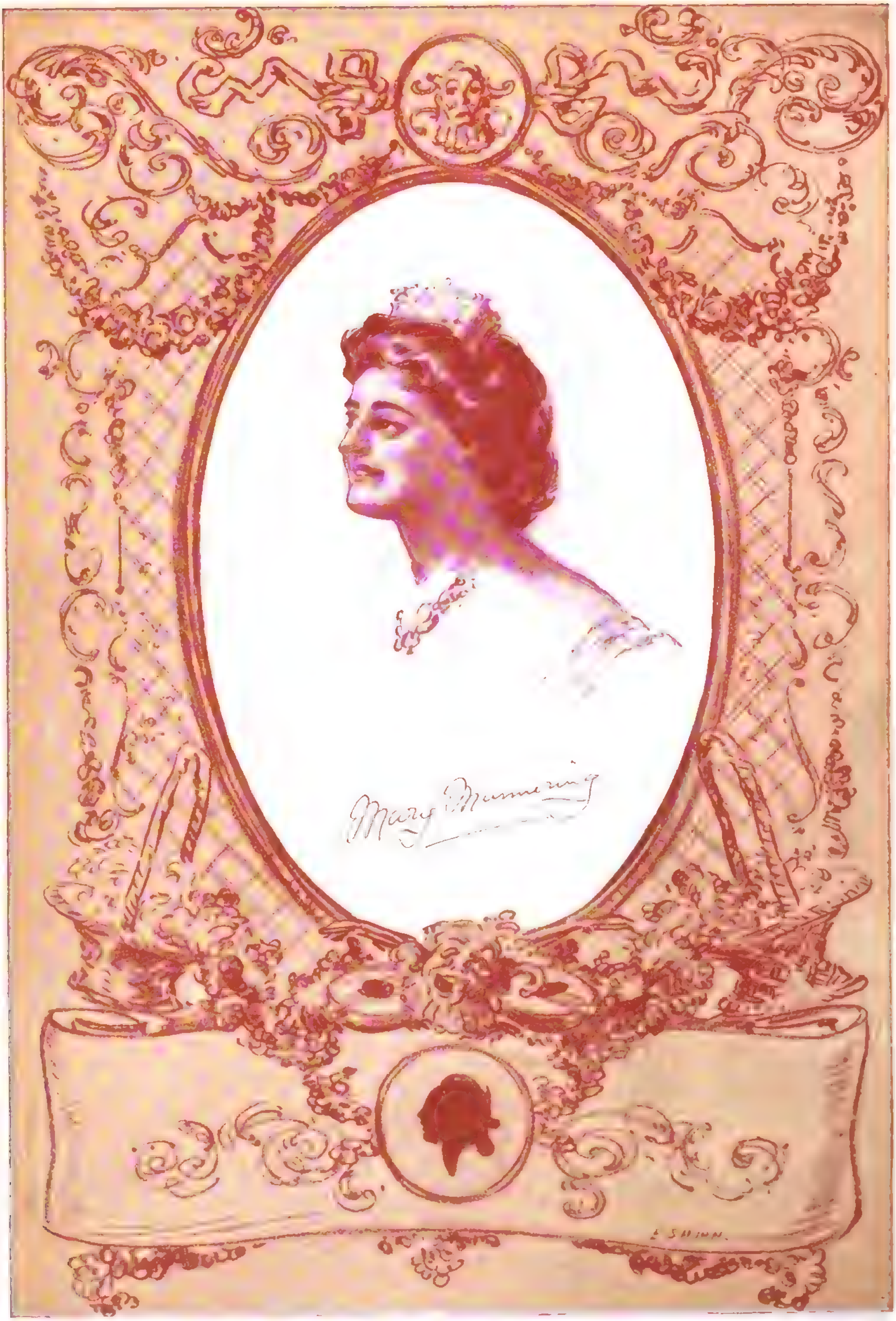
Nat. C. Goodwin



Lew Fields



Bessie McCoy


Mary Mannering
E. SHINN

THE PLAYERS

ALL the happiness that success brought to George Ade—and no writer ever soared more brilliantly into permanent popularity — scarcely compensates the Indiana humorist for his first failure. He had been writing "Fables in Slang" for a Chicago newspaper for ten years before they were published in book form; but once in the hands of the great public, they put Mr. Ade in the front rank of humorists. Thereafter, he turned to the stage and produced "The Sultan of Sulu," one of the best and most profitable of musical comedies. "Peggy from Paris" followed, and then "The Sho-Gun" wound up his libretto writing, for he had put forth a comedy, "The County Chairman," with keen characterization, deliciously crisp humor, real satire. "The College Widow," tremendous success that it was, established Mr. Ade's reputation as a maker of comedies for all time.

A first performance is very trying to all connected with the production, but only the author knows its refinement of torture. Augustus Thomas and Clyde Fitch are somewhat hardened. Each is always behind the scenes—they are fine stage managers and direct their own plays—with a pleasant little curtain speech carefully prepared. Glen MacDonough buys a seat in the gallery where no one will know him, and it is only by the exercise of great will power that he is able to sit through the performance. He feels, however, that it is necessary because he may want to make some changes the next day. Paul Potter never goes near the theatre on the first night of one of his plays; he hides where nobody can find him. If the play doesn't make a good impression, he positively refuses to change it, he accepts it as a failure.

George Ade suffers more from suspense when he is waiting for the verdict of an audience than any man I know. He has a seat by himself in the orchestra, and those about him realize that he is in misery although they may not know who he is. I have heard him say that even the feeling of triumph could not make him forget the torment of the ordeal.

He drank deep from the bitter cup of defeat this season. "The Bad Samaritan" was hopelessly bad, and the author knew it as soon as anybody else. The failure simply overwhelmed him. Many things contributed to the utter rout—ineffective stage management, indifferent acting, overstraining for effect—but the fundamental blunder was George Ade's own. He sought to satirize the dangers and difficulties of generous but unwise philanthropy, by the story of a retired hide and tallow dealer who, having recovered his fortune from a nephew and niece who treated him abominably, sets out to give half a dozen village people everything that money can buy. Of course they take advantage of him at every turn. I doubt if many people who declared that the comedy was not entertaining, realized why, although the explanation is perfectly simple. Ingratitude is about the most common and the most despised thing in this world, and the most brilliant man living cannot extract humor from it. An audience cannot enjoy a comedy when they would like to wring the necks of the characters; and no one is more irritating than the generous man who permits himself to be imposed upon. The only thing that really appealed was in the last act where Mr. Ade returns to the vehicle that made his first great success. *Eugene Spillers* —a part extraordinarily well played by Harry Stone—sets out to become a veterinarian, ends up as a bookmaker, and returns to his native town full of the slang of the track. Inasmuch as "The Bad Samaritan" lasted but a fortnight and was then shelved for all time, it may be worth while to print the observations of *Spillers*.

> "Everybody with the hammer—are you on? I go up to the city, put something across, come back with a bundle of money I had to carry in a shawl strap, and you know what I got?
>
> "All the I-Knew-Him-When Club got together. Ever hear of the I-Knew-Him-When Club? It's immense. All the boys with long Belshazzars get together in front of the post-office like this: 'I knew him when he was working for six dollars a week'; 'I knew him when he had two shirts and one pair of galluses.' I've been getting it here ever since I connected with a little coin.
>
> "You remember Belle-la-la-la with the voice—you know—the one that was going to send Schumann-Heink back to Germany? Well, I slipped her a little piece of money to get back home. You remember how she used to be [indicating swelled head]. Tamest thing you ever saw—eat right out of your hand. What they did to her up to the big town—wow! You know she finally sang. Oh, real stage, flowers in her hair, and the Missouri family out in front."
>
> "The Missouri family?"
>
> "All the guys sittin' down on their shoulder-blades sayin': 'Come on, now, show us.' Belle comes out, steppin' on her own feet, reaches for high C—Blumph!"
>
> "As bad as that?"
>
> "Skidoo!"
>
> "Skidoo?"
>
> "I've got it here [producing a clipping—evening paper]. This is what they handed Little Bright Eyes:
>
> "'Miss Belle Hinkle, whose gown was slightly hunched in the back, came out and did a few things to the Jewel Song. Miss Hinkle's voice sounded as if she was standing too close to the phone. She hit the key only once and then fell over backward,' and so on for half a column."
>
> "I'm sorry—she was a nice girl."
>
> "Well, she was huntin' for it and she got it. And now back to me. Head on the shoulder—nothin' to it. I'm going to have her here for the gazizzis [indicating corner-stone]. Will you do the How-de-do-Belle business of shaking hands and all that when I come back with her? Nothin' about the voice, you understand."
>
> "Lost it, eh?"
>
> "Never had one."

Audiences shrieked and howled over that slang. It was the one bright thing in three dreary acts, and yet it is a remarkable fact that those who have seen the manuscript of the comedy say that it reads better than anything Mr. Ade has written for the stage.

Close upon the heels of his first failure he produced "Just Out of College," which he refused to label a farce or a comedy or anything else, and which introduced Joseph Wheelock, Jr., as a star. It has the real Ade hall-marks of admirably drawn characters, genial satire, and bubbling humor. It falls short only in the second act. Ade is not at his best when he tries to invent typical farce situations, and in this instance he has rather overdone it. "Just Out of College" tells the story of a youth who has fallen in love with the daughter of a pickle king, a sort of *Old Gorgon Graham*, who gives the young man $20,000 with which to show his business ability. With the aid of a former boarding-house keeper in New Haven, *Edward Worthington Swinger* nearly wrecks the pickle king's business without knowing what that business is. "*Slivers*" *Mason*, his loyal and devoted college chum, type of the good-hearted, bibulous college youth who talks chiefly in pantomime, is irresistible as played by Charles Jackson. Mr. Jackson looks like a "kid," although he has been on the stage many years. He played the jockey in "The County Fair" ten years ago. And there is *Berenice McCormick*, the tall, lovely, romantic, auburn-haired typewriter, who is always arrayed in flowing black, with a "touch-me-not" air, and who rules the office from the pickle king down. Blanche Stoddard is perfect in that rôle. Just as joyous and even more mirth-provoking is the *News-stand Lady*, with her disquisition on modern literature, played so effectively by Elene Foster that one wishes there were more of her. The character of *Genevieve Chizzle*, one of those "candid friends" who do nothing but make trouble, struck home keenly. Georgie Drew Mendum plays that part with the surest humor. She can convey more with an uplifted eyebrow than many players can with a long speech. She hasn't been on the stage long; she made her début with Annie Russell in "Catherine," was with her uncle, John Drew, in "The Liars," and then became Joseph Jefferson's leading woman. She stood out brilliantly in two failures, "Glad of It" and "The Coronet of the Duchess." She is the daughter of the only child of the late Mrs. John Drew who did not go on the stage, and she wonderfully resembles her aunt, the late Georgie Drew Barrymore, after whom she was named.

There are several conventional characters in the comedy, like *N. V. Jones*, "a female business man," portrayed by Mabel Amber, who starred in "Trilby" for several seasons and who was probably the best of the bare-footed heroines; *Prof. H. Dalrymple Bliss*, "an apostle of repose," and *Luella Jenkins Pickering*, president of the Coordinated Culture Clubs and wife of the pickle king.

In the rôle of the college youth, "Jappy" Wheelock, as he is known to his intimates, displays that exquisite humor and naturalness which make him one of the most delightful players on the stage. No actor has a more pronounced individuality; yet he is capable of nice differentiations of character. Long ago he made his first big hit as *Morley*, the jockey in "Lord and Lady Algy." Threatened tuberculosis drove him to Arizona for two or three years. Since then he has made hit after hit, his *Jean* in "Brother Jacques," *Reginald Lumley* in "The Other Girl," and *Xavier Lechat* in "Business is Business" being the most noteworthy. In "Just Out of College" he displays most mirthfully the innocence and confidence of the college graduate, but at the same time shows skilfully the keenness of the mind that is just developing.

Marvelous is the potency of Maxine Elliott's beauty and personality, coupled with admirable acting, for they have triumphed over a play that is pretty poor stuff. Just as many people throng to see the star in the new play as came to her aid in that interesting comedy, "The Only Way." The weakness of "Her Great Match" lies in the theme. The idea of a young American girl who talks a great deal and with deep emotion about her native land, but who carefully lives in Europe; a Cassie Chadwick kind of stepmother; a love affair with a German prince, the plot turning upon a morganatic marriage, hasn't much in it to appeal to healthy-minded, grown-up common sense. Of course one knows in advance that the *Crown Prince* will give up his throne for *"Jo" Sheldon*, and everybody will be happy. Mr. Fitch has arranged some charming scenes and sprightly dialogue, and one can excuse much for the privilege of seeing Mathilde Cottrelly as the *Grand Duchess of Hohenhetstein*. No one could more subtly, more deftly, give the illusion of royal birth; and her underlying sentiment, so truly Teutonic, makes her part one of the really distinguished performances of the season. Charles Cherry, an English actor—Miss Elliott prefers English players in her company—never did anything on this side of the Atlantic which gave promise of his admirable work as the *Crown Prince*. His make-up, his dialect, his droll humor are essentially German. He reminds one of Richard Mansfield in "Prince Karl," and that is surely the highest praise.

Maxine Elliott occupies a unique position on the stage. A New England woman by birth, she lived many years in California. She adopted the stage after an unfortunate marriage, and her beauty and charm swiftly won a leading place for her. She was in T. D. Frawley's company (I have had occasion before to say what an excellent company it was) when N. C. Goodwin made her his leading lady and afterward his wife. Two years ago she became an individual star and she has probably made more money in the last two seasons than any other player in the country. Mr. Fitch received something like a hundred thousand dollars in royalties from "Her Own Way." In England Maxine Elliott has a social position that no other actress has gained, and there are stories, believed implicitly by people who should know, that one of the greatest men in England, a nobleman who has won the highest political honors, would make her his wife if she were free. Should this come about, Maxine Elliott would make a match to dwarf that in her present play.

Many seasons have passed since James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering last played together. They fell in love with each other and were married when they headed the old Lyceum Stock Company under Daniel Frohman's management. When they became stars they decided they could earn more money individually than by appearing together. It was Mr. Hackett's good fortune to capture the biggest London success of last season, which is now in its second year in the Garrick Theatre over there. "The Walls of Jericho" is by Alfred Sutro, a newcomer in the ranks of playwrights. It is probably better played on the other side of the Atlantic than here, for there salaries are not so high, and closer attention is given to details. Also, its nature is such that it makes a more direct appeal to a British public than an American, for it has to do with class distinctions. Indeed, it is really an arraignment of the very "smart set," who are given ballywhack from start to finish. Now the theatre in England is supported chiefly by the great middle class, and the middle class takes its aristocracy very seriously. It is pleased when a dramatist gives it fits for gambling and flirting and general frivoling.

The hero and his friend talk a lot about their not being gentlemen because they were not born to that station. The hero has all the attributes that would lead Americans to consider him a gentleman, a truly noble sort of chap, really; but the playwright accepts a very general British view that a man cannot be a gentleman any more than he can be a king unless he is born to it. *Jack Frobisher* gets into the smart set because he has made millions in Australia and has married the daughter of an earl. She clings to dissipations of the fashionable folk—gambling for high stakes, smoking cigarettes, and flirting, but she is good at heart. Everything leads up to the great situation in the third act when the husband rebels. He attacks his wife and all her following with mighty vigor, even getting profane in his earnestness, and ends with giving her commands to get ready to go to Australia with him. It is fine and human, that scene; it really has a thrill in it, and we want thrills nowadays. And, besides, it teaches a "wholesome lesson," which always gives us a smug satisfaction.

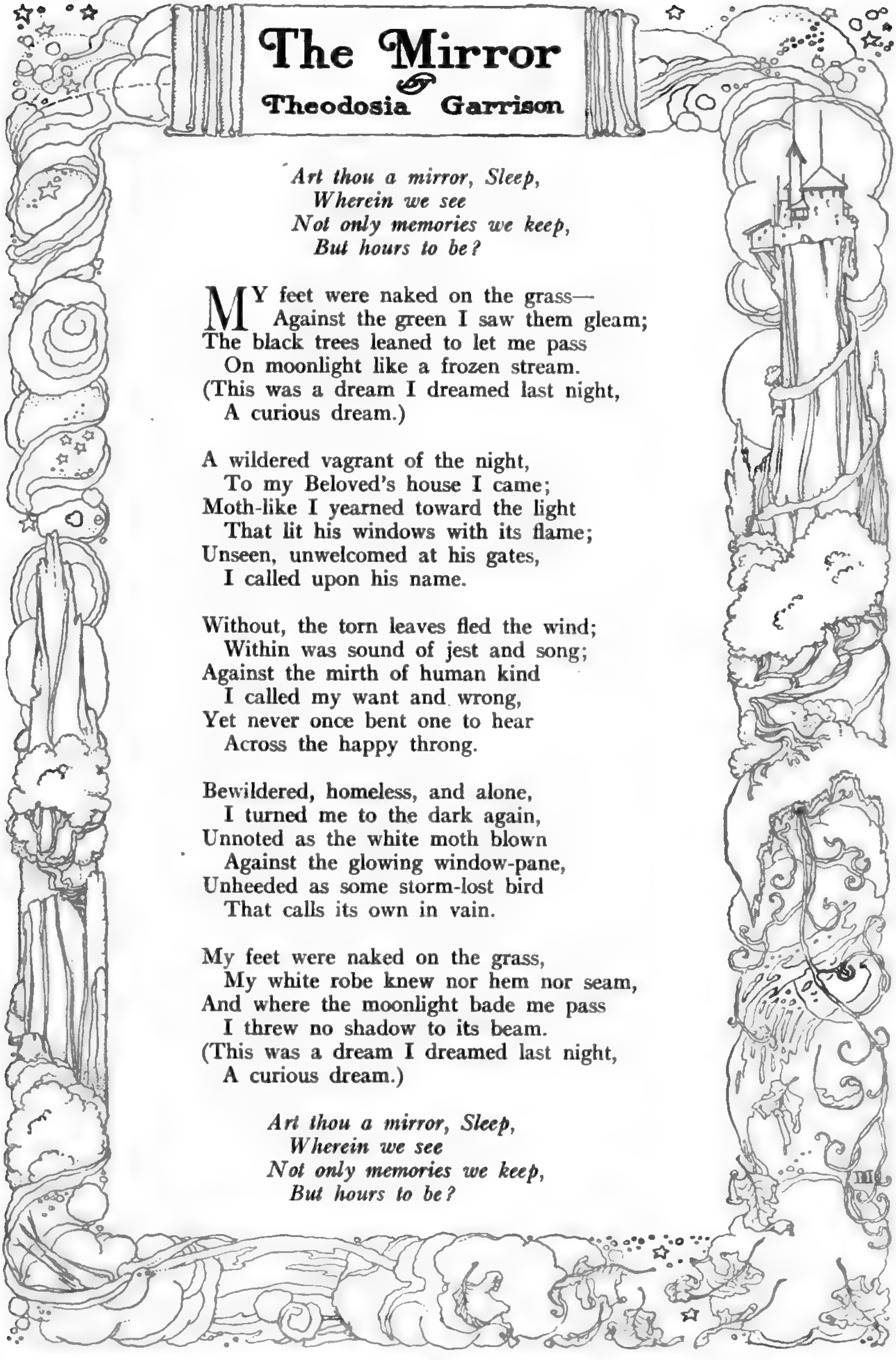
Mary Mannering shines more luminously than her lord and master. As *Lady Alethea Frobisher* I think she appears to better advantage than in anything she has played. She has all her familiar grace and charm, she is as beautiful as ever, and, in addition, there is spontaneity in her comedy: a sureness of touch, an ease and intelligence coupled with sprightly humor that give her characterization distinction if it lacks subtlety. She is thoroughly the well-bred, highly sophisticated woman of the world whose chief weakness is that she has been very badly reared. There are only two or three occasions when she is called upon to be emotional, and of these she really makes capital.

It seems rather strange to see Mr. Hackett on the stage in the conventional habiliments of modern society without anything even suggesting a sword within reach. He does excellently as *Frobisher*, who preaches most of the time, playing with a discretion and a repression which have been too often lacking in his work. He carries through the climacteric scene with fine effect, and even in his greatest outburst gives the impression of having more power in reserve. Really, I didn't think it of him. He commands more than matinée admiration.

W. J. Ferguson plays *Lord Steventon*, a cold-blooded, heartless old bounder, with an accentuation that makes it almost a caricature, but he scores as he always does. He is such a passed master of the technique of acting, so familiar with all the tricks, that he can make the smallest bit stand out so that he dominates the stage. He is one of the few remaining players who know the almost lost art of pantomime, and he uses it with wonderful effect. Twenty years ago Mr. Ferguson went forth as a star and didn't succeed. Since then he has been content to grow rich while supporting stars, most of whom would prefer his possessions to their success.

The biggest hit was made by May Blaney, as the very sophisticated ingénue. She is an English girl who has never before appeared in this country and never attracted any particular attention in her own. She is likely to make a commanding place for herself, for she is amazingly clever; in fact, all the women in the cast are worth while. But the men who play the minor parts are atrocious. They are supposed to represent the very "smartest" folk in London. For the most part they look like bartenders and act like waiters.

Not in many years has Broadway been so moved by emotional acting as by Margaret Anglin in "Zira," a modern version of "The New Magdalen," which used to be the delight of emotional actresses and in which Clara Morris rose to her greatest height. Ever so many rough edges have been rounded and polished by the authors, J. Hartley Manners and Henry Miller, who are both actors, and have done their work with artistic skill. Moreover, the play is so exquisitely staged, so perfectly acted even down to the least important character, that one doesn't realize until afterward that it is all cheap, theatric claptrap, melodramatic invention that has no reality. Admirable as are Jameson Lee Finney, Frank Worthing, George S. Titheradge, and Beverly Sitgreaves, the chief honors go to Miss Anglin. Long ago the young woman from Canada, whose experience in stock and répertoire companies developed her swiftly, made a name for herself in New York as *Roxane* in "Cyrano de Bergerac," and in "Mrs. Dane's Defense," for her effectiveness in hysterical scenes; in her quieter moments she was stagy and affected. Now she has become a finished player, displaying a sincerity of repression that makes her work in the great scene infinitely stronger. She simply overwhelms her audience with her poignant agony until the lashing of the wronged and bitter woman whose place she has usurped rouses her to resist, and then those who have been weeping in sympathy rise in their places to shout approval. There is real, moving power in the outburst. Much of the success of this scene is due to Miss Sitgreaves, whose masterly technical skill and fine intelligence enable her to efface herself; but it is Miss Anglin who strikes the key upon which the scene is played. It has been long since I have seen audiences aroused to such enthusiasm by pure acting.



The Mirror

Theodosia Garrison

Art thou a mirror, Sleep,
Wherein we see
Not only memories we keep,
But hours to be?

MY feet were naked on the grass—
Against the green I saw them gleam;
The black trees leaned to let me pass
On moonlight like a frozen stream.
(This was a dream I dreamed last night,
A curious dream.)

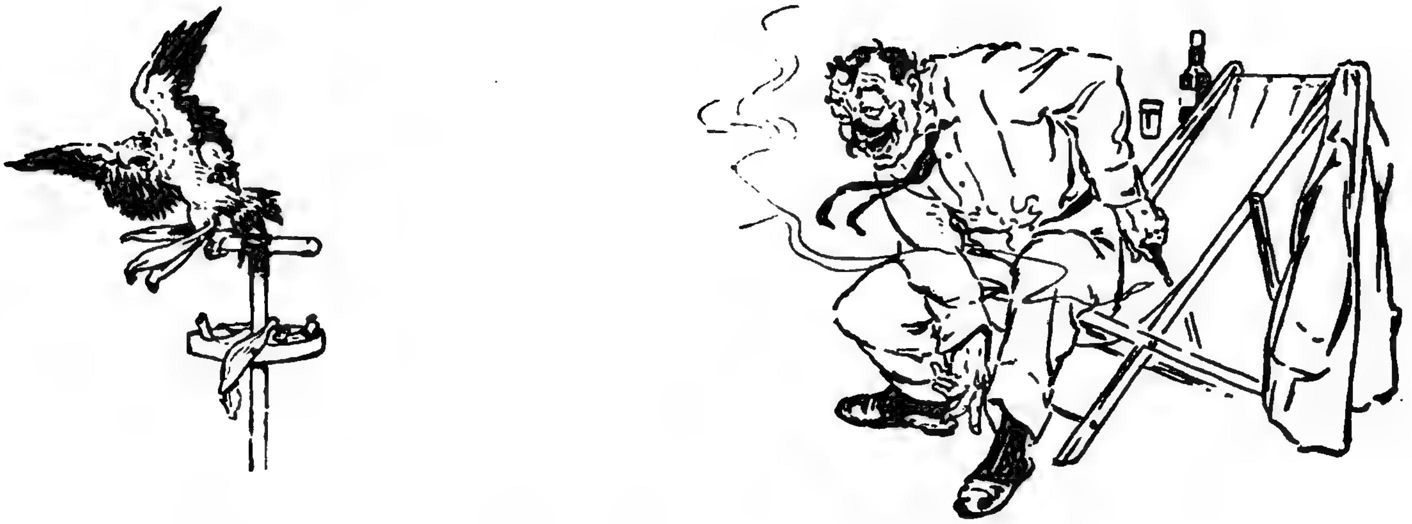
A wildered vagrant of the night,
To my Beloved's house I came;
Moth-like I yearned toward the light
That lit his windows with its flame;
Unseen, unwelcomed at his gates,
I called upon his name.

Without, the torn leaves fled the wind;
Within was sound of jest and song;
Against the mirth of human kind
I called my want and wrong,
Yet never once bent one to hear
Across the happy throng.

Bewildered, homeless, and alone,
I turned me to the dark again,
Unnoted as the white moth blown
Against the glowing window-pane,
Unheeded as some storm-lost bird
That calls its own in vain.

My feet were naked on the grass,
My white robe knew nor hem nor seam,
And where the moonlight bade me pass
I threw no shadow to its beam.
(This was a dream I dreamed last night,
A curious dream.)

Art thou a mirror, Sleep,
Wherein we see
Not only memories we keep,
But hours to be?



PELTED HIS SCREAMING PARROT WITH BANANA PEELS.

A Double-Dyed Deceiver

By O. HENRY

Author of "Cabbages and Kings"

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

I

THE trouble began in Laredo. It was the Llano Kid's fault, for he should have confined his habit of manslaughter to Mexicans. But the Kid was past twenty; and to have only Mexicans to one's credit at twenty is to blush unseen on the Rio Grande border.

It happened in old Justo Valdos's gambling house. There was a poker game at which sat players who were not all friends, as happens often where men ride in from afar to shoot Folly as she gallops. There was a row over so small a matter as a pair of queens; and when the smoke had cleared away it was found that the Kid had committed an indiscretion, and his adversary had been guilty of a blunder. For, the unfortunate combatant, instead of being a Greaser, was a high-blooded youth from the cow ranches, of about the Kid's own age and possessed of friends and champions. His blunder in missing the Kid's right ear only a sixteenth of an inch when he pulled his gun did not lessen the indiscretion of the better marksman.

The Kid, not being equipped with a retinue, nor bountifully supplied with personal admirers and supporters—on account of a rather umbrageous reputation even for the border—considered it not incompatible with his indisputable gameness to perform that judicious tractional act known as "pulling his freight."

Quickly the avengers gathered and sought him. Three of them overtook him within a rod of the station. The Kid turned and showed his teeth in that brilliant but mirthless smile that usually preceded his deeds of insolence and violence, and his pursuers fell back without making it necessary for him even to reach for his weapon.

But in this affair the Kid had not felt the grim thirst for encounter that usually urged him on to battle. It had been a purely chance row, born of the cards and certain epithets impossible for a gentleman to brook, that had passed between the two. The Kid had rather liked the slim, haughty, brown-faced young chap whom his bullet had cut off in the first pride of manhood. And now he wanted no more blood. He wanted to get away and have a good long sleep somewhere in the sun on the mesquit grass with his handkerchief over his face. Even a Mexican might have crossed his path in safety while he was in this mood.

The Kid openly boarded the north-bound passenger-train that departed five minutes later. But at Webb, a few miles out, where it was flagged to take on a traveler, he abandoned that manner of escape. There were telegraph stations ahead; and the Kid looked askance at electricity and steam. Saddle and spur were his rocks of safety.

The man whom he had shot was a stranger to him. But the Kid knew that he was of the Corralitos outfit from Hidalgo; and that the punchers from that ranch were more relentless and vengeful than Kentucky feudists when wrong or harm was done to one of them. So, with the wisdom that has characterized many great fighters, the Kid decided to pile up as many leagues as possible of chaparral and pear between himself and the retaliation of the Corralitos bunch.

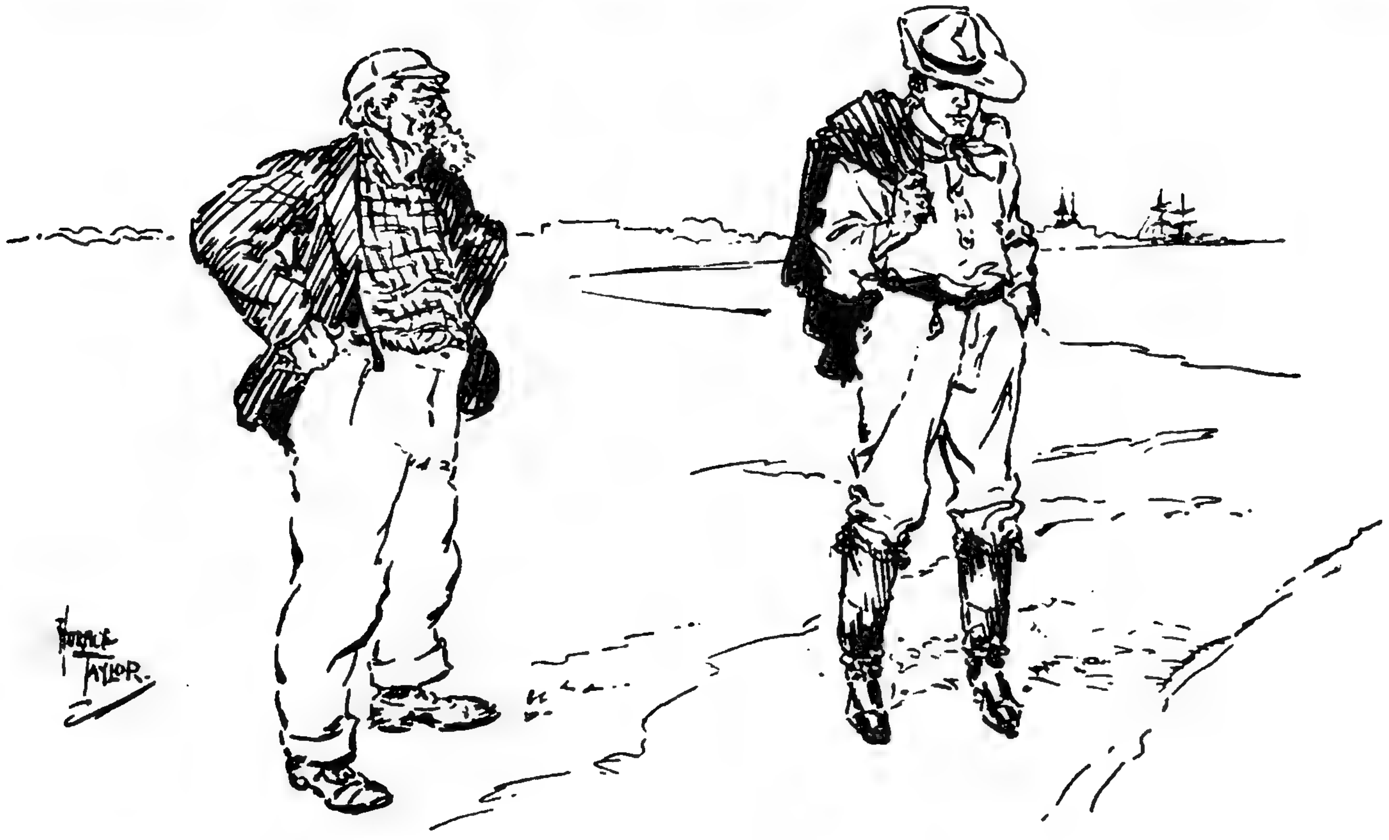
Near the station was a store; and near the store, scattered among the mesquits and elms, stood the saddled horses of the customers. Most of them waited, half asleep, with sagging limbs and drooping heads. But one, a long-legged roan with a curved neck, snorted and pawed the turf. Him the Kid mounted, gripped with his knees, and slapped gently with the owner's own quirt.

If the slaying of the temerarious card-player had cast a cloud over the Kid's standing as a good and true citizen, this last act of his veiled his figure in the darkest shadows of disrepute. On the Rio Grande border if you take a man's life you sometimes take trash; but if you take his horse, you take a thing the loss of which renders him poor, indeed, and which enriches you not—if you are caught. For the Kid there was no turning back now.

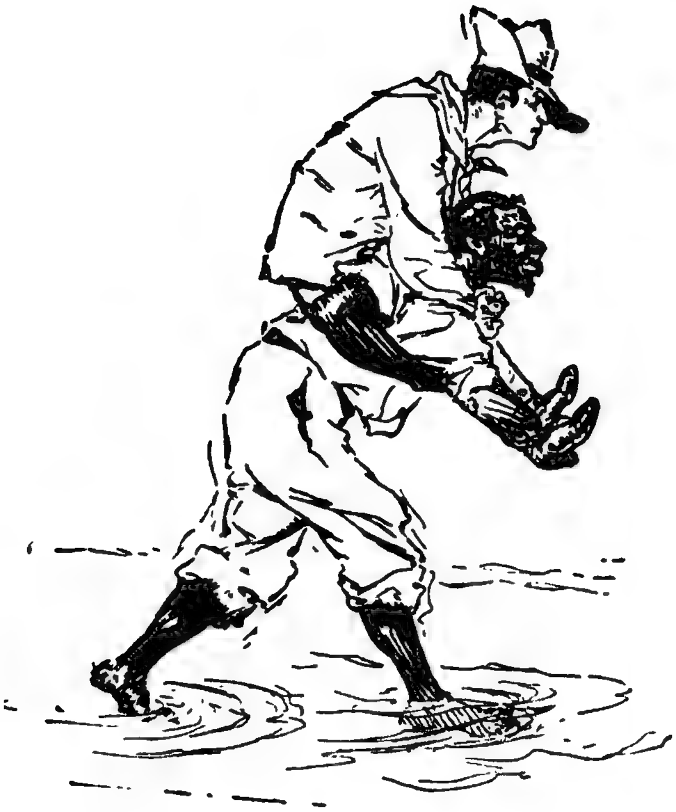
With the springing roan under him he felt little care or uneasiness. After a five-mile gallop he drew in to the plainsman's jogging trot, and rode northeastward toward the Nueces River bottoms. He knew the country well—its most tortuous and obscure trails through the great wilderness of brush and pear, and its camps and lonesome ranches where one might find safe entertainment. Always he bore to the east; for the Kid had never seen the ocean, and he had a fancy to lay his hand upon the mane of the great Gulf, the gamesome colt of the greater waters.

So after three days he stood on the shore at Corpus Christi, and looked out across the gentle ripples of a quiet sea.

Captain Boone, of the schooner Flyaway, stood near his skiff, which one of his crew was guarding in the surf. When ready to sail he had discovered that one of the necessaries of life, in the parallelogrammatic shape of plug tobacco, had been forgotten. A sailor had been despatched for the missing cargo.



"THINKIN' OF BUYIN' THAT 'AR GULF, BUDDY?"



"SO YOU WON'T GET YOUR FEET WET."

Meanwhile the captain paced the sands, chewing profanely at his pocket store.

A slim, wiry youth in high-heeled boots came down to the water's edge. His face was boyish but with a premature severity that hinted at a man's experience. His complexion was naturally dark; and the sun and wind of an outdoor life had burned it to a coffee brown. His hair was as black and straight as an Indian's; his face had not yet been upturned to the humiliation of a razor; his eyes were a cold and steady blue. He carried his left arm somewhat away from his body, for pearl-handled .45s are frowned upon by town marshals, and are a little bulky when packed in the left armhole of one's vest. He looked beyond Captain Boone at the gulf with the impersonal and expressionless dignity of a Chinese emperor.

"Thinkin' of buyin' that 'ar gulf, buddy?" asked the captain, made sarcastic by his narrow escape from a tobaccoless voyage.

"Why, no," said the Kid gently, "I reckon not. I never saw it before. I was just looking at it. Not thinking of selling it, are you?"

"Not this trip," said the captain. "I'll send it to you C. O. D. when I get back to Buenas Tierras. Here comes that capstan-footed lubber with the chewin'. I ought to've weighed anchor an hour ago."

"Is that your ship out there?" asked the Kid.

"Why, yes," answered the captain, "if you want to call a schooner a ship, and I don't mind lyin'. But you better say Miller and Gonzales, owners, and ordinary, plain, Billy-be-damned old Samuel K. Boone, skipper."

"Where are you going to?" asked the refugee.

"Buenas Tierras, coast of South America—I forget what they called the country the last time I was there. Cargo—lumber, corrugated iron, and machetes."

"What kind of a country is it?" asked the Kid—"hot or cold?"

"Warmish, buddy," said the captain. "But a regular Paradise Lost for elegance of scenery and be-yooty of geography. Ye're wakened every morning by the sweet singin' of red birds with seven purple tails, and the sighin' of breezes in the posies and roses. And the inhabitants never work, for they can reach out and pick steamer baskets of the choicest hothouse fruit without gettin' out of bed. And there's no Sunday and no ice and no rent and no troubles and no use and no nothin'. It's a great country for a man to go to sleep with, and wait for somethin' to turn up. The bananys and oranges and hurricanes and pineapples that ye eat comes from there."

"That sounds to me!" said the Kid, at last betraying interest. "What'll the expressage be to take me out there with you?"

"Twenty-four dollars," said Captain Boone; "grub and transportation. Second cabin. I haven't got a first cabin."

"You've got my company," said the Kid, pulling out a buckskin bag.

With three hundred dollars he had gone to Laredo for his regular "blowout." The duel in Valdo's had cut short his season of hilarity, but it had left him with nearly $200 for aid in the flight that it had made necessary.

"All right, buddy," said the captain. "I hope your ma won't blame me for this little childish escapade of yours." He beckoned to one of the boat's crew. "Let Sanchez lift you out to the skiff so you won't get your feet wet."

II

Thacker, the United States consul at Buenas Tierras, was not yet drunk. It was only eleven o'clock; and he never arrived at his desired state of beatitude—a state wherein he sang ancient maudlin vaudeville songs and pelted his screaming parrot with banana peels—until the middle of the afternoon. So, when he looked up from his hammock at the sound of a slight cough, and saw the Kid standing in the door of the consulate, he was still in a condition to extend the hospitality and courtesy due from the representative of a great nation.

"Don't disturb yourself," said the Kid easily. "I just dropped in. They told me it was customary to light at your camp before starting in to round up the town. I just came in on a ship from Texas."

"Glad to see you, Mr. ——," said the consul.

The Kid laughed.

"Sprague Dalton," he said. "It sounds funny to me to hear it. I'm called the Llano Kid in the Rio Grande country."

"I'm Thacker," said the consul. "Take that cane-bottom chair. Now if you've come to invest, you want somebody to advise you. These dingies will cheat you out of the gold in your teeth if you don't understand their ways. Try a cigar?"

"Much obliged," said the Kid, "but if it wasn't for my corn shucks and the little bag in my back pocket, I couldn't live a minute." He took out his "makings," and rolled a cigarette.

"They speak Spanish here," said the consul. "You'll need an interpreter. If there's anything I can do, why, I'd be delighted. If you're buying fruit lands or looking for a concession of any sort, you'll want somebody who knows the ropes to look out for you."

"I speak Spanish," said the Kid, "about nine times better than I do English. Everybody speaks it on the range where I come from. And I'm not in the market for anything."

"You speak Spanish?" said Thacker thoughtfully. He regarded the Kid absorbedly.

"You look like a Spaniard, too," he continued. "And you're from Texas. And you can't be more than twenty or twenty-one. I wonder if you've got any nerve."

"You got a deal of some kind to put through?" asked the Texan, with unexpected shrewdness.

"Are you open to a proposition?" said Thacker.

"What's the use to deny it?" said the Kid. "I got into a little gun frolic down in Laredo and plugged a white man. There wasn't any Mexican handy. And I come down to your parrot-and-monkey range just for to smell the morning-glories and marigolds. Now, do you *sabe?*"

Thacker got up and closed the door.

"Let me see your hand," he said.

He took the Kid's left hand, and examined the back of it closely.

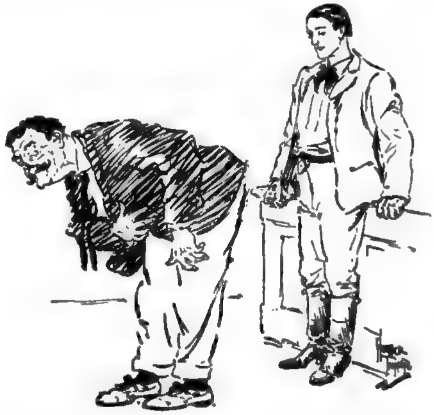
"I can do it," he said excitedly. "Your flesh is as hard as wood and as healthy as a baby's. It will heal in a week."

"If it's a fist fight you want to back me for," said the Kid, "don't put your money up yet. Make it gun work, and I'll keep you company. But no barehanded scrapping, like ladies at a tea-party, for me."

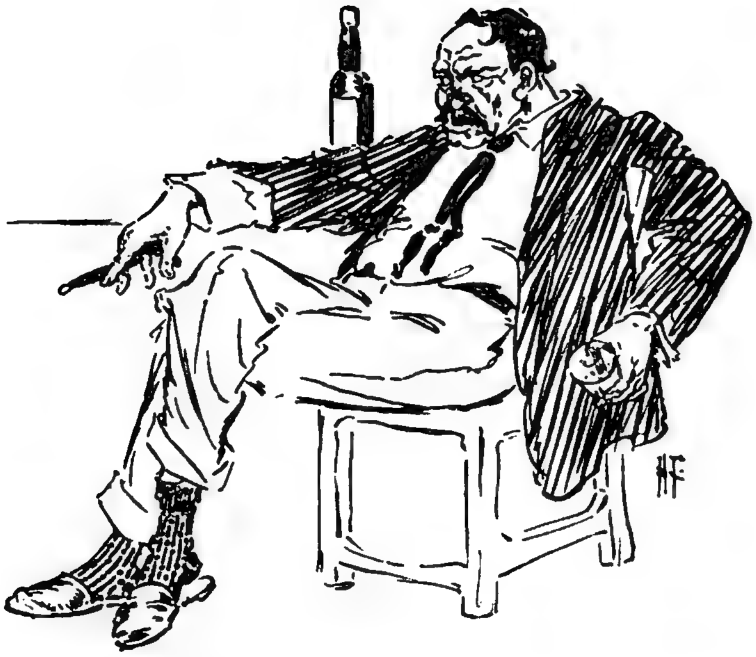
"It's easier than that," said Thacker. "Just step here, will you?"

Through the window he pointed to a two-story white-stuccoed house with wide galleries rising amid the deep green tropical foliage on a wooded hill that sloped gently from the sea.

"In that house," said Thacker, "a fine old Castilian gentleman and his wife are yearning



THACKER WITH HIS BEST DIPLOMATIC BOW.



"IT'S TIME YOU WERE MAKING GOOD, SONNY."

to gather you into their arms and fill your pockets with money. Old Santos Urique lives there. He owns half the gold-mines in the country."

"You haven't been eating loco weed, have you?" asked the Kid.

"Sit down again," said Thacker, "and I'll tell you. Twelve years ago they lost a kid. No, he didn't die—although most of 'em here do from drinking the surface water. He was a wild little devil, even if he wasn't but eight years old. Everybody knows about it. Some Americans who were through here prospecting for gold had letters to Señor Urique, and the boy was a favorite with them. They filled his head with big stories about the States; and about a month after they left, the kid disappeared, too. He was supposed to have stowed himself away among the banana bunches on a fruit steamer, and gone to New Orleans. He was seen once afterward in Texas, it was thought, but they never heard anything more of him. Old Urique has spent thousands of dollars having him looked for. The madam was broken up worst of all. The kid was her life. She wears mourning yet. But they say she believes he'll come back to her some day, and never gives up hope. On the back of the boy's left hand was tattooed a flying eagle carrying a spear in his claws. That's old Urique's coat of arms or something that he inherited in Spain."

The Kid raised his left hand slowly and gazed at it curiously.

"That's it," said Thacker, reaching behind the official desk for his bottle of smuggled brandy. "You're not so slow. I can do it. What was I consul at Sandakan for? I never knew till now. In a week I'll have the eagle bird with the frog-sticker blended in so you'd think you were born with it. I brought a set of the needles and ink just because I was sure you'd drop in some day, Mr. Dalton."

"Oh, hell," said the Kid. "I thought I told you."

"All right, 'Kid,' then. It won't be that long. How does Señorito Urique sound, for a change?"

"I never played son any that I remember of," said the Kid. "If I had any parents to mention they went over the divide about the time I gave my first bleat. What is the plan of your round-up?"

Thacker leaned back against the wall and held his glass up to the light.

"We've come now," said he, "to the question of how far you're willing to go in a little matter of the sort."

"I told you why I came down here," said the Kid simply.

"A good answer," said the consul. "But you won't have to go that far. Here's the scheme. After I get the trade-mark tattooed on your hand I'll notify old Urique. In the meantime I'll furnish you with all of the family history I can find out, so you can be studying up points to talk about. You've got the looks, you speak the Spanish, you know the facts, you can tell about Texas, you've got the tattoo mark. When I notify them that the rightful heir has returned and is waiting to know whether he will be received and pardoned, what will happen? They'll simply rush down here and fall on your neck, and the curtain goes down for refreshments and a stroll in the lobby."

"I'm waiting," said the Kid. "I haven't had my saddle off in your camp long, pardner, and I never met you before; but if you intend to let it go at a parental blessing, why, I'm mistaken in my man, that's all."

"Thanks," said the consul. "I haven't met anybody in a long time that keeps up with an argument as well as you do. The rest of it is simple. If they take you in only for a while it's long enough. Don't give 'em time to hunt up the strawberry mark on your left shoulder. Old Urique keeps anywhere from $50,000 to $100,000 in his house all the time in a little safe that you could open with a shoe buttoner. Get it. My skill as a tattooer is worth half the boodle. We go halves and catch a tramp steamer for Rio Janeiro. Let the United States go to pieces if it can't get along without my services. *Que dice, señor?*"

"It sounds to me!" said the Kid, nodding his head. "I'm out for the dust."

"All right, then," said Thacker. "You'll have to keep close until we get the bird on you. You can live in the back room here. I do my own cooking, and I'll make you as comfortable as a parsimonious Government will allow me."

Thacker had set the time at a week, but it was two weeks before the design that he patiently tattooed upon the Kid's hand was to his notion. And then Thacker called a *muchacho*, and despatched this note to the intended victim:

El Señor Don Santos Urique,
La Casa Blanca.

My Dear Sir: I beg permission to inform you that there is in my house as a temporary guest a young man who arrived in Buenas Tierras from the United States some days ago. Without wishing to excite any hopes that may not be realized, I think there is a possibility of his being your long-absent son. It might be well for you to call and see him. If he is, it is my opinion that his intention was to return to his home, but upon arriving here, his courage failed him from doubts as to how he would be received.

Your true servant,
Thompson Thacker.

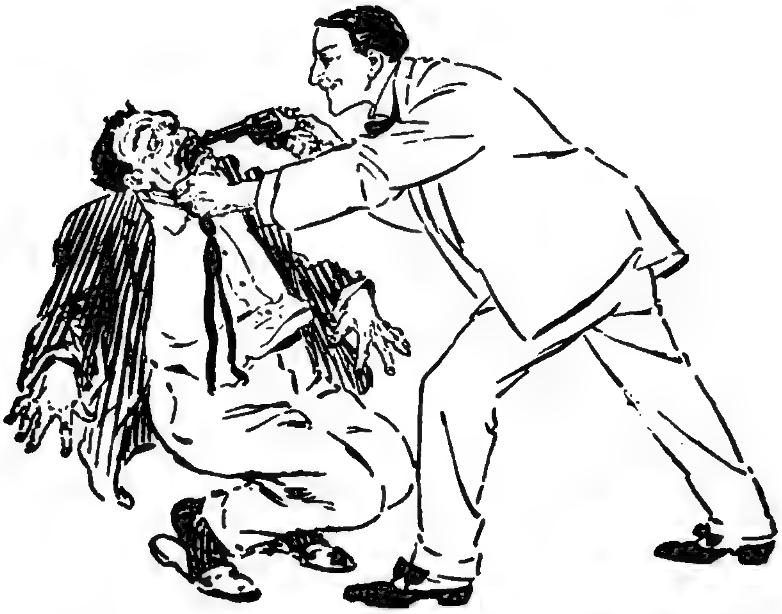
Half an hour afterward—quick time for Buenas Tierras — Señor Urique's ancient landau drove to the consul's door, with the barefooted coachman beating and shouting at the team of fat, awkward horses.

A tall man with a white mustache alighted, and assisted to the ground a lady who was dressed and veiled in unrelieved black.

The two hastened inside, and were met by Thacker with his best diplomatic bow. By his desk stood a slender young man with clear-cut, sun-browned features and smoothly brushed black hair.

Señora Urique threw back her heavy veil with a quick gesture. She was past middle age, and her hair was beginning to silver, but her full, proud figure and clear olive skin retained traces of the beauty peculiar to the Basque province. But, once you had seen her eyes, and comprehended the great sadness that was revealed in their deep shadows and hopeless expression, you saw that the woman lived only in some memory.

She bent upon the young man a long look of the most agonized questioning. Then her great black eyes turned, and her gaze rested upon his left hand. And then with a sob, not loud, but seeming to shake the room, she cried "*Hijo mio!*" and caught the Llano Kid to her heart.



"NOW, WHAT IS MY NAME?"

III

A MONTH afterward the Kid came to the consulate in response to a message sent by Thacker.

He looked the young Spanish *caballero*. His clothes were imported, and the wiles of the jewelers had not been spent upon him in vain. A more than respectable diamond shone on his finger as he rolled a shuck cigarette.

"What's doing?" asked Thacker.

"Nothing much," said the Kid calmly. "I eat my first iguana steak to-day. They're them big lizards, you *sabe?* I reckon, though, that frijoles and side bacon would do me about as well. Do you care for iguanas, Thacker?"

"No, nor for some other kinds of reptiles," said Thacker.

It was three in the afternoon, and in another hour he would be in his state of beatitude.

"It's time you were making good, sonny," he went on, with an ugly look on his reddened face. "You're not playing up to me square. You've been the prodigal son for four weeks now, and you could have had veal for every meal on a gold dish if you'd wanted it. Now, Mr. Kid, do you think it's right to leave me out so long on a husk diet? What's the trouble? Don't you get your filial eyes on anything that looks like cash in the Casa Blanca? Don't tell me you don't. Everybody knows where old Urique keeps his stuff. It's U. S. currency, too; he don't accept anything else. What's doing? Don't say 'nothing' this time."

"Why, sure," said the Kid, admiring his diamond, "there's plenty of money up there. I'm no judge of collateral in bunches, but I will undertake for to say that I've seen the rise of $50,000 at a time in that tin grub box that my adopted father calls his safe. And he lets me carry the key sometimes just to show me that he knows I'm the real little Francisco that strayed from the herd a long time ago."

"Well, what are you waiting for?" asked Thacker angrily. "Don't you forget that I can upset your apple cart any day I want to. If old Urique knew you were an impostor, what sort of things would happen to you? Oh, you don't know this country, Mr. Texas Kid. The laws here have got mustard spread between 'em. These people here'd stretch you out like a frog that had been stepped on, and give you about fifty sticks at every corner of the plaza. And they'd wear every stick out, too. What was left of you they'd feed to alligators."

"I might as well tell you now, pardner," said the Kid, sliding down low on his steamer chair, "that things are going to stay just as they are. They're about right now."

"What do you mean?" asked Thacker, rattling the bottom of his glass on his desk.

"The scheme's off," said the Kid. "And whenever you have the pleasure of speaking to me address me as Don Francisco Urique. I'll guarantee I'll answer to it. We'll let Colonel Urique keep his money. His little tin safe is as good as the time-locker in the First National Bank of Laredo as far as you and me are concerned."

"You're going to throw me down, then, are you?" said the consul.

"Sure," said the Kid cheerfully. "Throw you down. That's it. And now I'll tell you why. The first night I was up at the colonel's house they introduced me to a bedroom. No blankets on the floor—a real room, with a bed and things in it. And before I was asleep, in comes this artificial mother of mine and tucks in the covers. 'Panchito,' she says, 'my little lost one, God has brought you back to me. I bless his name forever.' It was that, or some truck like that, she said. And down comes a drop or two of rain and hits me on the nose. And all that stuck by me, Mr. Thacker. And it's been that way ever since. And it's got to stay that way. Don't you think that it's for what's in it for me, either, that I say so. If you have any such ideas, keep 'em to yourself. I haven't had much truck with women in my life, and no mothers to speak of, but here's a lady that we've got to keep fooled. Once she stood it; twice she won't. I'm a low-down wolf, and the devil may have sent me on this trail instead of God, but I'll travel it to the end. And now, don't forget that I'm Don Francisco Urique whenever you happen to mention my name."

"I'll expose you to-day, you—you double-dyed traitor," stammered Thacker.

The Kid arose and, without violence, took Thacker by the throat with a hand of steel, and shoved him slowly into a corner. Then he drew from under his left arm his pearl-handled .45 and poked the cold muzzle of it against the consul's mouth.

"I told you why I come here," he said, with his old freezing smile. "If I leave here, you'll be the reason. Never forget it, pardner. Now, what is my name?"

"Er—Don Francisco Urique," gasped Thacker.

From outside came a sound of wheels, and the shouting of some one, and the sharp thwacks of a wooden whip-stock upon the backs of fat horses.

The Kid put up his gun, and walked toward the door. But he turned again and came back to the trembling Thacker, and held up his left hand with its back toward the consul.

"There's one more reason," he said slowly, "why things have got to stand as they are. The fellow I killed in Laredo had one of them same pictures on his left hand."

Outside, the ancient landau of Don Santos Urique rattled to the door. The coachman ceased his bellowing. Señora Urique, in a voluminous gay gown of white lace and flying ribbons, leaned forward with a happy look in her great soft eyes.

"Are you within, dear son?" she called, in the rippling Castilian.

"*Madre mio, yo vengo* [mother, I come]," answered the young Don Francisco Urique.

The Ends of the Earth

By FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

OH, lift your feet and follow away
To the bounds of the dark and the ends of the day!
Heigho! heigho! the Red Winds blow,
And a flame of a leaf down the road doth go:
A coal, a spark, that dances away
Luring and leading you out of the day—
To the hill that's black and the sky that's red,
And a great white star set low overhead,
And a little white moon like a twisted thread
Athrill in the web of the well-wrought red.

Oh, lift your feet and follow away!
The Red Winds over your shoulder say:
"The Ends of the Earth lie far—lie far,
But close as the hill to the great white star;
The Ends of the Earth are fair to find,
So red with sunset and keen with wind;
And the spark of a leaf flees fast before,
Blowing across the world's wide floor,
Red, red, red,—oh, a sharp-blown fire!
And luring you on like your heart's desire!
Oh, lift your feet and follow away
To the bounds of the dark and the ends of the day:
Red, red, red as a flame are they!"

Heigho! heigho! The Red Winds blow,
And the rush of a race to your feet doth go,
And over the hill and into the sky
You must follow and follow the chasing cry—
Follow the spark to the still white star,
To the Ends of the Earth,—oh, far, so far!
At the bounds of the dark and the ends of the day!
Oh, lift your feet and follow away!

Frenzied Finance

The Story of AMALGAMATED

By THOMAS W. LAWSON, of Boston

PART III

Editor's Note. — A sensational instalment covering the assassination of President McKinley and the crowning catastrophe of Amalgamated's career—the cutting of the dividend. How the author gained millions by the Northern Pacific crash, and subsequently dropped them in Amalgamated; how "Standard Oil," knowing that the President must die, disposed of its stock holdings and sold the market "short"; how the expected smash was averted by the power of J. Pierpont Morgan, and how in place of a panic there ensued a bull market, are most graphically set forth. How "Standard Oil" precipitated the decline it needed by scuttling "Coppers" the day after the President's funeral; the terrible slump in Amalgamated that then set in, and the ruin and dismay that followed, form the climax of a great story.

CHAPTER XXV

THE "INDEPENDENCE" EPISODE

THE collision of cyclopean antagonisms that precipitated the Northern Pacific corner was fully described in my last instalment. Therein I told how organized greed attacked entrenched rapacity and how the whole financial world shook when the opposing forces grappled. May 9, 1901, has passed into history. I was not among those whom the crash in values disabled. The wild plunging of the frenzied financiers had convinced me months before that they were riding for a fall. When or where the smash would occur I had no means of telling. I only knew it was inevitable. I was as certain of that impending disaster as I am to-day that this thoroughly artificial bull market of October, 1905, is destined to collapse with some such fierce explosion as demolished the price structure of that period.

Acting on this conclusion, I had disposed of all my stocks but Amalgamated and other Coppers, and had gone "short" of almost the entire New York list to an aggregate of 350,000 shares—probably the largest hand ever played by an individual operator on the short side of the market. My forebodings, it is true, were considerably in advance of events, for before the break occurred my accounts showed me nearly three millions of dollars a loser. That is, I had been steadily selling on the advance, and the balance against me, should I have had to cover, say May 5th, would have been this immense sum. All interested in stocks will remember that my public advice was much commented on at the time, as I was unqualifiedly recommending the purchase of Amalgamated, while as strongly advising the sale of railroads, industrials, and other shares on the New York Stock Exchange list. For four long months I was the only bear in the Wall Street jungle, and many the laugh I got from the speculators and the financial press as they derisively contrasted my prophecies with the ascending prices. On the day of the panic, however, my judgment was vindicated, and my tremendous purchases—for I not only covered (bought in) my 350,000 shares of "shorts," but went long many shares in addition—helped to stay the flood, restore confidence, and turn the market. If I could have covered at the lowest prices, my profits would have been about seven millions of dollars, but the confusion that reigns at such a period invariably prevents the full reaping of one's harvest. However, I realized millions of dollars—after subtracting what I was out on the drop in Amalgamated, in which my holdings were tremendous. What others made that dreadful day I did not try to find out, but Mr. Rogers and other "Standard Oil" men's profits growing out of the Northern Pacific corner were enormous.

Those who ride to fortune on the Financial Juggernaut never look back over the maimed and bleeding bodies that strew its cruel course. Ahead are new victims waiting to throw themselves beneath the never-pausing wheels. After a massacre Wall Street's corpses are cast into the river and sand is strewn to conceal the blood-stains. The injured slink into holes and nurse their wounds in secret. Wall Street never publishes lists of its dead and wounded. Regrets, in its philosophy, are as futile as burned matches. Besides, such details discourage speculation. Let the band play, whoever is hurt. Who cares for yesterday when to-morrow's ahead! Of all aspects of frenzied finance, this brute insensibility to failure and collapse, this greed for the new victims, is the worst. It was only a few days till the old Juggernaut, after the crash of May 9th, resumed its interrupted death course along the dollar highway, and the sun shone and the birds sang and the fools prostrated themselves in the dust before its conquering wheels, just as though the North River were not at that very moment glutted with its victims.

Through the summer of 1901 fortune beamed most graciously upon our affairs. The second section of Amalgamated had drawn out under splendid headway, and all those who had invested their savings in Butte & Boston and Boston & Montana, now part of the consolidation, rejoiced in the prosperity that had finally matured for them. The good things in hand, I had promised them, were but the earnest of better things in store, and as I spoke by the card, there seemed no possible reason to doubt either the stability of our enterprise or the brilliancy of its prospects. I was then looking forward to an announcement of great moment to Amalgamated and to myself—for Mr. Rogers had confided to me the important secret that at the September meeting of directors the dividend would be increased. From the start, Amalgamated had paid eight per cent per annum. The enormous earnings of the combined mines were much greater than eight per cent at the price for copper then ruling, seventeen cents, and Mr. Rogers when showing me the figures assured me that this price was based on legitimate supply and demand, and could not possibly decline. I had verification of this secret, in the shape of a carefully prepared expert report on the resources of the Montana and Butte mines, showing that they alone had $80,000,000 worth of ore blocked out, from which, independent of the great Anaconda and other properties, dividends of ten per cent could be paid annually. Thus equipped, I proceeded to beat the merits of our properties on advertising tom-toms in all the financial centers of the world, and bought the stock continuously for my friends and myself.

There was more than Amalgamated, however, to make demands on my time, that eventful summer, for I had caught my foot in an affair that presently engaged most of my attention, and in addition to causing me infinite trouble and mortification, set the yachting world by the ears. The international cup races were on. Sir Thomas Lipton was to come again to America to wrest, if possible, the great emblem of international supremacy from American sportsmen. It is not my intention or desire to exhume dead issues here, for I have already covered all phases of this much-discussed controversy in my book, "The Lawson History of the America's Cup." I will merely turn over the corner of one page enough to show that section of the dollar machine that attends to the social phase of business complication.

For years the New York Yacht Club, largely composed of financiers of the mushroom variety, had arrogated to itself the sole right to speak for all America in defense of the international trophy. Its members had grown insolent to a beggar-on-horseback degree, and by way of forcing all who went about on the waters in ships to recognize their cap-and-bells staff of royalty, decreed that no American not a member of its body should be privileged to participate in the contest.

The sportsmen of Boston, the mother town of yachting, which, in days before frenzied finance had a throne, had successfully defended the cup, decided it was just and proper that our town should be represented on this occasion. Building a cup defender is a big undertaking measured from a dollar standpoint, for it costs some $300,000 to get into the game. Our townsmen tried to raise the money, but did not succeed, and were almost in despair when I succumbed to their entreaties and agreed to furnish and race the defender.

My readers will not have forgotten the difficulties that arose in connection with a previous yacht-club episode during the height of the Bay State Gas fight. The embers of the enmities kindled in connection with my feud with Henry M. Whitney still glowed and at this juncture again burst into flame. The Independence was so far under way that it was impossible to stop when the first intimation of impending trouble was brought to me. I was told that I must join the New York Yacht Club on their stipulated terms or turn my boat over to that organization to race in its own way. The terms were that I must cease my war on Whitney. I opportunely bethought me right there of Mr. Rogers's pet phrase of "I'll see you in, etc.," I passed it over as an answer, and the war was on. After that I was compelled to devote every minute I could pinch out of my time to what was now the important business of steering and sailing the Independence—important because the whole world had taken sides for or against my contention that the frenzied financiers of yachting were not greater than the millions who were outside the pale of their magic world.

Thus it went through June, July, and August, yachting fights and copper bouquets, yachting bouquets and stock-market fights.

On the first of September the yachting contest was over, and the Independence was no more. I had sent her to the scrap heap, and had entered upon my memory's ledger on the debit side an expenditure of some $300,000, and to balance it on the credit side I will quote the conclusion of my "History of the America's Cup":

> "In presenting, as part of the record of international yachting contained in this work, my position in the important event in the America's cup history known as the 'Independence episode,' I can but say:
>
> "The Independence was built for the sole purpose of engaging in a sport supposed by all to be free to all; for the sole purpose of bettering that sport, and thus benefiting all who had its welfare at heart. It brought to those who had created it little of pleasure, and much of labor and pain; but when the Independence was no more, and the 'Independence episode' had passed into the keeping of history, whose white light brings into relief the work of all, those responsible, even in the smallest measure, for a part in her creation and her short existence, felt they could truthfully say, and that history would bear them out:
>
> "Many fallacies were dispelled, which but for the 'Independence episode' would still appear as truths. Many truths long hidden from the wholesome air of open dealing, concealed in unknown cellars dug beneath the fair structure of the sport of yachting by men whose methods were not fellows of daylight and the sun, were given new life and brought once more to public view by the 'Independence episode.'
>
> "The sport of yachting, international yachting. American yachting in particular, is better because the creation of the Independence compelled the 'Independence episode.'"

CHAPTER XXVI

A SACRILEGIOUS PLOT

I HAD promised my family, who, on board my steam yacht, the Dreamer, had followed the Independence through all her vicissitudes upon the various racing waters, that I would point the Dreamer's nose for the lovely havens of the Maine coast where the beauty of God's nobler works helps one to forget man and his meannesses; and I had solemnly agreed that in no circumstances would I leave her white and even decks for Dollardom until the autumn leaves had traced the edict of oncoming winter in golden letters upon the forest-covered hills of the Pine Tree State.

Just at sunset, on one of the loveliest days that Father Time ever dealt out to Mother Earth on Friday, September 6th, I dropped the Dreamer's anchor after a two days' run to the eastward in the exquisite little harbor of Deer Isle, Maine. The chains had hardly ceased their rattle when the harbor master boarded us with a lot of telegrams and I knew the awful news: President McKinley had been assassinated. I was ashore in a flash and at the end of a wire. There was tremendous excitement in Wall and State Streets. Terrific consequences were apprehended. From New York I learned that Mr. Rogers was, like myself, sailing the seas in his superb steamer, the Kanawha. I lost no time in communicating with him. His message was characteristically laconic:

"There is only one place for any man with market interests, and that New York. I am pointed straight for there, and you should be in State Street as quick as the Dreamer can take you."

I replied:

"I have promised the family, who have had a miserable summer of it, a cruise, and no prospective stock-market troubles, however terrific, are going to make me disappoint them."

In Fate's scales a hair may outweigh all the claims of industrious years and honorable achievement. It is not always the great things we do nor the big things we leave undone that determine our allotment of happiness or misery. However strong, no man may with impunity neglect the straws that point the wind's course. He is a rash mariner who hoists topsails while the glass falls.

On the Monday morning following the assassination, bright and early, Henry H. Rogers was on deck in Wall Street. At the same moment from under a snowy awning on the Dreamer I was gazing upon one of the loveliest spots in the world. The Master of "Standard Oil" attended to business. I forgot business in pleasure. I paid toll. He collected it. I sailed the days away upon the greenish-blue waters of the ocean, and at nights lingered within the shelter of the pleasantest little harbors imaginable. The merry laughter of the children playing upon the Dreamer's deck blended with the swish-swash of the waters as we throbbed through placid summer seas, and as I listened I forgot Wall Street and all High Dollardom. At nights when the "lap, lap, lap" of the waves played hide-and-seek with the dreams that stole in through the forward ports of my cabin, thoughts of the panic that must surely follow our President's death brought only the kind of terrors one knows when, nestled in the big chair in front of the blaze surrounded by the loved ones, one listens to a sweet, low voice reading of the horrors of shipwreck while the wind outside howls wildly and ominously.

Thus that eventful week passed. We were never so far at sea as to be out of touch with the shore, and from each day's budget of letters, telegrams, and newspapers, I gleaned satisfying assurances. In innumerable ways these mediums repeated: "The assassin failed in his foul design; our President is recovering." The world was going well enough, it seemed, then why worry, with the sky so clear and the wind so fair? Yet, as I paced the Dreamer's sunny decks, idly following the play of ripples and foam-crystals on the lovely stretch of sun-painted waters, vagrant doubts, like ghosts with uplifted, warning fingers, kept wandering into my consciousness. Might there not be deviltry at work somewhere? What were they really doing in the haunts of frenzied finance? Perhaps the price of my heavenly days afloat might be an after life of poverty. I had stock enough on hand, principally Amalgamated, to break me twice over if the President should die and the panic which that fatality must precipitate should break loose in the market. Looking back to that halcyon time, I do not remember that these stray misgivings cost me more than a passing shiver. My financial obligations, I well knew, called me back to business; my place was in the conning-tower on State Street. But how delicious was the interval of rest after prostrating labors; how grateful the bosom of the sea and the society of my loved ones after the strenuous vicissitudes so recently passed through! And there was my promise.

The blow fell soon enough. Friday evening, at dusk, we anchored in Stave Harbor, opposite Bar Harbor, and were sitting down to dinner when a telegram was handed me. As I write, the scene arises before my mind—the yacht ablaze with lights, the one live thing in the midst of the dark and silent waters. Around were dim, shadowy headlands framing the picture. Twenty of us were at the board—a merry party whose gay laughter banished all thoughts of care. It was the culmination of a day of frolic and ozone—one of the happiest in all my life—and freely I would have sworn that nothing connected with money could ever again disturb me. I was mistaken.

That bit of lemon-yellow paper, with its black tracings, which had come across the bay from the telegraph office at Bar Harbor, was as potent as the black drops which it is said his Satanic Majesty distils for critical occasions. The message that made my hair stand on end told that the President would die between then and Sunday, 16th; that "Standard Oil" had known all the week and had spread stories to the contrary while they sold the entire market "short"; that a frightful smash was inevitable, and earnestly it admonished me to be close to the guns next day."

I said not a word until our meal was over. Then we had a family consultation, and soon afterward I told my captain to turn the Dreamer's prow south. We made Rockland early next day, and that Saturday evening we arrived in Boston.

CHAPTER XXVII

MORGAN FOILS "STANDARD OIL'S" PLOT

THE Sabbath that followed, I regret to say, was certainly not kept holy by those of the financial marine who had craft on the dollar seas. The morrow's storm seemed sure and there was a general trimming of ships and shortening of sail. In my office on State Street I gathered from my associates and lieutenants the elements of the situation and scanned the danger-signals carefully for hints of the coming disaster. All indications were ominous of serious trouble, but bad as they seemed, the underlying facts were worse. I learned afterward—to run a bit ahead of my story—that this was the condition that actually confronted us:

A few hours after the assassin's bullet had struck the President, the masters of "Standard Oil," grasping the dangers as well as the possibilities of the tragedy, took prompt measures to mold events to their advantage. They had quickly concluded that a panic must follow the death of McKinley and that the prices of securities would drop with a crash. To dispose of the stocks they had on hand was the first essential step; the next, to sell the market "short" so as to make the disaster yield a tribute of gold. To execute these moves it was necessary to restore stability temporarily, so that the market could be put into condition to absorb the millions of securities that must be sold before the inevitable crash occurred. At once the superb machinery of the great institution was put in motion. Its most distinguished emissaries were stationed round the fatally wounded President. These had their instructions—to be optimistic; to see that no unfavorable news got out of the invalid's chamber; to make the world believe that recovery was possible—even certain. In the meantime the financial kings would take advantage of the respite.

How could "Standard Oil" get control of the person of the President? I hear my readers ask incredulously. I showed you last month that Mr. Rogers was able to exhibit to Senator Clark the signatures of a majority of the United States Senate pledged to unseat him. In comparison with that demonstration of power this was simple. Are not the great lawyers and business men of the country, the men who are selected for Cabinet positions, often retainers and employees of "Standard Oil"? Or they are likely to have interests in common with that great organization which compel them to take orders from its leaders. What more simple and proper than that such men should have been optimistic in this situation? And that is all Mr. Rogers and his fellow plotters required.

How eminently successful the conspiracy was, all who recall the incidents connected with the tragedy will remember. The President was shot on Friday, September 6th. By the following Monday the news was on the way to the four corners of earth, "President McKinley is better; he will recover." Each day, almost right up to the death gasp, bulletins from the carefully guarded house in Buffalo told of improvement; so that during that memorable week the stock-market recovered and became almost buoyant, while all the time stocks and bonds to untold values issued from some mysterious source and were exchanged for the people's money.

My readers may well gasp at the brutal callousness of the plot I have outlined. They may well shudder at the ghoulish greed that would turn a national calamity into a gold harvest. But what is there incompatible with the spirit of frenzied finance in such hideous thrift? Do not our philanthropic insurance presidents risk the savings of widows and orphans in stock speculation? Do they not divert the revenues of a kingdom into their own and their relatives' pockets? Have not patriotic packers supplied our soldiers with embalmed beef? Have not certain eminent merchants made millions out of shoddy uniforms and paper boots for our armies in the field? In the despotism of dollars greed is the ruling motive; loyalty, generosity, any sentiment of friendship or of pity are fatuous extravagances that interfere with progress.

Had I recognized that Sunday that the dollar fiends of lower Broadway had again hoodwinked the people and Wall Street, and got themselves into the sheltered nooks of dry land where the wind and the water of the coming gales could not touch them—safe, sheltered nooks whence they could sally forth after the gale had passed and gather the choicest pickings from the wreckage, I should have had a clearer foreknowledge of near-to-coming events. As it was, I saw only the black picture of the panic, for I had many ships on the seas, and my interest in the great Amalgamated craft alone was big enough to send me to the poorhouse if she perchance struck the rocks too hard.

The market had closed the week with prices slumping, and all expected it would open Monday away down. As I canvassed the situation, I founded my hope of safety on the assumption that the great market-makers of 26 Broadway, in spite of their elaborate trickeries, had been caught with all the rest, and would be found in the front ranks of the strugglers against disaster; and I knew that if they were once in that position the catastrophe might soon be over. I had stood on the edge of a parallel crisis when President Garfield died, and I knew it was a million to one that the market on Monday would be in a panic.

That eventful Monday morning dawned at last, and with nerves at high pitch I awaited the sounding of the Exchange gong. Imagine my surprise and relief when the market opened strong. Instead of a crash, prices remained normal, and the day passed without incident. It soon became known that J. Pierpont Morgan had, by sheer financial strength, averted the panic, and, though I knew nothing of it at the moment, had won a great victory over the "Standard Oil" branch of the "System," to whose interest the panic would have been. In fact, "Standard Oil" had for once fallen into its own trap.

J. Pierpont Morgan was then at the height of his great career. For two years previous he had been steadily ascending until now he figured as the world's financial leader. It is a question if he was not at this time bigger than "Standard Oil," for his greatest achievements were then fresh in the public mind and his own and his followers' commitments ran into billions. Let us regard this Colossus whose giant power had averted the threatened catastrophe. Though so great a factor in frenzied finance, Morgan's methods are not comparable with those of the Rogerses, Rockefellers, and their ilk. He is potent and domineering, silent and proud. He schemes on the largest scale and puts through his projects with a ponderous force that defies opposition. Less intellectually able, perhaps, than Henry H. Rogers, Morgan has few equals in combative skill, though the craft he uses is of a kind seldom met in Wall Street. His success is the result of his openness, his boldness, his magnificent contempt for consequences. It is the method of the Western desperado who, relying on his personal prowess and his deadly revolver, dares his rivals and the law to interfere with his concerns.

Above all, J. Pierpont Morgan differs from the Rogerses and Rockefellers in being absolutely honest according to his code. He is on the road, but he allows no one to remain ignorant of his intentions. The public exists to accumulate millions for him to seize, but he meets his quarry in the open. He never hides behind a rock nor fires from the shelter of a tree. To his associates he is true as steel. He never breaks his word or his engagements. Thus he has a hundred friends who would lay down their fortunes, perhaps their lives, for him. "Standard Oil," on the contrary, is faithless. Mr. Rogers and Mr. Rockefeller have no fine sense of honor or obligation to their associates in a business deal. They divide only the visible profits. All services are appraised to a cent. Their liberality is an investment; their generosity a speculation. In all the world they have no friends, only accomplices. When Morgan organizes a buccaneering cruise his crew know the nature of the voyage. The flag is in plain view of all. Those whose barks he sights on the high seas may regret meeting him as much as though he were Rockefeller or any of the Jolly Rogers clan—but he bears down upon them under no false colors. To those who enlist under the Morgan pennant he is a prince among leaders. He will never send any one where he himself is not willing to go; all plunder is fairly shared; and if the brig goes down it will be with flag flying and the captain himself at the rail nearest the enemy. While many of Morgan's fleet have been sunk, he has never scuttled a ship. "Standard Oil," as the world knows, invariably takes to the boats whenever there is money in it. Morgan's fifteenth-century prototype, to change the figure, contended in the English tournaments with mace and two-handed sword, his lady's scarf in his helmet; Rockefeller's medieval predecessor fought in the Latin countries with poison-tipped dagger.

For several years previous to 1901 "Standard Oil" was, as it is now, bitterly jealous of Morgan. The hatred was reciprocated. Both were too wise to broil in the market-place, though now and then, as in the Northern Pacific affair, they clashed in the open. "Standard Oil" was more powerful in money, Morgan much stronger in loyal followers, yet there were few men in frenzied finance on September 14th who would have thought Morgan's chances against "Standard Oil" in an earnest market contest better than one in one hundred. Before that Monday's Stock Exchange closed, it was evident that Morgan's strength had been underestimated by all, including "Standard Oil." That day it was made plain that the financial world had full faith in his ability to carry the market over the crisis, and that night word went to the uttermost corners of the financial world, "There will be no panic; the great American bull market will go on because J. Pierpont Morgan has decreed that it shall continue."

"Standard Oil" made no sign of opposition to the unexpected turn of affairs. How bitter was its disappointment, how terrible its rage, no one but the little circle round Mr. Rogers and Mr. Rockefeller dreamed. The lengths these men would go in their fury, no one guessed, for only their few associates knew of the tremendous stake they were playing for. If prices advanced they stood to lose millions. Prices must not advance.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE ASSASSINATION OF AMALGAMATED

THE directors' meeting at which the Amalgamated dividend was to be increased was to be held on Friday of that week, and I sent the word up and down the embarking line to my friends, my followers, and the public that now that the bad results from the death of the President had been averted, they should get aboard quick. A furious buying began. I personally bought enormous quantities for myself and for others up to Friday forenoon. There was but one suspicious circumstance—an enormous, steady selling from sources which at first I could not trace, but which finally after close investigation I positively located in close associates of Rogers and Rockefeller, and even in the directors of the Amalgamated Company itself. Ordinarily I would have scented treachery, but in this case Rogers accounted for it by saying that no one outside of Lewisohn and myself knew of the contemplated action on the dividend, but that on the contrary he had given hints to many of their friends that they had best take their large profits; this to enable him to secure the stock at low prices. This seemed reasonable, particularly as I found that the old Boston crowd, whom Rogers, I knew, cordially hated, and who had very large amounts of Amalgamated taken in exchange for Montana and Butte stock, were getting rid of their holdings.

During Friday forenoon the tremendous selling of the stock and the practically certain source of it made me so uneasy that I did something very unusual. I called Mr. Rogers up on the telephone for a last assurance. It takes nerve for any man to ask Henry H. Rogers in cold blood if he contemplates treachery in a matter where he has flat-footedly pledged his word, but my position was a desperate one, and I bearded the tiger in his lair. It was exactly seventeen minutes past one, Friday, when I heard his voice. I can never forget the smallest details of that interview.

"Mr. Rogers," I said, "I called you up to ask a question I know may make you angry, but I am obliged to."

"Go ahead, Lawson," he said.

"I have been buying steadily for a long time past. During the last few weeks I have gone on record so unmistakably that thousands have been led into loading up also. I have been assured by you that I am making no mistake. Yet the selling to-day means, if it means anything, that those who are very close to you feel as confident that Amalgamated is a sale as I do that it is a buy. Now, it cannot possibly be a sale unless something very different from what I expect is going to happen at the meeting this afternoon. There is yet an hour or two left in which to adjust things, and I want to say to you that if, for any reason, things should go contrary to the program laid out to me, the result will be terrible. I alone have stock enough on hand to cause a most disastrous panic. It is impossible for me to conceive of any slip-up, but I simply could not go on until that meeting without having your word again that everything is all right."

As I have shown in other parts of my story, Mr. Rogers had tricked me many times, but in this instance I was sure I could rely upon anything he said. I could see no reason for his choosing the return to an earlier hell rather than the present joyful condition of affairs. Even to the understanding of an office-boy it seemed evident that if Amalgamated again fell into disrepute, it would probably never again be reinstated. But, stronger reason than any of these, I did not believe it possible for Mr. Rogers, or any living man, to do another the kind of wrong that deception at this point would do me—yes, to confess to a vanity, I did not believe he would dare, aware as he was that my losses would be in such a case (as they subsequently proved) greater than any one man ever suffered because of the act of another.

"Lawson," said Mr. Rogers, after he had heard me through, and his voice was as kindly and rung as true as ever man's did, "listen and weigh carefully what I say, for the telephone is not the best place for this kind of talk. I know how you stand; I know what you have been working for; I think I know what disappointment would mean to you; I believe you know my feelings for you; and I say, after taking all these facts into consideration, I am only sorry you have not twice as many shares as you have."

Did any of my readers ever get lost in a fog out at sea? It is a terrible experience. You have to go it blind, depending only on the compass. In that seaman's prayer-book you have sufficient faith, and yet, as you suddenly hear dead ahead the roll and break of the waves upon the rocks, while past your bow shoot wild spurts of foam, you cannot help but hold your breath, with "Perhaps it's out of true this time." Any who have felt this peculiar terror will recall their tremendous relief when, out of the fog, they sailed into clear harbor, and realized that the mariner's friend had proved trustworthy. Such was my feeling as Mr. Rogers's answer reached me across the wire.

"Don't say another word, Mr. Rogers—you have told me all I wanted to find out. I will buy up to gong strike." And I did. I gave orders to my brokers to buy, buy, buy.

Then, such was the absolute faith that I had in Mr. Rogers and the situation, and that friends of mine had in me, we hurried, those friends and I, out to the race-track to witness the match race between my hitherto unbeaten horse, Boralma, and the great Lord Derby—hurried away without waiting for stock-exchange close or news of the directors' action. Oh, but that Friday was a black day to me! I sat in the box at the Readville track, with one of the largest permanent holders of Amalgamated (who had, on my advice, largely increased his holdings over the declaration of the dividend), and I watched the great Boralma, the hero of twelve consecutive victories against the pick of all America, go down in overwhelming defeat. God knows it was a sore blow, but fortune had an even heavier buffet in reserve. At that period of the race when hope was leaving me, I was handed a telegram. I read and reread it. I seemed incapable of comprehending its contents. There was some mistake; it could not be, I assured myself.

The telegram read:

> Amalgamated directors cut dividends to six per cent.

My calculations, based on Mr. Rogers's pledge, had been that the dividend would be on the new basis of ten per cent.

I had to stay at Readville and comfort my four-footed friend until he lost his third straight heat, and so got no further news until I arrived back in town late that evening. Then I knew that it was true. I had received the knife under both shoulder-blades.

What occurred that day was never seen before or since in any market, as Wall and State Streets will agree. Invariably, in the stock-market, moving things, though themselves invisible, cast shadows which the tape readers can see more or less clearly. The reason is obvious. When a man who makes markets decides on a financial course that he knows will affect general values he overcautiously expresses his ulterior intention by trivial actions that betray him to his office, his brokers, their bookkeepers and stenographers. These, in their turn, pass the word along to cousins, uncles, and fathers-in-law, and there you are. Particularly does the close-kept secret leak as the hour approaches for it to be sprung on the public. Thus it is that the old-timer will tell you: "Hanged if I can make it out, but for sure the tape is telling some kind of yarn that would be worth a million if only one could catch the meaning correctly."

Never has the dividend of an active stock been increased but the stock went up before the act; never before had one been cut but the tape prophesied it by quoting a drop before the actual mutilation took place. This time we were all fooled. As I bitterly told Mr. Rogers, never had a man's reputation for fair dealing been so highly complimented as was his that Friday afternoon, for the stock, as the closing hour of the Exchange drew near, actually rose, and continued to rise until the gong sounded. So sure were the buyers that they positively fought to secure the last share possible.

This action of the stock meant that the men to whom Rogers had pledged his word had more than enough faith to smother the army who, as subsequently developed, actually knew of the coming blow. I learned afterward that Leonard Lewisohn had banked as strongly on Rogers's pledge as I did, and that he and his English and German followers dropped millions. Like myself, Lewisohn lost that which is so much dearer than money, reputation.

It is a terrifying position to find oneself, after the Stock Exchange has closed, loaded with a stock doomed to slaughter on the morrow—terrifying even under ordinary conditions when one can at least obtain consolation from similar unfortunates; but my case on that Friday night was no ordinary one. The terrors of the coming day were in themselves bad enough, but when I should have to face my friends and followers who had been so cruelly wounded because of blind faith in me—what could I say? What could I do? To-morrow was on the way, and with its advent, just as sure as it brought the sun, just so sure would the ticker begin its merciless chatter, just so sure would the cruel tape record figures which would spell destruction and ruin to those who had believed in me. I once wrote for my annual financial calendar: "The letters and figures used in the language of the tape are very few, yet they spell hell in ninety-nine million different ways." How I realized the truth of this that night!

CHAPTER XXIX

LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP

After dinner I sat among my books and thought and brooded, and brooded and thought, but there was no way out. I was trapped hard and fast, and I had trapped my friends even harder and faster. These are the times that turn the heart and soul to a dead callous, so that, in after years, one's fellows, looking on as one labors, exclaim with wonder: "How can a man be so relentlessly hard?" Ordinarily when one is locked-in in the market there is room for hope that help will come from some unseen quarter, but in my case to hope would have been idiotic. Those who had sprung the trap of course would not come to the rescue. Those whom my advice had trapped were powerless even to help themselves, much less to put up a fight against the fiends who had led us to the slaughter, and I—well, I was more helpless than the weakest of my victims. My telephone rang continuously, telegrams and letters entreating advice were arriving in maddening succession, and not one word of comfort could I truthfully utter. But it is useless for me to linger over the position in which my imbecile faith in Mr. Rogers had put me, and I am not going to. The crash came in the morning, and my friends and following were slaughtered like lambs in the shambles.

To appreciate the tragedy of my situation, my readers must remember that my predictions and promises for Amalgamated had all been made as by one having authority. I was the public advocate of the property and regarded as "Standard Oil's" agent for "Coppers." When the dividend was cut and the stock fell—what possible escape was there from the conclusion that the disaster was caused with my connivance? There was an ambush. Had I not led the victims toward it? Who would believe that I also had been deceived? To be wrong oneself is bitter—but think of realizing that one has been the instrument of one's friends' betrayal. Think of living with the fact that one has been not only duped, but used as a decoy. Think of seeing a splendid fortune melt like snow on the roof of a burning house, while one's associates and comrades are accusing one of setting the building on fire to gain the insurance. Yes, that added torment was mine. I had lost millions, yet I knew that most people regarded the episode as another instance of financial treachery and believed it had netted me those millions and more.

For once Wall Street and State Street and the country press in general suspended denunciations of Rockefeller and "Standard Oil" to curse me. The innumerable authorities agreed that the blackguard capable of such vile trickery as lining his own pocket at the expense of the people deserved lynching. Think of living under such a base imputation! And yet I could not resent it. I had been a fool, and my fatuity had caused thousands untold misery. I had enabled "Standard Oil" to filch new millions of the people's savings, which would have been untouched but for me. And in the face of all this I was helpless to defend myself. Weakly I allowed myself to hope that the break in the stock next day might be so bad that I, too, should have to go under, and so give the lie to these libels by becoming a bankrupt. This was a brief phase. The instinct of self-preservation, especially powerful when one has a large family and scores of dependents, proved itself stronger than despair, and recovering from my despondency, I fought like a drowning man to keep my nose and mouth where there was air. The best course to pursue seemed to be to throw off all my stocks but Amalgamated. To that I clung as a shipwrecked sailor to a spar, for I knew that if I let go my enormous holdings, there would be no hope for those of my followers who were holding on, putting up more margin and hoping and praying that each decline might strike bottom. Also, I was filled with such bitter hatred for those who had deliberately brought on the slaughter that I determined they should not have my stock, if I could prevent it. I reasoned, "They will surely be satisfied with the first wreckage [which was now at their mercy in great quantities], and will advance the price after they have loaded up with their victims' stock." The strongest influence upon me, however, was the fact that I was carrying enormous amounts on light margin for friends who had reached the limit of their resources and would be ruined absolutely if compelled to take up their accounts. These I agreed to carry through if I could hold up, myself. Here I erred seriously. If I had sold and taken the loss right there it would have saved millions to me and to my friends.

In the meantime "Standard Oil's" terrific strokes had accomplished their object. Stocks were dropping right down the line. The bull market was over. The Morgan forces, beaten and discomfited, were now on the run, and there was to be no let up until they were humbled in the dust.

The destruction was made complete a little later, when unexpectedly "Standard Oil" dropped the price of copper, the metal, from seventeen cents to thirteen cents. To realize the hellishness of the move, it should be remembered that Calumet & Hecla, the great independent company, was getting seventeen cents for its metal when "Standard Oil" made the price thirteen. Not content with this, "Standard Oil" again beat down copper, this time to eleven cents, at which price they sold out all their companies' accumulations, including the United Metal Selling Company's—hundreds of millions of pounds—to that mysterious buyer whom I have already shown is supposed to have been the same who had sold short at seventeen cents.*

This was the *coup de grace* for all those who had clung on. I could not stand the pressure, and was cleaned out of all my enormous holdings at $53 per share. Still the price continued down until it struck $33. As Amalgamated had risen to $130 a share, the total drop was $97 per share—$97 per share loss! If those of my readers who are unfamiliar with stocks want to know what this means, they have but to get out their pencils and make a few figures. To save them the trouble I will do it for them. The capital stock of Amalgamated is 1,555,000 shares. Multiply by $97 to find the loss. Here are the figures:

$$\begin{array}{r} 1{,}555{,}000 \\ \$97 \\ \hline 10885000 \\ 13995000 \\ \hline \$150{,}835{,}000 \end{array}$$

One hundred and fifty-odd million dollars lost by some and made by others, and if my readers will suppose for a moment that these "some" sold short say 300,000 shares more, they will see that these "some" would have "made" $29,100,000 more—another example of how multimillionaires are made overnight.

As my story is nearing its end, I may be pardoned for asking those of my readers who have followed it through its tortuous course: Do you comprehend just a little bit why now and then there flows from my pen-tip a mixture bitter as gall and wormwood? Do you realize what I mean by my "reservoir of bitterness" when I tell you that I could go on for at least eighteen months more on the subject of "Frenzied Finance" without fully exposing its iniquities or exhausting the experiences I myself have lived through? And right here I shall answer the question I know my readers are dying to ask: Didn't this double-dealing robbery make you lose all faith in human nature, and could you ever bring yourself to do business again with Rogers?

Life is more than an individual's wrong. All men are not Judases because a Rogers betrays his friend. It is poor philosophy to regard one's personal injury as a stigma on

* See pages 364-65.

This instalment of ***Frenzied Finance*** is continued on Page 73 of the ***Advertising Section.***

Every American should read Rex E. Beach's strenuous love-story of the Arctic gold-fields. The first instalment of this entertaining serial begins on page 766 of this number.

Independence

By GRACE G. BOSTWICK

I ASK no thing of any man,
  No boon of fate, no gift of God;
I stand alone, as mortal can,
  Nor bend beneath the chastening rod.
I live my life my own sure way,
  My creed—the simple strength of right;
And when the clouds shut out my day,
  I wait serene throughout the night.
My wealth? These two hands toil for it;
  I want no riches not mine own.
And luxuries? How shall I sit,
  Reaping where other hands have sown?
And friendship? Aye, I earn by mine
  Own powers of sympathy to bless;
E'en love, that makes the way divine,
  I win by mine own worthiness.
I ask no thing of any man,
  No gift of God, no boon of fate,
Excepting health that I may work,
  And strength the good, long fight to make.

Ella Rawls Reader, Financier

The Life Story of a Brilliant Business Woman

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

IV

THE part played by Ella Rawls Reader in the history of Santo Domingo gave the public at large its first vivid impression of this unusual woman and her remarkable career. Last March the papers were full of the young woman to whom President Morales was on the point of entrusting his fiscal affairs when the United States Government intervened. How she came to be in this position was a mystery, Mrs. Reader not then being ready to tell her story; it seemed incredible that so young a woman should be taking into her hands the complicated problems, financial and political, of an embarrassed government.

This was to have been no paper responsibility. Mrs. Reader had studied the country's resources and laid plans for their development; she had canvassed and provided for the debts, probed the civil troubles, and prepared remedies. Training, intelligence, and hard work had fitted her for the position of fiscal agent, and she was ready to earn by further strenuous years the twelve million dollars in profits that the terms of her bargain promised. She won this chance through the success and originality of her exploits in Peru; she lost it through the betrayal of her confidence.

It was inevitable that during her stay in Lima Mrs. Reader should become more or less involved in Peruvian politics, partly because of her large interests, partly because she has a genius for running things, and when there are things that obviously need running, she is not one to keep her hands off. Peace and a settled government were most important to her success, and it was very soon borne in on her that active measures must be taken by some one if these were to be secured.

Candamo, the aged President, courtly, genial, and cultivated, had taken a great interest in this dauntless young Southern investor, who was rapidly acquiring friends and champions in high places; and his death, occurring soon after her return from the interior, early in the summer of 1904, was a practical as well as a personal loss to her. It brought to a climax party struggles that had already caused riot and bloodshed, for the country was on the verge of revolution over the succession to the presidency. The democratic party favored a former president, Pierela, who had done much for the progress of his country, but was a man of violence, during whose term of office much blood had been shed. The aristocratic (and the stronger) party favored Pardo, a cultivated and able young lawyer, son of a former president.

A PEACE-MAKING BREAKFAST

The campaign managers of the two sides were both in Mrs. Reader's employ as lawyers; thus she soon had a grasp on the situation impossible to an outsider. Revolution would be exceedingly bad for her interests as a mine-owner; and revolution was exceedingly close at hand.

After deliberations with both sides, Mrs. Reader brought her two lawyers together at breakfast in the hotel where she was living. They met with reserve, with formality; but nevertheless they met. Mrs. Reader, seated between them, took up affairs of state in her persuasive Southern voice while they listened and breakfasted. It was a thoroughly peaceful interview. The folly of civil war, the harm it did a country within itself and with the world outside, Peru's needs and possibilities, the advantages of compromise—these were the main themes. The breakfast was long; but it virtually put down a revolution.

Of course, there were long delays, and much secret conferring went on among the leaders. The only feasible way out seemed to be that Pierela should withdraw from the candidacy, a thing he was not at first inclined to do. But during a final meeting of the campaign managers he was concealed in an adjoining room, where he heard the full and frank discussion of his situation; in consequence, he resigned from the contest. A rumor floating about Lima to the effect that his election would inevitably mean bloodshed, and that his own life might be involved, no doubt helped him to this decision. The political offices were to a certain extent divided between the two parties, so the leaders were appeased, and the people, pacified as easily as they had been roused, settled down contentedly enough under the new president.

In the meantime, during the interval between the death of Candamo and the installation of his successor, the presidential chair was occupied by Second Vice-President Calderon, the first vice-president having died shortly before. Calderon could expect, at most, only a few months of office, but he was ambitious to make those months noteworthy, to leave in the improved condition of his native land some record of himself. It was with this end in view that he solicited the help of Mrs. Reader, who at this time was a very prominent figure in Lima; for the story of her struggle with Lidner and its triumphant outcome had been published at length in the papers, and the whole city was watching the progress of her fight against W. R. Grace & Co.

The temporary president's first step was to summon Mrs. Reader to the palace for a talk on governmental matters. Both in white linen, the two diplomats sat for a long morning in a big, shaded room facing the green of the courtyard, while the young American set forth her views on Peruvian politics. The natural gift that makes some physicians preeminent in diagnosis was always a valuable part of Ella Rawls's equipment; and Calderon was impressed with her grasp on the situation, her comprehension of existing evils and of practicable alleviations.

ADVISING A PRESIDENT

She had seen that Peru's chief need was a fiscal agent—a financial and commercial adviser, who should deal with all fiscal problems confronting the country and negotiate such loans abroad as might be required for public work. She believed that there must also be a commercial adviser in the United States, and one in every other country of importance; men of tact, ability, and practical experience, acquainted with the great natural resources of Peru and equipped to meet business men with businesslike propositions. Through these agents foreign capital could be reassured as to the stability of the government and enlightened in regard to the mineral wealth awaiting development in Peru.

Calderon showed his approval of these suggestions by offering her the position of fiscal agent and foreign representative for

Peru in New York. Mrs. Reader demurred: the responsibility would be heavy and she had quite enough on her hands. Her holding back made Calderon only the more eager. He persisted, and gradually the possibilities of the position in money and power began to work on her imagination. But still the pressure of her other affairs made refusal seem wise, and so she made her conditions of acceptance high enough to be, as she thought, prohibitive; but Calderon accepted them all, and she began to realize with some excitement the possible scope of her prospective powers. Then the political disturbances came to an end, and the installation of the new president cut short Calderon's unfulfilled plans and put an end to the matter. Together, however, this transaction and her share in the peace negotiations that made it abortive led to the overtures of the Santo Domingan Government, whereby Mrs. Reader came within an ace of becoming dictator of that island republic.

SANTO DOMINGO'S DESPERATE NEED

This came about through the agency of a man closely connected with Santo Domingo, who had been an interested spectator of Mrs. Reader's dealings with Calderon and to whose ears had come, by some mysterious leakage, the story of her part in the restoration of peace. Santo Domingo's president, Morales, was at that time in dire need of a fiscal agent or of any one who could help him keep his precarious hold on the presidential office. Debts to the amount of thirty million dollars were claimed against the government, and the creditors were growing restless. The Santo Domingo Improvement Company alone claimed $4,500,000, and, though there is a reasonable doubt as to whether they had actually expended a quarter of that amount, the demand had been supported by the United States Government, which had taken possession of the custom house at Puerto Plata, that its revenue might go toward wiping out the debt. The other custom houses might be seized at any moment by some other rapacious creditor with a gunboat backing. The country was thoroughly dissatisfied, revolution was simmering all about Morales, and he was anxiously looking for help. Consequently, he began to take a keen interest in the letters from the Santo Domingan ally at Lima, which described the diplomatic wisdom and achievements of one Ella Rawls Reader. When he learned how her tact had brought two hostile parties to peaceful compromise, he felt that in her lay the remedy for his desperate condition.

In July, 1904, Mrs. Reader had returned from Peru to New York, where Morales, like all the presidents of this unstable southern republic, maintained secret agents. One of these, a young fellow named Perez, had, even before the arrival of the Readers in New York, received instructions from Morales to go quickly and privately to work to secure for him Mrs. Reader's services. He had already made the acquaintance of some members of her family, and approached her on behalf of Morales a few days after her return. She, however, refused the offer, absolutely. Weeks passed before she even took the trouble to look up Santo Domingo on the map; months before she felt the executive impulse to put her hand on the new project.

And during this time Morales's need of her services was increasing. Revolution had been definitely declared under General Rodriguez, and Morales's career would have come to an abrupt end had not the shooting of a United States marine been blamed upon the revolutionary party and a United States gunboat forced Rodriguez to retreat. Morales's situation, however, was still desperate, for half the republic was ready to rise at a word from the revolutionary leader, and the claims of the island's creditors were pressing. The President's only hope lay in securing, all in one, a fiscal agent, a peacemaker, and a treaty-maker with foreign powers.

A TACTFUL SECRET AGENT

The Santo Domingan agent, Perez, was all this while adroitly persistent in his efforts to secure the remedy Morales wanted. He played hearts with Mrs. Reader's mother and casino with her grandmother; he frolicked with the nieces and nephews, and seemed to be always at hand when an escort or an emissary was needed; he established himself as "such a nice boy" in the minds of the whole connection; and he talked Spanish by the hour with Mr. Reader, who was always allured by an opportunity to dip into a foreign tongue. Slowly and certainly Perez won a place in the family; but it was December, six months after the first offer, before Mrs. Reader yielded to the unconscious pressure of general family approval sufficiently to listen. When she had once thoroughly looked into the matter, had realized what the resources of the island were, what the value of the charters and concessions Morales was prepared to give for her services, she took up the proposition with a quiet singleness of purpose that came near to landing her in the seat just behind the presidential chair.

THE MAN WHOM H. H. ROGERS FEARS

The first move was to find out as much as possible about the government, the people, the character of Morales. The fact that there had been eight revolutions within the past four years was not promising, but Mrs. Reader had firm faith in her peacemaking powers. The next step was to discover what Santo Domingo and the United States wanted of each other, and to adjust these desires in a treaty which should be satisfactory to both sides; for the first act of the fiscal agent must be to put foreign relations on a stable basis. This treaty was evolved in New York out of Mrs. Reader's general knowledge of the situation, and then it seemed best to get a legal opinion on the result; so William Nelson Cromwell, one of the most brilliant lawyers of the country, was taken into the secret.

William Nelson Cromwell is said to be the one man in America of whom Henry H. Rogers is afraid—a striking characterization, and one earned by sheer force of brain. Personally, Cromwell has the short stature characteristic of men whose actions win the designation "Napoleonic"; and piercing steel-gray eyes, whose keenness is mitigated by a suave and polished manner. His influence with the present administration first became evident in the Panama Canal affair, in which he is said to have won the largest fee ever paid to a lawyer. His relations with President Roosevelt, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Taft, and with Mr. Loomis, in the days of his potency, made him a power to be recognized.

Mrs. Reader's reference of the Santo Domingan affair to Mr. Cromwell did not mark the beginning of her acquaintance with him. When she was trying to raise money to float her mining company, at the suggestion of Mr. George S. Morison she had gone to Mr. Cromwell for legal advice, and, in their subsequent dealings, had believed that he was loyal to her interests, an adviser whose good faith was not less than his ability. Knowing that because of his close connection with the administration he was likely to be cognizant of what was acceptable to the Department of State, she laid before him the treaty she was planning to offer to the United States Government on behalf of Santo Domingo, and also the terms of her bargain, taking him fully into her confidence.

Cromwell went over the papers and gave the project unqualified approval. These papers provided for Mrs. Reader's appointment as fiscal agent of Santo Domingo, with power of attorney to represent the Santo Domingan Government in dealings with other nations; they gave her concessions in connection with railroads, steamships, mines, lumber, land; they stipulated her right to a commission on all transactions that should be put through by her in the five years of her fiscal agency, adding the "sole right during one year of negotiating the sale or lease of Samana Bay to the Government of the United States, with a view to paying off the external debts"—a piece of business which would have restored the island to solvency, for the United States had great need of Samana Bay for a coaling station, and could afford to pay well for it; and which would have meant something like a million dollars in commission to its sponsor. The treaty provided in detail for Santo Domingo's debts, its foreign relations, its internal administration.

AFRAID OF THE BIG STICK

The plan was that Mr. Reader should go down to Santo Domingo with these papers and obtain the signature of President Morales. When United States Minister Dawson at Santo Domingo should have verified their signature and delivery to Mr. Reader, the fact that Mrs. Reader was the authorized fiscal agent of the Santo Domingan Government should be cabled to her and to the authorities at Washington. She and Cromwell were then to go at once to Washington and begin negotiations, Cromwell having promised an introduction to Secretary of State Hay on Mr. Reader's return. It was understood that Morales was to appoint Cromwell legal adviser to his fiscal agent and counsel for his government, and half of all the concessions and privileges were to be his, while his prospective remuneration for furnishing the necessary capital ranged between seven and twelve million dollars.

Mr. Reader sailed for Santo Domingo on

the twenty first of December, 1904; the only persons who knew why he went or what he expected to accomplish were Mr. Cromwell; Mr. Cromwell's partner, Mr. Rowe; his associate, Mr. Farnham; Mrs. Reader, and Mr. Perez, the secret agent, who accompanied Mr. Reader. The two arrived in Santo Domingo on the thirtieth of December, Mr. Reader having been cordially welcomed by President Morales and his staff on board ship. At the end of a week of interviews with the President and his minister of foreign affairs, all conditions were agreed to and the necessary papers were ordered drawn up. Mrs. Reader in New York received a cable message from her husband: "Expect to obtain everything in about a week." Morales even had the message apprising Mrs. Reader of her appointment as fiscal agent drawn up ready to send.

On Monday, the ninth of January, Minister Dawson received a communication from Washington demanding that Santo Domingo drop all other negotiations and deal directly with the United States Government. Mr. Reader went immediately to Morales, who seemed much excited and worried.

"What can I do?" he protested. "I am afraid of the Big Stick; I do not dare offend President Roosevelt."

A second cable announced that a special commission was leaving Washington at once for Santo Domingo. There was no more talk of fiscal agencies. The Readers were crowded out. On the fourteenth, the United States gunboat Castine appeared, bringing Commander Dillingham and the proposals that resulted in the famous protocol of the twentieth, whereby the United States proposed to take on itself the responsibility of Santo Domingo's debts, and to that end took possession of the custom house at Monte Cristi. Mr. Reader came home empty-handed.

STORMY INTERVIEWS

Cable communication between Mr. and Mrs. Reader was cut off, and the first word the latter had of the downfall of her prospects was the announcement in the daily papers that a protocol or memorandum for a proposed treaty between Santo Domingo and the United States had been arranged by Commander Dillingham. She hurried to Mr. Cromwell's office; no one there seemed to know anything beyond what she had seen in the papers. Mr. Cromwell had been in constant and close communication with Assistant Secretary of State Loomis, who was intimately concerned in all South American affairs; but the news was apparently a thunderclap out of a clear sky to him. The interviews that followed between Mrs. Reader and her counsel were neither satisfactory nor, as a rule, peaceful. At subsequent interviews greater acrimony developed. Finally, in reply to Mrs. Reader's suggestion that she would formulate a treaty which the President would approve, Cromwell replied:

"I am running this business myself, Mrs. Reader; I really don't need any assistance." The interview did not promote harmony, and before it ended, Mrs. Reader, by this time fully acquainted with the situation in Santo Domingo through word from her husband, openly accused Mr. Cromwell of having betrayed her.

WALL STREET IN THE BACKGROUND

The next day, Mr. Cromwell, obviously feeling the oats of triumph, called up his client to announce that he was leaving for Washington to consult with the President.

"Shall I take your compliments to Mr. Roosevelt and tell him you are defeated?" he asked.

Mrs. Reader declined to admit defeat.

"You would have had half of everything I realized, directly or indirectly, in Santo Domingo," she reproached him. "You have my letter promising you that."

"Why should I take half when I can reach out and take the whole?" was the truly Wall-Streetian answer.

Mrs. Reader's explanation of the United States Government's precipitate action is that it was inspired by a group of Wall Street financiers, who acquired Santo Domingo's paper at a nominal rate, then brought about the action that put the little republic's indebtedness on a sound foundation and so lifted the value of the paper to its full amount; that the whole scheme was planned and engineered by Cromwell after she had admitted him into her confidence, and that he designed to take unto himself the fiscal agentship as well as all the profits. In support of her theory Mrs. Reader has recently stated, over her signature, that after the defeat of her scheme, Mr. Farnham told her that he was present when Mr. Cromwell proposed to Mr. Roosevelt that the United States Government secure Santo Domingo, acting promptly in order to forestall another who was about to gain the prize. Mr. Roosevelt is quoted as pronouncing the idea capital, and giving immediate orders for its fulfilment. If this is the true explanation, the scheme was a masterly one. But it did not succeed.

MRS. READER AMONG THE SENATORS

The President's protocol, put through by Dillingham, had to have the sanction of the United States Senate before it could become a formal treaty. Mrs. Reader, taking advantage of the opportunity the interval afforded, went down to Washington and called immediately at the White House, asking to see Mr. Roosevelt, whom she knows personally, but Mr. Loeb refused to take in her card, on the ground that the President was too busy to see her. She succeeded, however, in laying before various senators the terms of the treaty she would have made, paralleled with those proposed by Dillingham.

"I am not asking anything of you but a fair decision between my treaty and this one," she assured them. "Look for yourself and see if you are getting as good terms as I would have given you."

The senators listened respectfully. There was a strong current of antagonism to the protocol, especially on the Democratic side, for many felt that the President had exceeded his authority in privately despatching Dillingham and negotiating terms without the senatorial approval. A comparison of the two treaties was not calculated to soothe a senator holding that opinion; and the consequence was a fight that every one who read the papers last spring must remember. Its culmination came on the sixteenth of March, when Senator Morgan, of Alabama, made a sensational speech in which he declared that William Nelson Cromwell was prime mover in a scheme to influence the financial affairs of Santo Domingo. He affirmed that Cromwell was the representative of a syndicate holding a mass of claims against Latin-American republics; that, before the Dillingham agreement, Cromwell had sent an agent to Morales promising that the United States Government would get the country out of its financial scrape; that Cromwell was responsible for the formation of the Panama Government and had made a million dollars out of the Canal Treaty; and that he had promised Morales that the United States Government would do for Santo Domingo as much as it had done for Panama, and more. Senator Morgan then told of the Readers and their treaty and the part Cromwell had played with them.

This speech raised a very whirlwind. The opposition seized on the excuse of "a woman in the case" for a sharp attack; several Democratic senators hotly defended Mrs. Reader and her motives. This was all in so-called secret session, but Cromwell was evidently in close connection with events, for before the session broke up a telegram had been received from him containing a general —very general—denial of the charges. There was no hope for the Dillingham treaty after that day. A month's wrangling resulted only in its being pigeonholed. And Mrs. Reader says, with calm satisfaction, "Well, if I didn't win, neither did William Nelson Cromwell!"

"A DEAD GAME SPORT"

It seems to me that this incident gives Mrs. Reader, as a financier, her summarizing trait: she is what can only be described as "a dead game sport." She wants to make money, piles of it; but her scheme is dearer to her than its profits, more important than its outcome. She plays to win, but she takes her chances like a sportsman, backs her purpose without wavering, keeps true to the rules as she sees them, and comes out at the end neither crowing nor bleating, but cool, resolute, and ready to try again.

These four chapters give only an outline of Mrs. Reader's story. Much had to be crowded out—a publishing venture, for instance, and her dealings with the detective who "split" on his employers, the attempted theft of her papers during a European trip, the ambuscade her copper company escaped through a friend's loyalty; not to mention various important interludes, veiled dealings with high chiefs, whereof discretion forbids the telling. There has not even been space to tell how she, born into Methodism, became a devout Roman Catholic during the years of her struggle in New York and has remained so ever since. Simple-hearted and complex of brain, ambitious, imaginative—visionary, perhaps; frankly happy under approbation, yet unruffled by criticism; building dreams of empire in strange lands and yet longing eagerly for children of her own by her own fireside—four chapters are not enough for more than the merest sketch of this woman who has projected railroads and dealt with sultans and presidents and established her right to mine her copper in the face of strong opposing forces. The sum of all her traits is power—power that has sometimes been called hypnotic, but that needs no such explanation. Intelligence, strength of purpose, faith in herself—such qualities must inevitably make for power when they enter into combination with a young and gracious personality. Such power is a dangerous possession; but Mrs. Reader is above all things unafraid.

What next? is the inevitable query. Something, certainly; the running of a Peruvian mining company might mean activity enough for some, but not for this tireless campaigner. Questioned, she smiles her placid, friendly, inscrutable smile, a smile that is a very padlock of discretion, and says nothing. We can only wait and see.

THE END

Beyond the Sea

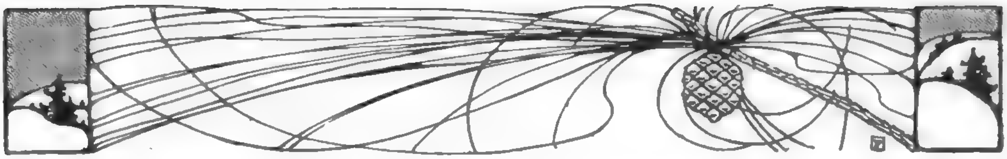
By JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD

BEYOND the sea the sun goes down,
The gray gulls follow in his wake.
There towering ships their cargoes take,
There troop the clouds, there would I be
In some fantastic foreign town
Where waves on coral beaches break,
And brawny boatmen bare and brown
Ply through the surf, beyond the sea.

Beyond the sea they traffic there
In ambergris and frankincense,
Strange furs that floor barbaric tents
And ostrich eggs and ivory
And sandalwood and camel's hair
And uncut rubies, rare, immense
That women round their foreheads wear
In wonderlands beyond the sea.

Beyond the sea the temple bells
Are calling Buddhist priests to prayer.
Where war drums tear the tropic air
The monsoon sighs incessantly.
The muezzin cries, the jackal yells,
The serpent charmer's fife is there,
And still the mingled murmur swells
To fill my ears beyond the sea,

From every weary breaker wells
Resistlessly, implacably,
In every heart forever dwells
Unsatisfied, beyond the sea.



The Autobiography of an Old Maid

It is, of course, a truism that not all unmarried women are old maids and not all the old maids are unmarried. Many a woman of loving, generous nature has gone husbandless all her days, and has expended upon her friends, their children, and the world in general the sunny, motherly riches of her own nature, never developing an inordinate fondness for tea, acidulous gossip, or tabby cats. And many a worthy soul has marched down the aisle to Mendelssohn's measure, has borne children, and, in the fulness of time, has erected an imposing monument to the memory of her husband, without having ever had her tepid affections complicated with a throb of passion or her admirable housekeeping disordered by any sympathetic leniency toward masculine or childish tastes. Therefore the epithet "old maid" requires some explanation.

It is in neither of these half-senses that I myself am an old maid. Spinsterhood is my estate by nature as well as by destiny. In my heart, I hate a sprawling attitude, the odor of tobacco, papers over the floor—the general indications of masculinity in the household. Of course, in this day and generation, I am more or less reserved about these distastes of mine; that creature who is "neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring"—the so-called "bachelor girl"—has forced a new set of standards upon the spinster, and even the most truthful of us pretend now to certain tolerations which for one, am very far from feeling.

I remember that as a child, playing the fascinating game of "choosing," I always chose to be "Miss Letty." Miss Letty's small, shining yellow cottage stood on the same street with our school. A brick walk led from the sidewalk to her door, and I firmly believe that each brick was scrubbed each morning. Behind the glistening windows the geraniums bloomed perennially; no withered petal, no faded leaf, showed upon them. Within the sitting-room—how I loved to be sent on an errand to Miss Letty's!—the firedogs sparkled, the fire glowed, the mahogany gleamed. At ten, all I asked of life was to be allowed to pass my days in a small, shining cottage with an inexhaustible library, a magic-expanding cooky jar, and a bottomless barrel of apples. Oh, the joy of the dream! Never to have a geography substituted for "The Bride of Lammermoor"; never to hear the familiar words, "It's too near dinner-time, you can't have a cooky now"; never to be told to yield my book to Amy, or my toy to Grace, or my time to grandmother. To be independent, closing my door upon the vexations of life, the despoilers of leisure!

It may be inferred that my longing to be "like Miss Letty" was grounded somewhat selfishly. Well, I have sometimes thought that much spinsterhood—and all bachelorhood—has its roots in the same ungenerous soil.

I was older—quite eighteen—when the monastic ideal made its vivid appeal to me. One September day in Washington, where we were visiting and sightseeing, we went out to the Catholic University. The sunshine was warm and kind, and the changing leaves of the maples seemed to fill the air with a mellow light. We sauntered about the beautiful grounds of the college, and by and by I saw, pacing one of the walks, passing and repassing each other, two cassocked priests, their eyes upon their breviaries. In the background the gray pile of the buildings loomed; in the tender autumn sunshine, among the slow drifting leaves, the two dignified, picturesque figures slowly moved. For the first time in my life I regretted the creed of my inheritance, and my lot in general. I would fain take orders, escape the ineffable vulgarity of the noisy world, the jar and fret of human relationships, and, in cloistered paths, devote myself to learning and to piety. Learning and piety, I am free to confess, were both subordinated in my vision to the joy of withdrawal from the trials of the worldly life. Again selfishness might seem to be the foundation of my tastes.

I think I have said enough to show that there was nothing in my disposition, at any rate, antagonistic to an unmarried life. Of course these childish and youthful predilections meant little; but I have always thought that mine were more than usually indicative of the trend of my nature.

Of course, training might have changed my nature, or at any rate might have modified its results. I firmly believe that if our family life had been other than it was, if my mother's principles and ideals had been different, I might, at this moment, have been sending a noisy, adorable band of young savages off to school and telling the nurse to test the temperature of the baby's bath. But I was born at a time when the howl against "managing mammas" was loudest; the British matron of the novelist, insatiably hungry for "eligibles" to distribute among her brood, was at the period of her greatest execration.

I was brought up to regard with repugnance all efforts to attract or to please mankind. My native indifference was fostered. Girls who "ran after the boys" were declared, when mother and my aunts met in sewing-room conclave, to be the most disgusting objects. Young women who permitted "familiarities"—such dire licenses, I suppose, as a romping dance, a careless use of first names, a free circulation of photographs—how they were condemned, held up to scorn in our sitting-room! Not for my mother's daughters, not for my aunts' nieces, were such ways!

Mother would have thought it vulgar and indelicate to the last degree to train us to look toward matrimony as a goal. She would have died of shame at the thought of teaching us the artifices of attraction. She disdained to suggest to us in any way that it was desirable to please. I think she heartily despised those mothers who invited young men to their houses, or made things attractive for young men in their houses. In her heart I suppose the dear lady was convinced that the intrinsic worth of her daughters, their compelling, natural charms, would be a resistless magnet, and that, in due course of time, there would come "three dukes a-riding" to bear us off in a whirl of glory. Poor mother!

What Nature began, and mother continued, novels, I think, completed for me. In all my early favorites the heroine was as unapproachable as a star; her love was a reward graciously bestowed upon the doer of great deeds—not an equal force flowing out to meet the love of a mere man. Or she was capricious, wilful, charmingly difficult. Her withdrawals lured on her wooers; her petulances, her piques and poutings, were so many entrancements, her very refusals inflamed. But in our town and our circle, the men, when one refused them, went off and married the girl around the corner; when one adopted the distant attitude of the tournament queen, they stayed away. And when one flouted and jeered them, one was held to have bad manners and a sharp tongue.

On the whole, I think that the parental attitude in our home, and our early training or lack of it, were scarcely fair to us. After all, girls are in the world to be married. It no more behooves those who are responsible for their existence and their fate to ignore this fact and to leave the whole question of their settlement in life to instinct and to chance than it does to leave their health or education to accident.

Surely there never existed three girls less prone to forwardness and flirtation than my sisters and myself; yet to hear our elders talk you would have thought that we needed constant warning not to hold ourselves cheaply. I think that we were taught to hold ourselves too dear, to exact proofs of high regard when we should have been merely hospitable and friendly, to conduct ourselves with the touch-me-not dignity of three Dulcineas del Toboso—as Don Quixote saw Dulcinea—when we were only three girls with drab hair, a racial tendency toward scrawniness, and an awkward shyness of manner.

It is my firm conviction that among American families of true refinement, merely moderate means, and no social pretensions whatever, there is a decided, a lamentable, tendency in this direction. Somewhere between mother's bland, high-minded indifference to our matrimonial chances, and the feverish market-woman eagerness of some other mothers to dispose of their wares, lies, I think, the proper maternal attitude.

As for the actual progress of the years which have made me an old maid, there is nothing very romantic about them. The past is neither strewn with the victims of my immovability nor soaked with the tears of my unattractiveness. Of course I have not gone utterly without offers—I am not deformed or lacking the customary complement of features. But I think that I have excited very little more ardor than I have felt. Two men wanted to marry me when I was about twenty. One of them was a good six inches shorter than I, though I am no Amazon. Most of the girls openly scorned him—he passed the contribution-box in our church—and I suppose my less aggressive disdain seemed to him positive admiration and liking. He was soon undeceived. The other was a dull old friend of my father's, whose proposal was made and declined through my parents. He then asked in turn for Amy and Grace, which left none of us with a vestige of pride in the conquest.

Once—I confess it with mingled vanity and shame—I was engaged. I had been away from home for a year, teaching in the High School of a large manufacturing city. I was thirty and it was the first time I had been separated from my family long enough to form my own circle of acquaintances, and—let me say it softly—long enough to discard for a while the family tradition concerning the proper attitude toward man.

After I had been established a month in the school, I became so frivolous as to join a class for German reading—a mixed class. The next week I bought a pair of curling tongs. After that almost anything seemed possible. But you have seen the poor, little unseasonable buds that a stunted rose-bush puts out—buds that never open, but die in their folds and drop off, mere discolored little lumps of what might have been flower and fragrance? My vanity came too late to bear many blossoms or wide-flowering ones.

One of the members of the class was a doctor. He was forty-odd and a widower. The second month, he began to walk home with me from the German evenings. By and by he took to calling—with a German volume for pretext and for chaperon. Then he invited me to one or two concerts, began to attend my church and to bear me company home from evening service. Finally he took me to walk with him in the country lying beyond our town. He was something of a nature-lover—the old-fashioned sort. It was always a pleasure to go tramping with him—it was almost as good as being alone, he was so unobtrusive. Then, too, he was a protection against dogs and tramps, and his companionship lessened the look of imbecility which a solitary woman presents when she struggles against winds, flounders in the mire, slips upon the ice, labors through snow, and calls it all pleasure. It is, to my mind, the greatest pleasure; but it is hard to convince the rest of the world that it is not mere insanity.

Well, the doctor was the quiet, sympathetic companion of my winter walks, of my winter reading. Our intimacy had been so gradual and so easy that it came to me as a surprise when he asked me to marry him. I blurted out, "Oh, I couldn't. I never thought of such a thing," before I knew what I was saying.

"I know you haven't," he answered. I remember he smiled a little, and I liked the kindness of the look in his eyes. "But please do think of it, won't you?" Then he spoke, in a modest and manly way, of what he could offer me, and rather touchingly of his own loneliness. Before he went I had promised to think of it.

I suppose that most of the seventeen and eighteen year old girls to whom I taught Latin could have instructed me in the difference between love and the feeling I had for my good friend. I knew that there was something lacking. I liked him, I respected him, and to a certain extent I enjoyed his society. Perhaps if it had happened when I was younger, when the courses of my nature were not so deeply channeled, it might have been different. I promised to marry him—and from that very moment, I think, I felt that I could never in the world keep my promise. German, and walks, and talks, and tea before the fire—yes; but with the first endearment, my whole nature revolted.

During the next three months I lost twelve pounds and embroidered three dozen napkins with my initials. I had a New England conscience. Since I had promised to marry the man, I would do it. I would work for the home which had always appealed to me as so charming until it became an actual possibility—an inevitability!

It was he who finally saved me from the situation.

"Margaret," he said, very gently, one afternoon when we had come in from a walk together, "I don't want to hurt you, my dear, but I am afraid that I am—sometimes—almost repellent to you. If that is so, you ought to tell me, child."

He was so kind about it, so manly, that I came nearer loving him then than I ever had before. I began to cry, nervously. I almost wanted to put my head on his shoulder and weep there, and Heaven knows I had had no such impulses toward abandonment before.

"Only—only—being engaged," I stammered.

Then he let me off. He was so unreproachful, so unmelodramatic, that, thinking of it now, I feel a queer little pride that so true a gentleman should have liked me.

"My dear," he said, "don't you know that no self-respecting man could endure to be in such a position as you would place me in, if you married me, feeling as you do?"

That was the end of my romance. Now, I am convinced that such an experience ought not to have befallen a woman of my years. Had I been properly brought up, had I seen boys and youths and men in casual intercourse during my childhood and youth, I should certainly have acquired sufficient knowledge of cordial regard for them not to confound that safe and agreeable sentiment with love. Moreover, had I known a man like my good doctor in my youth, I should probably have adored him. And the girlish emotion which ignorantly expended itself in rapture over church ceremonies and minor poetry would have had another outlet.

Have I ever regretted not marrying him? Intellectually, yes; actually, no. That is, I can see that my life with him would have been a pleasanter one than it is now or is likely to become. But so would it have been —perhaps—had I been a beautiful English duchess, or a great genius, or an ecstatic nun, or a Salvation Army enthusiast awaking souls from the sleep of sin. Yet I am not in the least depressed because I am none of these. Nor am I ever depressed because I am not my good doctor's wife, comfortable, dignified, and pleasant as my life would probably then have been. In short, there are doubtless many careers a thousand times more picturesque, more worthy, than my own. But they are not mine—I am not cut to fit them, so to speak. And after all, to fit one's career is the essence of comfortable living.

As far as regrets are concerned—I have seen a half-dozen men with any one of whom I might have been reasonably happy had I ever gotten over the initial disability of not being in love with him. This is a cold-blooded statement, and will offend the advocates of the affinity-theory of marriage. It does not mean, of course, that I have occasionally fallen in love—I wish I had—but that I have occasionally met men, any one of whom, if we had happened to fall in love and to marry, would have been a very agreeable husband. But I have never had a tempestuous affection for any of them.

If I were only the victim of an unrequited love or if I were one of those blissfully unlucky souls who meet their ideal too late—after some other woman has secured him—I think I should not feel so completely an old maid as I do. To have known a great passion must be almost as broadening an experience as to have been married and a mother. At any rate it would put one outside the ranks of the true old maids—old maids by nature, taste, and the will of Heaven—where I belong.

After my poor little belated romance in Shuttletown had come to its destined end of nothingness, I did not care to return there to teach. For two years I remained at home, teaching in our own High School. My father had died, and my mother, my two sisters, and myself occupied our old home. We had a very peaceful existence, unruffled by any excitement. Amy was the librarian in the excellent institution which one of our wealthy exiled natives, in a burst of egotistic generosity, had bestowed upon his birthplace. Grace went up to Cambridge three times a week for post-graduate work at Radcliffe in political economy or sociology. Mother kept house for us all.

We were busy all day. There was very little visiting in the village. The minister and his wife came to Sunday dinner with us after service about once a season. The doctor and his wife came to a state meal each year. Of course when any of the neighbors were ill, there was much friendly running back and forth; but as a usual thing, easy hospitality did not flourish in our town. Consequently our evenings were free from social distractions to a degree highly gratifying to any one with a taste for solitude.

We used to read travels and look at guide-books in the evening—wishing meantime that we had the money to go abroad. Sometimes we three "girls" went up to Boston to the theater—if Shakespeare or Sheridan was to be played. We went to the Symphony concerts, too, and catching our trains before and after these festivities was the chief of our excitements. We read the new books—when George Meredith or Henry James published anything. Occasionally we relaxed—with apologetically humorous smile, as of those who admit their fall from grace—to the point of reading Mrs. Humphry Ward. We were, distinctly, a family of cultivated gentlewomen.

At the end of two years I was threatened with nervous prostration. The doctor advised travel, change, gaiety. We explained to him that we were sufficiently gay for refined and sensible persons—we subscribed for *Life* and conscientiously read "Mr. Dooley"—no, at that period it was "Chimmie Fadden"—aloud. As for travel, we couldn't afford it, except in imagination aided by guide-books. The doctor intimated that it would be cheaper in the long run than a sanitarium.

The result of much consultation was that I was shipped to New York. Mother was aghast. She was for giving me greater quiet and more rest than I already enjoyed. But the doctor vetoed that brutally.

"Let her live next the elevated railroad," he said. "Let her live in a tenement, take in washing, gossip with her neighbors on the stairs, go to mixed-ale parties, get into vulgar fights—anything to escape the effects of the deadly stagnation in which she has been living."

We didn't follow the prescription exactly. Enough influence was brought to bear to enable me to procure, after due examination, a position in an up-town High School. I came to New York, set up my household gods in a good boarding-house, and began to see what it is to be an old maid in New York. I have kept on seeing for the last fourteen years and I am prepared to say that one might have a worse lot.

Gradually I have made friends—for the most part single women like myself. With some of them I am on terms of affection and intimacy; with many on terms of pleasant companionship. We read together, study together, go to the theater together in cheap seats—and Shakespeare is no longer the only playwright I patronize. We make up little bicycling parties for Saturdays and Sundays in the spring and fall. Sometimes we dine out at restaurants—generally the more modest of the table d'hôte ones. We go in pairs or trios or bands to art exhibits, concerts, and operas. If we are not very merry, we are not at all gloomy. If we aren't madly social, we are not depressingly solitary. We are all working women, interested in our work. And no life which holds the interest of an absorbing work is pitiable, though the century-old tradition of our sex, that our only absorbing interest is love and its manifestations, makes us slow to learn the value of work.

Of course the poverty of such a life is so apparent that it scarcely needs mention. Any bride can give a long, pathetic list of the sorrows of spinsterhood; sometimes a wife of long standing fails to count so many! However, there are many sorrows and many drawbacks.

I hesitate to speak of one aspect of the life of old maids, and yet it is the aspect which is the ground of all our woes, all our disabilities. Here we are in the world, we women, designed by Nature for one great use, the peopling of the world. But something makes us —us unmarried women—rebels to the great command—unwilling rebels, perhaps, but none the less doomed to the punishment of rebellion. Because we were proud and silly; because we were vain and weak; because we were cold and shallow; because we were seers of visions and climbers after the impossible; because we wanted riches; because we dreamed of a black-haired suitor to the utter undoing of a red-haired one; because our parents dismissed our early wooers, and no others appeared; because, sometimes, men were fickle; or because we were born in Massachusetts instead of Utah—whatever the reason, we stand rebels to the great command. And we pay the price of that rebellion to Nature which civilization has imposed upon us. We miss the joy of love, and the nobility of a worthy motherhood. I have sometimes thought that there can be no bliss on earth greater than that of a loved and loving wife who folds her child in her arms, and feels her husband's arms infold them both. Here the human being touches divine heights, is creator and protector, "allied to that which doth provide and not partake." No unmarried woman ever walks quite so close with God as this, or has such rapture of harmony with the universal law of life.

Sometimes I think that this great realm of human experience from which we are shut out occupies our minds almost morbidly. Sometimes we are sickeningly sentimental; we fairly "drool" over the joys which we have missed and other women have attained. We descant, more than married women, upon marital felicity and infelicity and their kindred topics. If we are of the world, worldly, we are easily cynical on these subjects; if we are ever so slightly of the earth, earthy, we verge upon the erotic in our talk together. Most of the erotic novels and the "purplest" of the passionate poetry, I think, are written by spinsters.

Of course we have a hard time of it socially. We are invited to luncheons and not to dinners, for we bring no man in our train to the feast that demands men. We are unimportant; the merest chit of a married woman takes precedence of us, unless we have attained some especial distinction. We have no escorts, unless we hire overgrown messenger boys to safeguard us hither and thither in the evening. We wish to go to the theater; we must go in the drab society of our sister spinsters. We wish to play golf; our state is again the same; we have no one to subdue the insolent joy of the caddy over our amazing drives. We wish to spend the evening at home in cheerful conversation; unless we hale our neighbors in we must perforce talk to the cat.

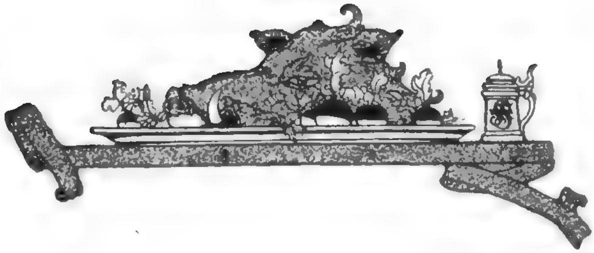
One of the things which I personally most regret about my life, is the absence of masculine companionship. Since I have recovered from any fear of a recurrence of the doctor episode, I should like to know some men. The masculine mind is interesting, stimulating, necessary to the woman who would keep out of hopeless intellectual ruts and side-tracks. The married woman has not only her husband's point of view, to correct, modify, or establish her own; she has not only his conversation to inspire her to broader, freer outlooks upon life than her own; she has also that of all his men friends. A husband, in short, is not only a husband; he is a legitimate and natural source by which other men are provided for the home-staying woman's inspiration or entertainment. He—the husband—with his acquaintances and friends can make the home a true social center, the nucleus of a really interesting society. Unless an old maid keeps house for a particularly hospitable and amiable bachelor brother she must practically forego all this delightful side of life.

The fact that she has to earn her own living in most cases, may be regarded as one of her trials, but it is in fact her greatest blessing. It may be disagreeable to go out in all weathers; to deny headaches their clamorous demand to be heard; to refuse colds their importance. It may be agonizing to look forward to an old age in which one will no longer have the strength to provide for oneself. But work is none the less the salvation of the unmarried woman. It is her one connection with life as it actually is. Work and the bearing and rearing of children—these are the two great human realities. With all my heart, I am sorry for the women who do not know either of them, whose interests are not vital and actual, but, at the best, "made-up" ones for the worthy employment of their time.

Have we any solaces? Well, for each joy we miss, we miss the chance of unhappiness. When I see my young neighbor across the hall trying to hold the light fancy of the man she married, I am cowardly enough to be thankful that love with its appalling possibilities of loss passed me by. When I see the gray-haired mother up-stairs leaning over the banister when I come in from the theater at midnight, watching for her son, the slim, foolish, impertinent young man whom she worships, then I am almost cowardly enough to rejoice that I am not a mother. And when I overhear the wife in the next room asking humbly for the money for new clothes, explaining what she did with money given to her last week, meekly accepting rebukes over her poor little expenditures, then I take out my bank-book and fairly gloat over my financial independence.

Some day the balance in the bank-book will be larger than it is now. Then I know what I shall do. I shall go back to the old place—it is still ours, though we are all scattered—and I shall buy my sisters' share. They will let me come to the old High School to teach, for they will labor under the delusion that I am a more erudite person than I am. And I shall take with me a pale, frail little widow whom I know and love, and her two children. They are three and five now—a girl and a boy. And there is going to be a new sort of childhood and a new sort of youth at the old house. I can see the girl growing up and having boy friends and admirers, and by and by a lover. Perhaps she will tell me about them—she comes to me now with her bruises and her bumps and her new dolls. Oh, I shall be quite a happy old lady.

Why should I not be? There is no unbearable unhappiness so long as there are people in the world to whom one is necessary or important. And, as the world is at present constituted, I see no reason to fear that there will not always be some one to whom I may be necessary and important—or, at any rate, useful.



Little Stories of Real Life

"We Three Kings of Orient Are"

By Grace Lathrop Collin

SQUATTED on the curbstone before his door, was Mundo. The curbstone bounded the narrow sidewalk of Santo Cristo Street, the door opened into the dark and squalid ground-floor room in a block of cement houses. Mundo, aged five, was brown, lean of shank, and large of eye. In accordance with the one-garment law of General Guy Henry, he wore a quilted bib. It was the fifth of January, and the balmy air was quiet, as if incased within the paved alley.

True descendant of the Carib Indians, Mundo's face was sad when in repose. Nor was his attitude uncharacteristic; for, as recorded by Friar Inigo Abbad, the favorite occupation of the natives of the Island San Juan Bautista de Puerto Rico is to recline and appear as if meditating. But with Mundo, the appearance was not misleading. He was thinking; or, at least, he was puzzled.

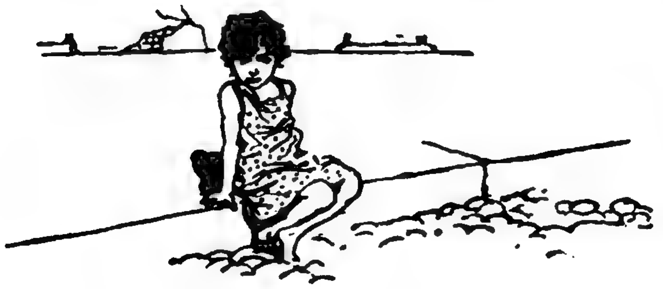
The next day would be the Epiphany, or Three Kings Day, in commemoration of that day when the three Magi, Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, came from the East, to see and worship the Holy Child, and to lay at his feet gifts of frankincense and myrrh. In the Spanish West Indies, this day is peculiarly set aside for the children. On its eve they fill little baskets with grass, so that the mules which the kings ride may not go hungry on their long journey. In the morning, if the children have been good throughout the twelvemonth, they find that the provender is quite gone, and in its place the mule's rider has left a present.

Heretofore, the possibility of any connection between himself and the events of the world had not occurred to Mundo. But that morning he had listened to prattle about Three Kings Day, in the mouths of neighborhood women, idling at windows, naked babies astride their hips. One had told Mundo not to be lingering among women, but to be preparing for the *día de fiesta*. During their protracted laughter, Mundo's expression of solemnity was increased. The question of his past deportment did not disturb him. But he had no basket, and he did not know where to find grass. For the town of San Juan is an island, with the tides sluicing in and out between it and the mainland. The streets, cramped between the forts on the sea side and the battlements toward the landlocked harbor, are as if honeycombed out of cement and plaster, brick and stone.

There was no one to help Mundo. His mother went off every morning to wash and bleach clothes on the sunny bulwarks beyond the Casa Blanca, of antique prestige. His brothers and sisters, scattering with each dawn from their warren of a home, would be brought back only by hunger and wet.

For himself, Mundo had happened thus far to receive the education of the small, fox-faced dog snuffing about his feet. Not for him was the Ponce de Leon Public School, with its balconies, its up-stairs and downstairs. Not for him the church schools, behind whose screened doorways children chanted in unison. When Mundo squatted on the curbstone, civilization went past on the other side of the street. He was as secure in his instinctive nakedness and ignorance as if he had been reared in a jungle. But he was not so healthy. Sleeping-rooms crowded and close as a steerage, a diet of *platanos*, and the theory that bathing is dangerous in months whose names contain an R, had made him goblin-like.

The small noises of the alley were interrupted by the important sound of a carriage gong, and a public hack, of the surrey order, with tourists on the back seat, driver and guide on the front seat, turned the corner, after much grinding of the brake. The guide was a schoolboy in a fresh gingham suit, heavy shoes, and an American cap. He could answer the questions of these cruising Americans in English no worse than their Spanish. The sense of his position so puffed him with pride that the gingham jacket was in danger of splitting like a cocoon. As Mundo drew in his toes on the sidewalk, the guide tossed, with the air of a *principe* scattering largess, a paper bag with a few kernels of pop-corn—that latest and popular novelty. Mundo clutched the bag, and scampered off so fast that the tourist in the automobile veil could barely "snap" him. For was not this paper bag the *caja*, the receptacle? Now for the *forraje*, the provender, and he, Mundo, would join in the *fiesta*.



MUNDO, AGED FIVE.

At first he ran aimlessly, but as he turned the corner of Fortaleza Street, he caught a glint of green. Doubtless he had seen it many times before, but not since he had thought of being part of Three Kings Day. He headed toward the Executive Mansion, with its doorway notched for the admission of carriage wheels. Before he had reached the end of the slanting street, however, he saw spears of grass sticking through an iron fence, just about at his eye level. He stopped and busily plucked them, one by one. They were tender shoots, delicious to a weary mule. He crammed them into his paper bag.

Behind him approached an alert step. The shadow of a sombrero and of officially squared shoulders fell across the fence. Mundo, unconscious of guilt but overcome with terror, could only roll his eyes around and up at the slim policeman, clad in brief authority and khaki. It is strictly forbidden that the grass appertaining to government buildings be plucked.

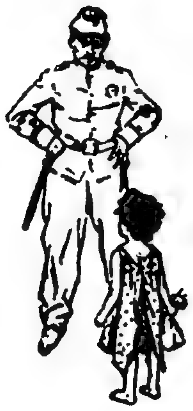
Mundo would have run, but his bones turned to water. The policeman made a theatrical gesture toward his club, that club tied with bright blue cord and thrust through a leather belt. Mundo collected all his forces for one long, primitive wail.

Now it so happened that the lady dwelling in the "palace" behind the grass plot was standing at a window, looking across the harbor, past Morro, out to the horizon line of the blue Atlantic. There was nothing but the curvature of the earth's surface to interfere with New York's being in a line with the window; but sometimes she wondered if the city were really there, safe and sound. When Mundo's lamentations smote upon the quiet of the early afternoon that follows breakfast, the lady stepped out on the balcony. At first she could see nothing but the street, blank as it always is over those hours. Then, through the tangle of acacia and hibiscus branches, she descried the yellow suit of the policeman, and, down by his leggings, a black head and brown shoulders. "What is it?" she called in Spanish both dulcet and ungrammatical.

The policeman related the depravity of Mundo with lips, hands, and shoulders.

"Tell him to fill his bag, and not to pull up the grass by the roots, and not to come again."

The officer salaamed. The lady withdrew to the huge, tiled parlors, with grilled arches, and ancient fringed lambrequins, flapping in the harbor breeze. "Now what do you suppose possesses the child?" she said aloud. In the silences of our colonies, one falls into the habit of talking to oneself.



OVERCOME.

At about midnight, a young man of Castilian descent, on his way along Santo Cristo Street, in pausing to light his cigarette, noticed a little boy curled up on the door-sill. The young man was of natural sensibility, increased by the evening concert at his Spanish club. Like the rider of Rocinante, he burned for adventure. At first he thought this would take the form of restoring a vagrant *niño* to the bosom of his parents and odd dozen brothers and sisters, doubtless asleep on the other side of the door. But by the light of a second match, he noted the wilted tangle of grass in the paper bag. The child's scheme, that he should not be overlooked on the Magi's route, filled the young man's eyes with the quick tears of the Latins. Here was a situation that appealed to his ancestral sense of the graceful, the romantic, the patrician. With faultless dexterity, he lifted the crumpled bag, and carried it to a sleepless *fonda.* Sweets he stowed within, a red top, a tin badge, and more sweets. Then with all gentleness he replaced the bag, subconsciously wishing the while that the pen of his adored Hugo might have recorded the scene. The child's thin hand closed on the gift while he slept. Tucked under the shadow of the balcony, he was safe enough.

The young man smiled as he pondered the delicacies that this episode would provide at the next lingual banquet in which his soul delighted. The phrases for a speech were taking shape. For, if Mundo slept, did he not dream? And if he had dreams, were they not of the Three Kings, doubtless wealthy coffee-planters, jogging down the *Carretera* from the mountains, in suits of dazzling linen, with cravats of shaded silk, pointed-toed, elastic-sided shoes on their feet, their fingers covered to the knuckle with curious rings? Their ponies, sleek with rations of molasses and water, carried panniers piled with presents, and each hoof-beat brought them nearer to the door on Santo Cristo Street.

Hiney Bloss, Champion

By G. W. Ogden

THINGS had narrowed down in Hiney Bloss's courtship to the point where he must either whip Jim Penny or lose Mary Jane. He had reached the blazed sapling on the highway of his wooing, at which many an able-bodied man had turned back, some awed by Jim Penny into an undignified retreat, others overcome by that unvanquished hero. Some had attempted the conquest of Mary Jane in the full confidence of their physical strength, and others in the hope that a war might arise, a pestilence fall, or death otherwise single out the shining mark from the neighborhood before it became necessary to meet him in fistic combat.

Among the spiritually willing, but physically weak, was Hiney Bloss. When Hiney felt certain of his footing with Mary Jane, he asked her to shoulder with him the pole upon which was strapped the burden of life. Mary Jane hid her nose on Hiney's shoulder and cried. It was genuine crying, too, for Hiney felt the tears leaking through his seersucker coat.

"I kain't, Hiney, I kain't," she sobbed. "You know I love you, honey, but I kain't, not till you lick Jim Penny."

MARY JANE CRIED.

Hiney had looked for such objection, and advanced argument to meet it. He even tried to persuade her to drive over to the county seat with him and get married without formality or delay, and let Jim Penny rave over the matter. She shook her head so decisively that the hairpins flew out of the little knob of coarse hair at the back of her neck, wiped her eyes, laid her hand on Hiney's arm, and said:

"That wouldn't be no use; you couldn't git away from Jim Penny. I know him better'n you do, an' they'd never be no peace in the fambly till you licked him or he licked you. That's got to be settled first. You know very well what he says, 'at the man 'at comes into the Truesdale fambly's got to be a better man 'n he is."

Hiney knew it, well enough. Jim Penny had waited for him at the front gate the very first time he took Mary Jane home from "literary" and told him so. Jim Penny spoke with brutal plainness.

"I'm champeen of this township," he said; "champeen in rasslin', 'at boxin', an' fightin'. An' liftin', too. I ain't got but one sister, Mary Jane, an' I've made up my mind 'at no man ain't goin' to walk off with her 'less he's a better man 'n I am. I'll either be champeen myself, or have a brother-in-law 'at 's it."

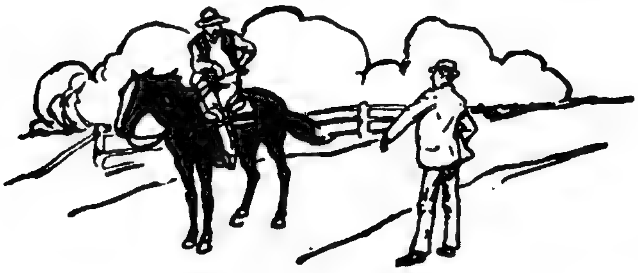
Jim Penny had posted that notice early in the marriageable period of Mary Jane's life. Many suitors had tried to fill its conditions, but Jim Penny remained the "champeen." As time passed, and the conditions with which he had hedged Mary Jane became widely known, Jim Penny's clownish exactions grew to be the family pride. His parents spoke of his demand as they did of the old, octagonal clock which Mrs. Truesdale had preserved from the raid of the bushwhackers in the same manner that the patriarch's wife saved her household gods. Jim Penny's fiat was more than an heirloom, more than a valued platter, more than a title to lands. It gave the commonplace Truesdale family a distinction it would not have otherwise enjoyed.

Mary Jane liked being pointed out as the girl for whom men fought. It tickled some savage fiber of her trim and shapely body, a body much like a grain of corn, in that it possessed a great proportion of meat for the small germ of living soul. Mary Jane had exalted the Truesdale Conditions into a sort of primitive religion, and she dreamed, in a fat-brained, lazy fashion, of some broad-backed, hard-knuckled giant who must some day come drifting along on the sluggish stream of her life and put Jim Penny out of business. And she regretted, too, somewhat, that such must be the end. As the mere wife of a "champeen" she would not be the object of feminine sniffs and jealousies, of masculine adoration, of general envy.

Then Hiney Bloss floated into the eddy of Rosedale, where the driftwood of Mary Jane's life gathered moss as it circled around. He wasn't much in the way of a giant. In fact, Hiney was a nubbin in the field of humankind. But he was a person of brilliant neckties and winning tongue, and he made good in the affections of Mary Jane, where many a worthier man, reckoning by inches and pounds, had failed.

"You go an' see Jim Penny," said Mary Jane when they parted on the Sunday afternoon of the proposal. "Maybe he'll let you off, Hiney, 'cause you're so little."

Hiney went away downcast. He met Jim Penny on his way home from the village, and informed the champion of his designs on his sister. Jim Penny swung one leg over the horn of his saddle, rested his elbow on his thigh, rubbed his chin, and looked down at Hiney, appealing to him with his big brown eyes from the dust of the road.


"COME ON DOWN, JIM PENNY!"

"Hiney," said he, "I ain't a-goin' to git down to fight you now. It wouldn't be fightin' nohow, jist spankin'. You couldn't fight back, you pore little banty. I'd jist give you a back-handed swipe an' clean you offen the face of the yearth. Say, bub, you don't want to marry Mary Jane bad enough to go up agin that, do you?" Jim Penny bared his big right arm, doubled his brutal fist, and held it up.

"Well, I don't reckon I stand much of a show agin you, Jim Penny," Hiney admitted, "but I'd go up agin a thrashin' machine for Mary Jane. She said if I'd ast you to let me off you might do it, 'count of my size. But I ain't a-astin' you to let me off, Jim Penny; I ain't that kind of a chicken. If Mary Jane's worth havin', she's worth fightin' for. Come on down, Jim Penny."

"No, Hiney," Jim Penny replied, with a certain kindly softening in his speech, "I ain't a-goin' to take no advantage of you. You're a plucky little feller, an' I'm a-goin' to give you a month to raise some muscle. You meet me a month from Sat'day in front of Joe Coker's store. Then we'll fight—leastways, I'll fight—you won't have no more show 'n a corpse. 'Member what I done to Lafe Dean an' Andy Lewis an' Polk Sowder an' the rest of 'em, all twict as big as you? Now, Hiney, I don't want to hurt you, an' I'll not think you're a coward if you let go now."

"I ain't a-goin' to let go, Jim Penny. I started in to git Mary Jane, an' I'm a-goin' to have Mary Jane, an' by crackeys, if you keep on a-littlin' my size I'll snake you offen that horse an' do you up."

Jim Penny rode on, laughing. "The price of coffins might go up 'fore a month, Hiney, an' I advise you to order yourn now," said he.

Hiney, humiliated but determined, sat down in the shade of the hedge to think. Craft, not main strength, he reasoned, must win over the might of Jim Penny. He could never gain the difference in weight, a good hundred pounds, in a month, and it was entirely out of the question to think of building up the muscles of his arms so that he could deliver a blow that would be discomforting to the hulk of the Truesdale giant.

"Maybe Doc Koogler could help me out," thought Hiney. "He's a smart ole feller."

Accordingly, Hiney sought the old-fashioned practitioner and laid the case before him. "Now, doc, what show have I got," he concluded, "agin a feller the size of Jim Penny? That feller weighs twict as much as I do, an' he's more'n twict as stout. He can buckle a halter strap around two sacks of wheat an' shoulder 'em both. I thought maybe you could fix me up some powders 'r some kind o' dope 'at 'd make me stout an' full o' ginger for an hour or two, like they do wind-broken horses when they want to sell 'em. If you could, doc, I'd pay you whatever you wanted. I'd give a hundred dollars if I could lick Jim Penny."

Doc chewed his tobacco silently, with an expression of speculative thoughtfulness, just as he did when a patient asked him the amount of his bill. After apparently extracting the juice from the subject, he said:

"You're a young feller that I'd like to help, Hiney, 'cause you've got grit an' sand. Somebody's got to lick that big mule, an' I believe you're the man to do it. If you'll pass me your word that you'll never breathe it to a livin' soul, I'll fix you up something that'll make you four times the man that Jim Penny is in a month's time. All right, Hiney. Not even to Mary Jane when you're married?

"You've seen a red ant, Hiney, an' not a very big one, either, draggin' a worm twenty times as big as himself? Yes, of course you have, many a time. Well, I've got an extract that I make out of the juice of red ants that'll make a man as strong, accordin' to his size, you see, compared to an ant, *as* an ant. It's my discovery, an' I could make a fortune out of it if I'd sell it. But I won't advertise, Hiney, I won't do it. No respectable doctor ever advertises. I'd rather be poor an' honest than advertise an' git rich.

"When I git this medicine perfect, I'm a-goin' to *give* it to the world. As it is now, it has some *de*fects. The effect it produces ain't permanent. It'll make a man so strong he can lift a cow as easy as he can a chicken in his natural condition. But the minute he's done anything, his strength leaves him. I know, 'cause I use it myself—I always carry a bottle of it with me when I'm called out. About a month ago I was a-drivin' out to Fred Smith's—you know that road, Hiney—an' my horse an' buggy both got stuck in the Mill Creek ford. I took a good dose of the extract—*extractum hymenoptera*, I call it—unhitched the horse and lifted him out with ease. But when I tackled the buggy, I couldn't budge it. Strength was all used up. Took another pull at the bottle, yanked the buggy out an' drove on. But it left me weak as a glass of lemonade. That's the one great *de*fect of the medicine. When I git it so it'll make a man strong an' keep him strong, I'll have the greatest boon to confer on the human race that any doctor ever invented."

Hiney was listening with his mouth open. "Gosh, doc," said he, "I wisht you'd fix me up about a quart."

"You won't need no quart, not more'n two ounces," the doctor assured him, as he disappeared behind his prescription case. Presently he came out and handed Hiney a small bottle of brownish liquid. "Take five drops before each meal," said he, "every day till the day set for you to fight Jim Penny. But don't do any work up to that time, don't lift as much as a stick of wood, because if you do, you'll dribble your strength away as fast as you gain it. By the time you have to fight Jim Penny you'll have enough strength stored up in you to last fifteen minutes. That'll be long enough."

DRIVING TACKS.

Jim Penny liked to fight before a crowd, so he widely advertised the fact that Hiney Bloss was to attempt to qualify for the position of husband to Mary Jane and "champeen" of Wildcat township. Consequently, a majority of the male inhabitants of the townhip gathered in front of Joe Coker's store on the appointed day. Jim Penny sat on a hitching rack, smoking a cigar, and receiving the open admiration of the boys, who, like all savages, massed under the banner of might. The coming event was regarded as a joke by more than Jim Penny.

In reply to the witticisms of his friends, the "champeen," with unruffled seriousness of face, would wink, and blow smoke around toward his left ear out of one corner of his mouth. The friends, interpreting this pantomime as it was intended to be interpreted, that is, as signifying that Jim Penny was a rare wit, laughed immoderately and bought pop at Lum Baker's stand.

When Hiney emerged from Dr. Koogler's office, accompanied by no less important and dignified a person than the doctor himself, he was greeted with derisive laughter.

"Been a-takin' somethin' for his nerves," said one.

"Got the doctor along," observed another; "well, he'll come in handy."

Hiney approached the hitching rack where Jim Penny sat, removed his coat, collar, and necktie, handed them to Dr. Koogler, faced the "champeen," and said, with a confident, businesslike alacrity: "Well, 'r' you ready, Jim Penny?"

Jim Penny straightened up suddenly, looked inquiringly around, placed his hand to his ear as if listening, and asked: "What was that hummin' I heerd? Any of you fellers seen a skeeter a-flyin' aroun' my ears?"

Then Jim Penny made out that he merely chanced to look down and see Hiney. He slid off his perch, solemnly removed his hat, and bowed. "Oh, it was you a-talkin', was it, Hiney?" said he; "'scuse me, Hiney, but was you a-wantin' to see me?"

Hiney's face was burning under the humiliating taunt. "I ast you if you was ready," he replied.

"Oh, yes," said Jim Penny, as if suddenly enlightened, "this here's the day me an' you's a-goin' to fight, ain't it, Mr. Bloss? Much obliged to you, Mr. Bloss, for recomemberin' me of it. You gained any muscle, Mr. Bloss? 'N I reckon you made your will an' new testament, Mr. Bloss? You don't look to me like you'd picked up any stren'th. Better limber up your jints a little before I begin on you, Mr. Bloss. Here, knock this off."

The "champeen" adjusted his hat so that it sat unsteadily on one side of his head, delicately intimating thereby that he was setting a task in keeping with the strength of his opponent, lolled his tongue out derisively, leaned forward, cocked his head tantalizingly on one side, and half closed his eyes.

"Knock her off, bub," said he; "knock her off."

Some say that Hiney doubled up like a piece of whalebone, others that he leaped into the air like a game-cock, and all agree that, no matter how he got them there, both hands and feet landed at about the same time on the rubicund countenance of the Truesdale champion. Jim Penny tumbled back and sat down very hard, with blood pouring from his disjointed nose. He sat so a second, long enough to look up with a dazed interrogation, and then Hiney landed on him again. The candidate for the hand of Mary Jane punched at the champion's face with a speed and vigor that caused the onlookers to draw away a little, just as they would have stepped back from a boiler they feared might burst.

Jim Penny, after a few wild, futile attempts to strike his nimble foe, shielded his battered face with his arms, reeled to his knees, and passed a hand across the end of his nose.

"It's blood," he yelled. "Stop him, fellers, I'm a-bleedin' to death!" He lurched to his feet, grasping the damaged member of his facial adornment with one hand, and, bellowing like a lubberly schoolboy who had stubbed his toe, he ran, ran madly, blindly, entirely cowed and frightened, with Hiney at his heels, pegging in a blow now and then as if he were driving tacks.

The whooping crowd stampeded after them, and down the main street of the village the retreat and pursuit clattered. Women raised windows and stood in doors to cheer Hiney, while the fickle crowd of boys gathered clods and stones, remembering many a twinging pinch and lusty slap, and pelted the former champion whenever an opening afforded. On went Jim Penny, bawling louder at every jump, until his feet struck a ditch and he came down in a heap. Before he had settled, Hiney was on top of him, sending home his blows like a bumblebee.

"Take him off, fellers, take him off," blubbered Jim Penny, "he's a-killin' me!"

But the people had stood Jim Penny's insolence too long in days past. While he was "champeen," they were willing, in the mean, cringing fashion of humankind, to render him homage, but once down and in the mire, not a hand was extended to assist him. Hiney, panting and furious, sat on his broad chest and hammered him until Dr. Koogler came up and took him away.

They had finished the infare supper on the night of the wedding. Hiney, with a broader, longer, more passionately red necktie than any he had ever before possessed, drew Dr. Koogler to the front porch.

"Say, doc," said he, "I want to pay you for that there red ant medicine. Say, that's great stuff, doc, an' I want you to make your bill big enough."

The doctor placed a hand on Hiney's shoulder. "Hiney, you don't owe me anything," said he. "That red ant extract story was all a yarn. That was beef extract I gave you, and you wasn't a bit stronger the day you licked Jim Penny than you was the day I gave you the bottle. You licked Jim Penny because you *thought* you was a better man 'n he was, that was all they was to it. You had the confi*dence*, Hiney." You said you was able for Jim Penny, an' you was. Confi*dence* is a whole lot in this here life, Hiney, a whole lot, I tell you."

Hiney was silent a moment; then he slapped the doctor's back and laughed.

"You're all right, doc," said he, "but don't you never let this story git out. If you do, Jim Penny he'll lick the stuffinses out o' me."

WITH THE PROCESSION

CHARLES E. HUGHES

Mr. Charles E. Hughes, unknown until the gas investigation conducted by a committee of the New York Legislature last spring, showed in that inquiry extraordinary keenness and acumen and a thorough understanding of the difficult technical details of a perplexingly technical business. His powers of penetration and assimilation, his intellectual strength, won the admiration of the counsel of the gas companies, men whom study and long experience had made familiar with what he had to acquire, as it were, in a week. His subtlety and success in cross-examination were evident. When he was selected to be the chief counsel of the committee appointed to investigate life-insurance, the public felt sure for the first time that an honest and thorough inquiry was intended. His skill, patience, reserve power, dogged persistence, and wonderful scent for facts have now made him about as well known to the whole country as he is to New York City. He is become a national figure. The Republican Party of that city turned to him as to a forlorn hope last fall. To have accepted the nomination for mayor would have been to the prejudice of the high public duty in which he was engaged, more important in its disclosures, its effects upon public opinion, its living interest to the nation, and its moral and, we hope, legal consequences, than even the highest official post could be. It was inevitable that he should refuse. It should be inevitable also that so honest, able, and independent a man, possessing that rare treasure, the confidence of the people, should yet be called to high office. But never by the politicians, when they think there is any chance of his success.

THE PONTINE MARSHES

Stretching for thirty miles from the Alban Hills almost to the Mediterranean, the Pontine Marshes are an immemorial nuisance to Central Italy. They are sources of malarial fever and ague. For two thousand years or more plans for draining them have been suggested intermittently. At last the job is to be done. Some years ago a law was passed accepting the proposal of a German syndicate to reclaim the marshes and convert them into arable land without any expense to Italy and in consideration of a portion of the reclaimed territory. Certain illustrious Roman noblemen stood in the way. They preferred that malarial fever and ague should abound to giving up their right to use the marshes as game preserves. At last they have consented to decency, and the Pontine Marshes are to be reformed.

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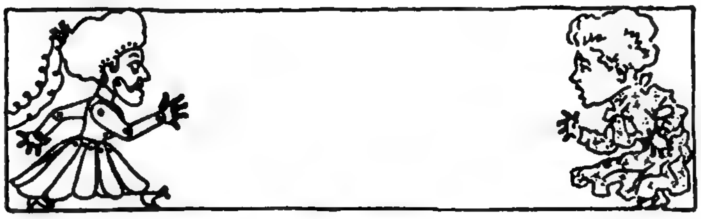
THE A. B. C. F. M.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will celebrate next year the centennial of the prayer-meeting of certain students by the haystack in the rain, in Williamstown, Mass., which resulted in the formation of the board in 1811. It sent out sixty-one missionaries last year. One-fourth of the churches under its care support themselves. All Turkey, a quarter of Japan, much of India, China, Africa, and the Pacific Islands are in its field of operations. It is interesting to notice that the natives of Eastern Turkey, no fortunate region, give two dollars for every dollar the board spends on them. From Ceylon and India, where a working man gets sixty cents a week, the board got more than

$34,000 in 1904. At home, the women are the most generous. The three women's "auxiliary boards" gave more than two-thirds as much as churches and private persons. The board is eager to have these wake up and pay up. Possibly they feel that, since the board is so fond of "tainted" money, and there is plenty of that sort, it should content itself with that.



HELLO!

Allentown, Pa. Look it up in the atlas. Things of great pith and moment are being done there. A telephone exchange without telephone girls is in operation there. If the experiment does not fail, girls will be banished gradually from "central" throughout the telephone districts of eastern Pennsylvania, of the whole country, perhaps. So much hangs upon Allentown. It may not be any of our business, but we do not sympathize with this exclusion act. The "hello girl" may sometimes be a little less polished than Lady Clara Vere de Vere, but think of the everlasting jangling, the jumping of her nerves, the large percentage of pig-like people she has to deal with, the imperious impatience of the public, the gruffness of men, the occasional lapses of women telephoners from angelic sweetness. The innate and impenetrable stupidity of men loves to wreak itself upon the "hello girl." We have found her much more amiable and intelligent than most of her detractors. At the most she is only guilty of peeping into a novel or chewing gum. We like to think that she is pretty. Anyway, to supplant a girl with some sort of miserable, clicking, automatic machine is a mistake, probably a crime. Still, what is the use of complaining? They will be having automatic girls the next you know.

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TRAINING ZEBRAS

Z is for zebra, relative of the horse and the ass, and now being trained to take the former's place. The zebra of South Africa, a beautiful, well-made animal, white striped with black, about four and a half feet high at the shoulder, lives in herds among the hills and mountains, secluded, and usually regarded as of unbreakable temper. Still, most of us have seen performing zebras in the circus, and Hagenbeck, the famous Hamburg wild animal trader, says they are easily tamed. Major Cambier, of the Belgian army, used to have a young zebra that followed him like a dog. The Prince of Oldenburg has been trying to train some zebras to the saddle in Transcaucasia. Lieutenant Nys, also of the Belgian army, captured some ninety zebras in Katanga, in the Congo Free State, in 1904. At first they were shut up in a big enclosure, and galloped about crazily. Tired of that, they set to browsing. Water was brought them in zinc vessels, but they refused to drink it, even when these were sunk into the ground and the edges covered with grass. They could smell the natives who brought the water. So some zebras died of thirst; some refused food and died; some broke their fast too greedily, and died of overeating. When the survivors were shut up in stalls, their wild instinct of freedom rebelled, and they dashed against the stalls, five tearing their skins so that they died. There remained sixty, which were sound and kind at last accounts. By this time, probably, they are broken to harness, perhaps "safe for a lady to ride." Twenty-five years ago, Dr. Paul Reichard, a German explorer, predicted that the zebra would do great work as a transport animal in Africa. The zebra's time to work seems to have come. He has our most respectful sympathies.

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A BOSS-FIGHTER IN NEW JERSEY

Mr. Everett Colby, another young man who believes that corruption wins not more than honesty, has leaped in a few days into national distinction. He comes from Essex County, N. J. New Jersey? That is the State of the corporations, isn't it? That is the State of the Public-Service Corporation, isn't it? That is the State where politics and thrift go hand in hand, where the Legislature and public officers generally are the servants not of the people, but of the astute men of business who own the railroads, gas, water, and electric-light plants, the trolley lines, and the earth generally. The people of New Jersey? Who are they? They don't count. Mr. Colby has shown the falseness of these traditions, which had begun to be believed in by most New Jerseyites. Why should we surrender our highways to corporations? he asked. Why do we let monopolies fix the rates for a public necessity like light? Why do we throw away franchises that corporations may get rich at our expense? Why do we submit to the rule of corporations, let them run our Legislature and our city councils? Why do we meekly grant parkways to private corporations? Why do we not tax ourselves and rule ourselves? He went among the people and asked such questions, made his declaration of independence. The bosses pitied him. Sorry to see such a nice young man going to political destruction. They would not allow him to be nominated for State Senator. He did not ask their permission. He beat them at the primaries where they tried to beat him. He discomfited them utterly. The instant, hearty, general, public response to Mr. Colby's appeal for the smashing of corporation government and boss government and for real self-government is the best of signs. The people are sick of their insolent and dishonest masters. Everywhere clean men of the Colby type are finding support and encouragement. The independence of the United States from corporations and bosses may yet be achieved.

FLOWER AND MAN

THE trainmen on the Norfolk and Western Railroad have been forbidden to wear flowers or bouquets in the lapels of their coats. Before this order they bloomed with boutonnières and looked like conservatories on legs. Finally, one conductor adorned himself with sweet peas, bride roses, and nasturtiums. Then the camel's back broke. The prohibition is hereby improved and should be extended: No man, whatever his office or degree, should be allowed to wear flowers. Men are too beautiful already.

ROBERT BACON

MR. ROBERT BACON, the new Assistant Secretary of State, is a man of the highest character and ability, a man of honor and of education. Business has hitherto claimed him, as it claims so much of the best talent of this generation, but he is no mere vulgar money-maker. We do not believe that his former partnership in the house of J. P. Morgan & Co. should be reckoned against him, or that it will impair his usefulness in his new capacity. He left that firm voluntarily. It may or may not be true that he left on account of the eminent Mr. George Walbridge Perkins. At any rate, he is not the kind of man who takes a commercial view of public life, or suffers himself to be affected by pecuniary influences. In the prime of life and with a comfortable fortune, he seems to have a legitimate ambition. He has shown tact and knowledge in his management of business affairs. He has a singularly agreeable personality. The reorganization of the consular service and the zealous protection and promotion of American commercial and financial interests in Asia are two most weighty duties that rest upon the State Department. In these respects Mr. Bacon is likely to be a particularly useful associate of Mr. Root. Let Mr. Bacon be judged fairly. He is about as direct an opposite to his predecessor Loomis as can be imagined.

THE HIRED GIRL'S STAMP

EVERY hired girl in Germany has a little blank book, wherein is pasted every week a stamp worth about five cents, the gift of her mistress. The government, the all-doing government, will redeem these stamps at their face value. If the hired girl falls ill, her stamp book will help pay her expenses. Or she can keep it as a provision for her old age.

EVENING CARDS

ONE has to go out of New York to learn about New York. Some of the things one learns thus ought to be true, whether they are or not. Pittsburg hears that it is the custom of illustrious Manhattan dandies to have their monogram inscribed on "the upper left bosom" of their evening shirts. Something more than this, even if this be solemn fact, should be done for the delectation of the public. When the "provincial" or the ordinary New Yorker goes to the Opera or the Horse Show, he wants to know more of the beautiful and wise persons who compose "society" than he can learn from the catalogue of box-holders. At the theatre, too, where boxes are few, and too frequently occupied by the "perfesh," illustrious dames and swells of high degree may be all around him, and he not know it nor feel the glory radiated on him. We have said it before, and shall keep on saying it until the needed reform is accomplished: License the Four Hundred and make them wear the license number in public places! Are they not much more precious than automobiles? Then, with a catalogue in your hand, you can gaze your reverent fill.

ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT

Just a few simple figures to illustrate how prudent and economical, how careful of other folks' money, our financial lords and masters, the big insurance companies, are. In 1904 the Equitable's premiums on new business were $12,825,527, its expenses of management, $14,846,258. In the same year the Mutual Life's premiums on new business were $14,676,652, and its management expenses, $16,656,182. In the same year the New York Life made the glorious record of $16,133,823, premiums on new business, and $19,447,867, management expenses. These figures need no commentary. They are an eloquent tribute to the industry and skill with which officers, directors, and agents look out for the interests of—Number One.

TALKING BY MAIL

Now comes the phonopostal, which records and reproduces the voice on a postal-card-shaped piece of pasteboard. A common phonograph makes the record with a sapphire-pointed stylus. This graves deeply an easily spread, impressionable material, called "sonorine," on the surface of the card. The sounds are written spirally, beginning at the edge and continuing in a narrowing curve which ends in a little circle no bigger than a ten-cent piece. "Sonorine" is healthy enough to survive rough usage in the mails. A "phonocard"—how quickly language grows in these days!—will hold, say, eighty words. It is expected to take the place of the illustrated postal card, which is becoming too ancient for this highly modern world.

CONQUERORS OF DROUGHT

One does not have to be in the sere and yellow leaf to remember that "Great American Desert" which stretched portentously across the school geographies from the Rockies almost to the Mississippi. The Saharan character of it is shown by the fact that much of more than prosperous Kansas was included in it. Its successor, the "Arid Region," reaches from the Sierra Nevada to the Rockies, a land of cactus and sage-brush, on which the windows of heaven are too seldom opened. Much of this aridity will vanish. In some parts the soil is fertile enough if it gets water enough. Irrigation by means of reservoirs will reclaim the regions where there is rain and snow to fill the streams a part of the year. Where there is too small a rainfall to allow grain crops to grow, the Department of Agriculture is trying to introduce plants suited to the conditions. For this purpose it ransacks the arid or semi-arid districts of Africa and Asia. For instance, macaroni wheat will thrive on ten inches of rainfall, producing fifteen bushels to the acre where common wheat will not grow. A report of the Bureau of Plant Industry says that a "very large fraction of a million square miles" is suited to macaroni wheat. Here is the potentiality of vast additions to the agricultural wealth of the United States. Then there are various forage plants with little thirst, such as the millets, the sorghums, Kaffir corn, certain new drought-resisting oats and barley, and many more, which the department finds in Algeria, Turkestan, and other dry countries. Thus millions of acres, irreclaimable by means of irrigation, may be made profitable by the cultivation of suitable crops.

WHAT TO EAT

Oh, take me away to Afrikay where the sea-horse snorts and pants;
Cook me a medium tiger steak, or a *purée* of elephants;
I want a python, properly planked, and a grilled little unicorn bone,
For I'm off my feed, and I feel I need to restore my stomach's tone.

—*Song of the Hunter.*

Germany is eating horse. A ten-course dinner of Algerian lion was served by a Parisian

Tartarin, who basely bought instead of shooting the game. Monkey is said to be excellent, with a far-away flavor of rabbit, but many diameters more savory. Still, monkey-eating is cannibalism, if our ancestors really were arboreal in their habits. An English traveler and game-bagger in Africa swore that baked elephant's foot was a dainty dish to set before a king—not an African woolly monarch, but even Edward VII. himself, who knows something of the refinements of artistic cookery and has an experienced palate. Another Englishman—Why is it always an Englishman to whom these original and courageous tastes are attributed?—an Englishman averred that boa-constrictor, properly cooked, was better than the best veal. And yet the boa-constrictor has no mercy on the calf. To conclude, man can and does eat most anything, and in drink his courage is still greater.

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THE LID THAT FOLK SHUT DOWN

THIS man "Joe" Folk, the reform Governor of Missouri, travels about the country a good deal and makes a lot of talk. Does he do anything? Look at one little thing he has done in St. Louis, a city which dearly loves its Sunday beer. Good thing, Sunday beer, thousands of St. Louis people think. "Joe" Folk does not deny it. Has been known to drink whisky himself. But since a Missouri law says no liquor shall be sold on Sunday, and since it is part of the business of the Governor of Missouri to enforce the laws, "Joe" Folk said: "Lid down!" Down hard. Result: Great many Sunday thirsts unrelieved; however, fifty per cent less of Sunday assaults with intent to kill; thirty-eight to fifty per cent less of Sunday drunkenness; thirteen per cent less of Sunday breaches of the peace. Seems to work well. An unpopular law in St. Louis. Governor Folk is not called upon to hunt popularity. There is the law. Repeal it if you can. Meanwhile, obey it you must. That is the kind of Governor "Joe" Folk is. He was elected for what he had done. He keeps on doing.

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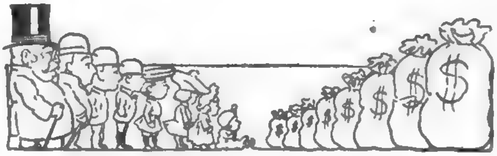
DRESDEN DOG BATHS

AMERICAN cities are supposed to be extremely luxurious, but Dresden, that town of so many arts and delights, can show the best of them a new wrinkle in modern "comfort." She is to add to her public bath system, bathing establishments, first, second, and third class, for dogs of corresponding social position. Presumably, massage and hair-dressing departments will be attached. Here is a genuine necessity, and not merely a luxury, for New York, where, in the eyes of many women, dogs are of so much more importance than children.



FATHERS AND SONS

"A BANKER and got eight children!" cried Mr. Roosevelt to Banker Oliver, calling at the White House. "Rah, rah, rah, for the Olivers!" But what right has a banker to have eight children, when a life-insurance president has only one or two? Strange, too. Son John McCall, not long out of college, gets $14,000 a year. Father John, in fact, is a pretty poor sort of father from the "Big Three" point of view. Now Father McCurdy, of the Mutual, has bowels. He is the sort of father that it pays to have. His boy Robert gets, say, $130,000 a year. His boy-in-law gets, say, $147,000. A partial estimate of the McCurdy family's wages and commissions since it has been working for life-insurance on a philanthropic basis, is something more than $4,500,000. Probably there were other fat pickings. Lucky for the policy-holders that old McCurdy—poor Richard!—did not have an old-fashioned collection of children—ten, fifteen, twenty. All the premiums and assets might have been McCurdied.

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INTERNATIONAL POLAR RESEARCH

EXACTLY what is meant by the plan of international union in polar exploration proposed by a congress held at Mons, Belgium, and supported by many distinguished explorers and scientists of many countries? Certainly not the suppression of individual or national polar expeditions. An international central committee will agree upon a program, so that dispute or duplication of work may be prevented. It will also supply standard instruments for recording observations and give general advice. Most of all, it will arrange and digest without wasteful delay the immense amount of material gathered.

A Row of Books

"AYESHA: THE RETURN OF SHE"

IT will be remembered that Mr. Rider Haggard's She, even when she had got to be six or eight times as old as Noah's grandfather, the hitherto unparalleled Methuselah, was still young and beautiful. She had bathed in the mysterious fire, and her loveliness was burned in, precisely as though she had been china. The treatment bestowed upon her was calculated to make her durable, and it was fairly successful. We ourselves, in our youthful trust, thought her permanent, and we cannot well say what our grief was, and how poignant a sense of injury we felt, when Mr. Haggard sent her into the fire a second time, whereupon, while we might be saying Jack Robinson, she changed into a black and shriveled thing of hideous age and state of desiccation.

We lamented She very deeply and sincerely. It was a long time before we felt ourselves at all reconciled to the loss of her. Now, at the end of twenty modifying and erasing years—years that have been dreadfully busy with memories—we find ourselves gladdened by the return of She. Mr. Haggard himself seems to be pleased that she should have come back. In his new book, "Ayesha: the Return of She" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), in a few preliminary words addressed to Mr. Andrew Lang, he indicates his gladness that "Ayesha, lovely and loving," should be with us once more, even "as it was promised in the Caves of Kôr" in the previous story.

Though we are thoroughly glad to have She with us again, though we think it just to have her unshriveled and handsomely renewed, we cannot quite persuade ourselves to the same interest that we felt in her once upon a time. If it were to be proved to us that this is entirely our own fault, due to changes in us, and not in Mr. Haggard, we should not be surprised or hurt. We perceive that the same materials of interest are here. Mr. Holly and Leo go to Tibet in this book. Tibet has been invaded recently by a small military force. It has been shorn of some of its larger terrors; its mysteries have been somewhat dissipated by what we may call the tramp of the British grenadier. At the same time, it is easy to believe that Tibet remains terrible enough; and besides, we are pretty well satisfied that Leo and Mr. Holly, when they pursued their quest of Ayesha in the Tibetan mountains, were in advance of Colonel Younghusband's expedition.

Be all that as it may, there are tremendous adventures here. If the forbidding monasteries of Lassa emptied themselves without delay upon the approach of the British, if the intolerant and terrible lamas vanished incontinently, it remains true that there are vast mountains and highly dangerous precipices in Tibet. Our judgment errs if the young and not too sophisticated reader does not shiver and develop gooseflesh as Leo and Mr. Holly slide down the glacier—mercifully into a concluding soft cushion of barely skimmed-over ice water. For all that we can see, it was about as desperate a matter to get to the lovely and loving Ayesha this time as it was in the previous history. Possibly there is a little more rhetoric here; possibly the descriptions are a little more voluble, the incidents a little more loquaciously set forth. We are sure, however, that this will be only a recommendation to many. The reader of romance, no less than the reader of realistic fiction, likes his money's worth; and romances before now have been abundantly good to him in this particular.

Mr. Holly records that when he descended the glacier he was even more agitated than he was on the memorable occasion when he made a short leap in trying to spring from the Spraying Stone to the point of the Trembling Spur. Agony took hold of him as he sped down the glacier. A cold sweat burst from every pore. His hair bristled on his head. We are satisfied that he beat the time of the racing devil wagons on the Jericho Turnpike; and we said to ourselves, as we read of his desperate performance with sympathetic agitations of no mean intensity, that if this was not fulfilling romance we should like to know what was. Similarly when "the maddened Khania drew a hidden dagger and struck with all her force" at Ayesha's back, and the dagger passed clean through that wonderful lady as though she had been a mist, without hurting her at all, we felt that we were in receipt of all that was "coming to us," and it seemed to us quite unnecessary to have the tip of the dagger smeared with poison.

There is a "Hes" in this story—a "new woman" undoubtedly—and a Kahn of Kaloon, who may have been brother to the famous Ahkoond of Swat, now for some time dead. But we must quit. Numerous other books await our notice. We trust we have said a sufficiently good word for this one, as it was very strongly in our intention to do. We should hate to have it doubted that we appreciate the powers in romance of Mr. Haggard—his teeming imagination, the riotous and lambent play of his fancy upon the peaks and pinnacles of his adventurous theme, his wise restraint and opportune and saving humor—all his literary valuables. We are pressed by space and time, but if we have not given some indication of what we meant we are sorry.

"POLE BAKER"

Mr. Will N. Harben does not permit his realism to be tame. His stories of northern Georgia are marked by dramatic incident as well as by local color. As much happens, of a stirring nature, in the Johnston House, situate in the small mountain town or village of Darley, as happens in the Hotel Astor in the American metropolis. Mr. Harben reports that Jim Thornton, the dapper young clerk at the Johnston House, always had a curled mustache and oiled hair smoothed flatly down over his brow. Jim surely was no oiled and curled Assyrian bull, for he was dapper and small and a companionable and good fellow who knew intimately everybody within fifty miles of Darley; and if he used essences which made the live air sick the story does not tell us so; but the wonder to us is how, in so thoroughly disturbed a place as the Johnston House, he could have kept his mustache curled and his hair flat down.

We should not have supposed that Jim could have kept his hair in place, even though it had offered to be secured with shingle nails. In the beginning of his new tale, "Pole Baker" (Harper & Brothers), Mr. Harben relates an anecdote of the truly formidable character who gives title to the story. Forty drunken negro soldiers, under command of a Northern white officer, invaded the Johnston House and demanded dinner. There can be no doubt that the white Northern officer was culpable and foolish. Pole Baker taught him the lesson that a wiser man—we trust that most Northern officers are wiser—would have had no need to learn. The news of the outrageous demand of the drunken colored soldiery spread like wildfire abroad. The indignant population of Darley, the substantial merchants and gentlemen following the professions, gathered in the hotel office with pistols in their hip-pockets. The passage of the first drunken negro soldier across the threshold of the dining-room would have precipitated a bloody scene. In the nick of time Pole Baker entered. He had been drunk the night before, but had now perfectly recovered. He passed through the negro horde, which fell away before him as the Red Sea divided itself for the passage of the Israelites. Approaching the white Northern officer, he clapped him heavily on the shoulder and threatened him with the demolition of his teeth. The officer paled. His endangered teeth chattered. He ordered his rabble out of the hotel. They obeyed, we suspect less from a soldierly instinct than from a wise fear of Pole Baker.

Pole was quite unarmed. He had hunted under the stove for a poker, but could not find one. He took the white Northern officer by the collar of his coat and excoriated him with a powerful sermon. Having done that, he "bounced" him from the hotel. The Darley merchants and men of the professions overflowed with enthusiasm. Billy Askew, purveyor of drinks ardent in Darley, "ran into his bar and came out with his old dog-eared ledger open at Pole's account, and he held it up and tore the page out. 'No man,' said he, 'can owe me for whisky that's got that sort of body to put it in, and Pole Baker from this day on is at liberty to stick his mouth to every bunghole in my shop.' And that night Pole was so drunk that the marshal started to lock him up, but the gang stood by him. They put him to bed up-stairs in the bridal chamber, and sat around him till morning, singing battle songs and raising the devil generally."

The book goes on to tell a great deal more that is highly interesting about Pole Baker. We, who are advocates of no especial style in fiction, have liked it very well, but we know that the author's brothers in the realistic plan and habit will like it with a particular liking. We shall listen for Mr. Howells's congratulations to the State of Georgia upon the possession of so restrained and unerring a historian and photographer as Mr. Harben.

"JUSTICE"

The author of "The Simple Life" writes many books. He writes them very well. His kindly ideas overflow, and they are expressed with a clarity and warmth and with an accompaniment of luminous illustration that win for them doubtless a great multitude of readers. We suppose that they are sermons that he has preached which appear so frequently grouped in little volumes under general heads. In "Justice," translated from the French by Mary Louise Hendee (McClure, Phillips & Co.), we have from Mr. Wagner eight essays bearing such titles as "Birth to Righteousness," "Voluntary Service," "Mine and Thine," "Science and Faith," "The Love of Country," and "The Churches." Perhaps the general title of "Justice" would be as suitable for another group of his essays as it is for these. He laments in his preface here the antagonism that is abroad in the world. He does not find this an age of tolerance, as it is so common to call it. He finds our ways of life quite opposed to the great injunction, "Love one another." How nearly a perfect justice would bring about a comprehensive and sufficient love can of course at present only theoretically be declared. It is well to have the kindly things said—the things that are in accordance with the Christian spirit. Something possibly of a despairing and certainly of a dissatisfied note is sounded in Mr. Wagner's opening remarks here; and yet his remarks generally are inspiring and full of encouragement, and the reiteration of the just and generous word should surely carry its effect. We approach perfection indeed slowly, but none can say that we shall not attain it in time. The monitory and encouraging word should be ever in our ears and should help us on.

"THE TRIDENT AND THE NET"

Occasionally, when we are reading a novel, certain facts particularly impress us. This is only occasionally; as a rule the impression is modified, shaded off, perhaps lost in the effect of counter impressions. More and more, and never with any, even the slightest, attenuation of the feeling originally established, we have been persuaded that Löic, and the mother of Löic, and even Löic's glorified sister, in the anonymous story of "The Trident and the Net," by the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress" (Harper & Brothers), were foolish people, trivially concerned and moved, hardly worthy of the voluminous attention that the author has bestowed upon them. Löic was a young Breton, of aristocratic birth and obstinate disposition. His mother was jealous and obstinate. He adored his sister. His sister was hated by his jealous mother. The aristocratic, toploftiness of mother and son was truly a burden for them to support in this democratic age. We fear that the reader will smile at them in places where it was far from the author's intention that there should be any smiling. Löic, from lolling about in his jealous mother's fine château, and lunching carelessly on grilled sardines and jellied quails, came away to America, where he suffered poverty and humiliation, and took to drink. He married a plebeian and homely person whom he did not love, and had a baby, and became a horse-trainer and riding-master, and lived in vulgar surroundings. The author makes him the victim of a tremendous conspiracy of fate. Alas for the verisimilar quality that is desirable in a tragical tale, there is no ill step that he takes that is made to seem in the slightest degree logical, no misfortune that befalls him that he should not have been able easily to avoid. We have found ourselves quite unable to grieve for him. He has not at all impressed upon us the sincerity of his case. There is one matter that has taxed our patience particularly. The ladies all threw themselves at his feet—or at his head. His fatal gift of beauty slew them right and left. It was painfully fatal. It was on account of the ladies that his mother shut off the supply of jellied quails and grilled sardines. She behaved as if stung with nettles whenever a female hove in sight of her Löic. We ourselves thought him much too lovely. There is a degree of pulchritude that the stomach resents.

STRAIGHT TALK
BY EVERYBODY'S READERS

If at any time there are any statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or any views expressed to which you take exception, or any subject discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your name unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or any one selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

THE PLAYERS

IN the September issue of EVERYBODY'S, J. B., of Texas, takes exception to your practise of presenting "doings" in the theatrical world and states that not ten per cent of your readers, outside the big cities, ever read these pages, which is foreign matter to them. I wish to take exception to his statements. The opinion of a large number is spoken, when I say that the pages devoted to "The Players," conducted as it has been, are full of instruction and interest to thousands of people who have never seen any, or at most, very few of the actors or their plays, and for whom this is the only means of learning what is going on in the theatrical world—a world we all like to enter now and then.

Contrary to his statements, it looks as if there was a dislike for the stage and its people in J. B.'s make-up, as he refers to them as "yellow." He asks why other professions or trades are not given an equal amount of space in a "write-up." Now, suppose ten pages were given up to Farmer Jones and his methods of farming—how he sows, how he harvests, and how he runs his dairy; not very instructive or amusing to the average reader, I imagine.

I, for one, beg for the continuance of the matter devoted to "The Players," furnishing, as it does, with all the other reading matter you publish, a well-balanced magazine that ought to find a welcome in the heart and in the hand of every intelligent man and woman. E. G. W.

Waverly, N. Y.

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SIGHING FOR A REFORM SCHOOL

WHAT right has Mr. Eugene Wood to give such a description of the Ohio Reform School as to incite in the minds of my own two fairly studious and obedient boys the desire to become delinquents such as that school is designed to harbor? It is an outrage! On reading it, John, my eldest, said: "Mamma, can't we move to Ohio, and Tom and I will play hooky so we can go to that school?"

By great good fortune I was brought up in a quiet country home, with pure air, good food, quiet habits, and plenty of the best reading and healthful exercise, amid beautiful scenery—but that was twenty to forty years ago, and my husband and I cannot give such things to our children—not even for a few weeks each summer—as Mr. Wood says these Ohio degenerates have all the year! Not though we would gladly work eighteen hours out of the twenty-four to obtain them. We are living in Richmond, Va., and our children have all the advantages our public-school system affords, with the utmost care as to food and exercise that overworked parents can give on a salary of eighty-five dollars a month for a family of eight—not a starvation wage. Yet my children are deficient in physical strength and vigor because in every respect their common-school training is the exact reverse of what Mr. Wood portrays. Their school work is practically continuous from September 15th to June 15th, from nine A.M. till three P.M. on school days, with from fifteen minutes to half an hour allowed for lunch. Think of it! Their food must be snatched in frantic haste, against the most fundamental rules of common sense and scientific hygiene! Then the older ones must study from two to three hours to be prepared with their lessons the next day. Far better if the gymnastic and manual-training exercises were omitted and the time given to preparing their lessons in school so that when finally released they could give themselves to hearty play in the open air. The country schools are far better calculated to insure physical development, where they have an hour at noon, and two recesses a day of fifteen minutes each, although the school does not release until four o'clock.

O mothers of America, awake! Consider what the nation is doing to our children—this much-vaunted "land of the free and home of the brave!" Strange that it should have been proved that such schools and training as Mr. Wood describes can make healthy, intelligent, and moral men out of mental, moral, and physical castaways, and our honest, well-disposed children have to sigh in vain for similar advantages! We often hear our public-school system and the postal service pointed to as socialistic—Heaven save the mark! As if anything could escape the destroying grip of the profit system in these days when the dollar is king. But they say it is hopeless to expect a cooperative commonwealth—the only remedy—and I suppose Mr. Wood will not dispute the hopelessness, so I say again, what right has he to stir the already aroused demon of discontent in the minds and hearts of the great American people, as his sketch is plainly calculated to do?

Richmond, Va. M. H. S.

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THE PRETTY BABE PREFERRED

I HAVE read the letter of E. S. E., Oakland, Cal., in September "Straight Talk," with great interest; primarily because I have been for many years at the head of one of the largest institutions for destitute and orphan children in New York, and probably in the world. I have seen many cases of waif children who have been adopted by childless couples. Some of these adoptions have been very successful and some have not. The average of successful bringing up of these children and their grateful appreciation and loving return is probably not greater nor less than in the case of children reared by their own parents.

The great difficulty in connection with the assumption of the relation of foster-parent to child is one that is not well understood: people commence this relation at the wrong end; that is to say, instead of investigating and then selecting, they select and then investigate. For instance, the intended foster-mother comes and sees a pretty blue-eyed little tot, and because the child is good-looking she fancies it, and there you are—she wants that child because its beauty strikes her fancy, and no other will do. Now, she should first consult the superintendent of the institution, who has all the records showing as far as possible the physical condition of the child, its parentage (heredity), the ages at which the parents died and the cause of death, the child's former environment, its age when committed, its medical history while in the institution, its predisposition to disease, its known diseases, its quick recoveries or long-drawn-out physical troubles, its eye history (which often speaks volumes as to its future), its temper, its school or kindergarten work, etc., etc. Then, knowing these facts, the would-be mother should proceed carefully to select from among the children known to be healthy, as matter of record and of fact, some sweet child—and they are all sweet when they are young—and the results in cases of adoption would be a great deal more satisfactory.

New York. S. D. L.

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ENCOURAGING EXAMPLES

IN your September number I found a request from Mrs. E. S. E. that any persons who had adopted children would write something regarding their experiences with them.

Twenty years ago, my husband and I felt that it might be our duty to give a home and Christian training to one of the many little homeless ones. Thinking that difficulties might arise from having undesirable relatives, should there be any, coming to see the child, we did not take one that we might have obtained in our own city, but procured one from some distance away. We treated her as we did our own daughter, who was a few years older, and the two have always been very fond of each other.

She was not faultless, and of course gave us some trouble, as all children do, and as was to be expected. But after all these years she is still living at home, and is a dear daughter to me.

My husband died a few years ago after a prolonged illness, during which she assisted to care for him as only a daughter—and a loving one—could or would do. Altogether my own experience has been such that were I situated as is the lady making the inquiry, I should have no hesitation whatever in adopting a child.

It would, however, be wise to go far enough away from home to obtain one that all one's friends and neighbors might not be familiar with the child's ancestry and antecedents. Constantly expecting a child to do wrong because some of its relatives may have done so would certainly be of no assistance to it, to say the least.

A distant relative of my husband's, a maiden lady, having a large house and a good deal of money, early began providing for motherless children. When she died at the age of seventy it was said that she had in this way sheltered sixteen persons. Many of them married and others were fitted to be self-supporting. I never heard that any one of them "went wrong." She left her property to one of them who had been with her the longest time, in trust for the benefit of all her "girls," as she always called them. I could give many more instances of a favorable nature that have come under my personal observation were it necessary. My own opinion is that where children are carefully and prayerfully trained and cared for as one's own, many faults and failings, and even sins, that we might fear would prove hereditary, may be overcome by the change of environment. Mrs. O. L. C. A.

Wyoming, N. Y.

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BLOOD WILL TELL

I READ with interest in your September "Straight Talk" Mrs. E. S. E.'s plea for advice on the subject of adopting children. I have seen and known of several cases from which I have drawn conclusions regarding "heredity and environment." Always heredity has counted more than environment in the end. When the adopted child was of questionable parentage the coarser fiber appeared sooner or later.

I knew a family of thirteen children belonging to a fine old family, doubly orphaned at very tender ages. All were adopted by different people—only the twins being kept together. All have turned out well and become good citizens. One of the boys is an officer in our army. A good inheritance plus good environments. It would be easy to multiply instances.

On the other hand, I know of a wealthy woman who was attracted by the baby girl of her washerwoman, and adopted her. For years the girl was surrounded by luxury and refinement, then her foster-mother died, leaving her well off, and bearing a fine old name. In a few years she married a shiftless and comparatively ignorant workman in one of the factories of the town. She merely returned to the class she preferred by reason of heredity. Environment counted for nothing. Society said, "Well, she was only an adopted child after all. Water will seek its level! Blood will tell."

In conclusion, for my part, I should never take a child unless I, or some one I could trust absolutely, knew all about its parents—all that one person can know of another. A child with a *good, honest* inheritance is sure to turn out better than one without, in the same good environment.

Washington, D. C. J. C.

A PLEA FOR WIDE-AWAKE WOMEN

The story of Ella Rawls Reader certainly does not go to prove the assertion made in a recent issue of a well-known periodical that woman's attempts at the business of men are ludicrous. As a matter of fact, there are far more women placidly, lazily content in that assumption than there are of those who believe they can run the business of the nation better than their husbands and fathers can. For too many generations has the tradition been handed down that it is unfeminine to understand business matters. Too many women suppose a bland and blank ignorance of business constitutes an attraction in the eyes of men. If it does nothing else, the history of Mrs. Reader should stir women from their mental laziness of centuries' standing on this point. I do not mean to urge that women leave their special sphere to emulate Mrs. Reader, nor to imply that many could do so; for Mrs. Reader's abilities are of a type unusual among her sex. It is a commonplace that the average feminine mind is not naturally constituted to grasp large propositions; the question is whether a few generations of alert women might not change that constitution. But any woman is capable of making herself a more companionable wife, a more intelligent mother, and a better citizen if she will but take the trouble to inform herself on the rudiments of business. A woman should not have to skip items of importance in her newspaper merely because they treat of great deals involving terms she does not understand; unless the conversation is very technical, she should not have to console herself with her embroidery while her husband and his friends talk of business enterprises. Above all, she should not be so ignorant that her small son may feel contemptuous of her understanding—so ignorant that she cannot help to form his ideals of business in a specific and intelligent way. If woman must not leave her sphere, just as truly must she bring much into it—not only love and ability to care for her children's health, but comprehension of their interests. Let us have more stories of the women who do things—they are good for the great body of women whose minds move in a narrow rut.

New York. L. N.

WHISKY IN FICTION

In reference to R. N.'s comments on Mrs. C. B. F.'s letter, "Whisky in Fiction," it seems to me that the real point of Mrs. C. B. F.'s contention has been overlooked. The injury done young people to which she referred was not by the mere mention of whisky or anything else undesirable, but the use of liquor in novels by persons who were really admirable and whom young people would wish to imitate. In actual life children are accustomed to pattern their conduct after those to whom they look up, and the bad habits of these subjects of youthful admiration lose their taint to the youthful mind and become objects of emulation. The same applies in fiction, only here the influence is more subtle, as heroes and heroines of novels are generally made to appear well-nigh perfect, and an undesirable habit, when part of their conduct, becomes absolutely desirable. When children are led to believe through books that the world and the best people in it drink, gamble, etc., they will be very apt to approve of these things. What is more injurious to the morals of children than accounts of the levities of kings and princes in the tone of palliation adopted by so many novelists and historians?

But these principles would not exclude from fiction references to everything of which people do not approve, as R. N. seems to think. Allusions to the evils of the world are necessary to fiction considered as a mirror of life; but when properly used they serve the purpose of bringing bad habits into their true relation to life and human character. No temperance sermon could be more effective than the portrayal of Bill Sikes in "Oliver Twist."

Belleville, Ill. C. P. H.

THIS MAN ANSWERS "YES"

Answering your last question in regard to Mr. Russell's Foreword, I want to give expression to my heartfelt interest in your work and his work. I have read his article on the Beef Trust and have been a constant reader of Mr. Lawson's remarkable tale, and I want to say: God speed you all in the work you are trying to do.

"The way" will surely be found and adopted by the great American people, and I have faith to believe that such magazines as yours, *McClure's*, and *Collier's*, having already done much to arouse us to our needs, will not falter nor turn back.

Yes, I'll read Mr. Russell's Foreword and all that follows and consider it a privilege to do so.

Milledgeville, Ga. W. B. F.

THE SCHOLARLY ATHLETE

I have just read the article in "Straight Talk," "Athletics in the Small College," by M. R., in the September issue of Everybody's, and in behalf of the graduates of the small colleges, who were, and are still, interested in athletics, I wish to take exception to some points raised in the above-mentioned article.

What the writer says of the "small college near D——" can be said of many others, but that this is the state of affairs in the great majority of institutions of this kind few of us will believe. It was my pleasure to take part in the athletic contests of the small college from which I was graduated, and in my three years' experience on the baseball and football fields, I found that the majority of my teammates, as well as those opposed to me, were students and men of the highest type. The men who received the highest honors as a reward for faithful work done in and out of the class room were, without exception, prominent in some form of athletics.

The fact that the small college has not the money to employ a small army of doctors and trainers does not prove that its athletes are not properly cared for; for the least thrifty colleges are rarely without a medical adviser and a man competent to train and supervise the athletic teams. No one will deny that football is rough, but when played under proper conditions, as it is in most of the small colleges, the benefits derived from it in the form of physical improvement, self-control, and quickness of perception more than counterbalance the ill results which M. R. erroneously infers are as numerous in all small colleges as in the town of D——. P. S. S.

Charlottesville, Va.

DOWN WITH THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

After some twenty-five years' experience as a pupil and teacher in country, town, and city schools, I feel justified in saying that the average little "deestrict" school, be it red or brown, in the "holler" or on the hill, is a delusion and a snare.

No energetic, ambitious, up-and-doing schoolteacher is going to scrub, wash windows, sweep, carry coal, split wood, tend fires, and teach eight grades, three or more miles from nowhere, for $30 or $40 a month, any longer than it takes her superintendent to find out what she's worth.

And the average country schoolma'am, the one who has been at it several years and is perfectly satisfied to take conditions as they are, with no attempt to improve, is not going to develop any particularly fine traits in the children.

The country is, of course, the ideal place to raise children, and the city school, with its cultured and constantly improving teachers, is the place to educate them.

The combination has been worked out very successfully in a few Eastern townships. The eighteen or twenty little one-room schoolhouses, with their combination janitor, gardener, critic, and instructor, are replaced by a fine, modern school building centrally located.

Buses are provided to carry the children to and from school. In this way the country child is not compelled to miss half his training on account of bad weather.

The expense of maintaining the one comfortable school, as compared with the twenty face-roasting and back-freezing or *vice versa* ones it stands for, is about half. The advantages to the child are obvious. Half the number of teachers is needed, thus enabling the township to pay a comfortable salary, and so opening the field to competent teachers. How can a county expect to employ good teachers for the same wage we pay washerwomen in the city—$1.50 and $2 a day?

The above plan is cherished by many county superintendents, but they do not meet with the necessary cooperation from the country school boards. If every country teacher would study the plan and then lay it before her school board at every opportunity it would doubtless bring about this ideal condition sooner. However, it is bound to come in time. L. M. K.

Chicago, Ill.

A SOCIALIST'S APPROVAL

The Socialist press has been giving us all you promise in Russell's articles, but Socialists are as willing that the cooperative commonwealth should be helped by you under another name as under the banner of socialism. The principles for which the Socialists stand are not of their making; the Socialists are simply the pioneers in the field, and realizing the conditions and pointing to the remedy, are doing what they can to tell the people to flee from the storm.

We welcome Everybody's, first, as helping to tell of the storm, and second, as pointing to a remedy—that is, if it ever gets around to it.

Go on; you are following the path already trod by 9,000,000 men. There is hope of your catching up if you hurry. You will take a lot with you who have needed a different sort of a club to jar them loose than the one we have been using. All paths now lead to the cooperative commonwealth, or socialism. In this trust, the principle of combination and cooperation having been demonstrated to be better than competition or war, we shall all be on the ground floor and share equally in opportunity. There is room for all of us, and I trust your late entrance will not deter you from howling loud and long. Dr. G. B.

MacMechen, W. Va.

CHEERFUL INVALIDS

The article in the October, 1904, number of your magazine, mentioning my offer of tent room in our pine woods camp, cartage, fruit, and neighborly kindness to a limited number of consumptives, caught the public eye to an extent far beyond our anticipations, bringing letters and applications from every State save Nevada, Oregon, and Washington. As a physician of many years' practise I knew tuberculosis to be a terrible scourge to our nation, but until the past winter the extent of the sorrow and misery it created was but faintly conceived. The letters reaching us from parents whose sons and daughters were afflicted, from wives concerning their husbands, or from children in regard to their parents, were pathetic in the highest degree, and the fact that the limitations of our accommodations obliged us to refuse so many caused us indescribable sorrow. If the correspondence we have could be read by millionaires who are so generously giving large sums for educational purposes, missionary work, etc., I am sure that a larger interest would be created in stamping out this plague, and thousands of human lives might be saved.

The experiment here, based on living in the open air, a generous diet, regulated exercise, amusements, etc., proved a success. The improvement in a few advanced cases was remarkable. Every case treated showed a gain in strength and general health. I am satisfied that to insure the greatest success small sanitariums, the number of patients limited to one hundred, will prove better than large ones, since home comforts are more easily provided in the small institution.

Our guests were quite generally a cultured class, refined, social, moral. Their desire to aid one another, their pleasing manners, neat and tasteful attire gave the camp an appearance of a pleasure resort rather than a sanitarium. Visitors who dined with the patients could hardly realize that the laughing, merry party at the table were invalids. One visitor from New York on departure remarked that he saw no one whom he would class as an invalid save the doctor in charge.

Every patient we had was induced to come through reading your magazine. For your generous interest accept my sincere thanks.

Narcoossee, Fla. Jno. E. Ennis, M.D.

With "Everybody's" Publishers

LOOKING BACKWARD

TWELVE months ago in this department we went on record with the statement that if we had believed for a moment that Mr. Lawson's attack on the "Big Three" Life-Insurance Companies was not based on truth, we should have refused to print a line of it. In view of the recent investigations and the startling facts that have been disclosed, it will doubtless interest you to read a few paragraphs from the Christmas issue of last year:

> No one will question the statement that the insurance companies have been a tremendous factor for good. Credit for having prevented an immense amount of suffering must be given them in generous measure. Consider the thousands of men, improvident during their lives, living up to the last penny of their income, whom the insurance companies have frightened, or driven, or cajoled, or shamed, or reasoned into making provision for their families after their death. When we tell you that we felt all this, and more, you will understand what a positive shock it was to us when Mr. Lawson began his attacks upon the insurance companies.
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> We wish right here to emphasize the fact that if we believed for one moment that by publishing what Mr. Lawson has said about the management of these great corporations we were putting in jeopardy a single penny of the policy-holder's money, or one drop of his comfort, or his family's comfort, or if we thought that these criticisms would be a serious obstacle to the noble institution of life-insurance itself in which we so thoroughly believe, we should have refused to print a line on the subject. We make this statement with the full knowledge of what it means. We should have risked a break with Mr. Lawson and taken the consequences, if he had not given us unqualified assurance that he feels exactly as we do, and has the soundest reasons for the course he is pursuing. Mr. Lawson protests with all the fire and vehemence of which he is capable that he has no thought but for the interests of the policy-holders, that the evils which he intends to point out are full of menace, that by directing attention to them now and forcing a change, he will save millions for the policy-holders and their families from untold misery, and that unless the evils in question are corrected very soon there will be precipitated the gravest calamity that has ever befallen this country.
>
> We have gone over every statement made by Mr. Lawson, fully realizing our responsibility. We have gone most carefully through the mass of data from which he has drawn his facts. We ask all policy-holders to be the judges; let them read the statements and go on their way as if they had not read them until the case is complete and each side has had a hearing.
>
> This is the spirit in which we approach this subject. If EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE can have a part in righting what seems to be a great wrong, it will begin to be worthy of its name, and whatever responsibility may be incurred in facing and forcing the issue we shall cheerfully shoulder, knowing that in doing so we are having a part in averting a crisis which would bring untold misery to millions of people.

❧

THE SEARCH REWARDED

FOR nearly three years now, ever since we bought EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, we have been watching and searching for an American serial by an American writer upon a live American subject. Our patience and our persistent effort have been rewarded. At last we have found just what we have searched for so long. The author is Rex E. Beach. The story is "The Spoilers," which begins in this number on page 766; and the setting is Alaska at the height of the gold-fever.

Mr. Beach has written several powerful short stories of Alaska. This, we believe, is his first novel. He will not claim that it is a perfect piece of work. We shall not claim that it is the novel of the year, nor make any other extravagant claims. But if you have any confidence in our judgment as to what is worth reading, you will dip into this first instalment of Mr. Beach's serial far enough at least to get the flavor. The story goes with a rush like the rush to the Klondike. It is big with the primitive passions of men who are braving all kinds of death in a country where the rifle is law and executioner.

What most recommended this serial to us after the vivid elemental strokes through it was the fact that the characters do not belong to some ancient period or some foreign country. Mr. Beach has taken real incidents for the framework of his story—daring, dramatic incidents—and woven them through with a strenuous love-tale which he leads out of many vicissitudes to a splendid climax. We wish you could know Mr. Beach. Somehow you feel that such a story belongs to him. He spent several years up there in Alaska, having been among the first to catch the gold-fever. There is none of the pink tea about him, you may be sure; he looks an ideal pioneer—young, big, brawny, built like Hercules, but with that quick, warm humanity that seems to belong to big men. Mr. Beach will write bigger stories than this first one of his. But this one has something that his others may not have. There is a strength and rugged beauty about less polished things which appeal, we believe, to Americans. We have pleasure in commending to you the first great story by Rex E. Beach.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE TO YOUR FRIEND

About this time you are beginning to think of a desirable present that you could send to some friend. Last year we made the suggestion that a year's subscription to Everybody's Magazine would be a most acceptable Christmas gift, as the twelve numbers would be a monthly reminder of your thoughtfulness.

There were many thousands of our readers who approved of the idea and subscribed on behalf of their friends, each of whom on Christmas morning received a card announcing the gift. The card, which is at our readers' disposal again this year, is beautifully printed in colors and in addition to the announcement, printed below, bears an attractive design.

We haven't tried to reprint here this design, as black and white would give only a faint impression of its beauty in colors, but we think your friend will take almost as much pleasure in getting it as we did in preparing it and telling you about it.

We would ask you to write very plainly the name and address of the person to whom you wish the magazine sent, enclosing $1.50 for each subscription. If you wish to subscribe for a number of your friends, please be careful that all the names and addresses, plainly written, are enclosed in the letter in which you send the money, so that your friends will surely get the card on Christmas Day announcing your gift.

In spite of the fact that the readers of Everybody's Magazine have grown into such an enormous family during the last year, we like to feel that there is still among us the sense of kinship that comes of hopes and aims in common, and plans and successes shared together.

We shall expect the pleasure of your company for another twelve months, during which we venture to predict that you will find month by month that Everybody's Magazine, while perhaps to some a luxury, is to you a necessity.

Mr ....

Requests

The Ridgway-Thayer Company

TO ANNOUNCE TO YOU THAT

Everybody's Magazine WILL BE SENT TO YOU FOR ONE YEAR

COMMENCING WITH THE NEXT ISSUE

The Publishers

BEG TO JOIN THE DONOR IN THE HOPE THAT THE RECIPIENT

OF THE TWELVE NUMBERS

WILL RECEIVE FROM THEM THE SAME ENJOYMENT

THAT PROMPTED THE GIFT

To ....

Frenzied Finance

Continued from page 831

humanity. While it is unwise to expect too much from one's brethren and comrades, surely he is false to his race instinct who says "All men are liars." To renounce one's faith in human nature because one individual has proved false would be as foolish as to refuse to cross streets because some one had been killed by a passing vehicle. One might as well call marriage a failure because some men and women have secured divorces. In my long and wide experience with men, treachery has ever proved the exception—honesty the rule—save indeed in that comparatively limited area, "financialdom," where the rule is reversed. And it is no practise of square dealing to hit below the belt when one's opponent fouls. This, my readers, is no doctrine of idealism but the logical finding of an incidentful life. And let me warn you—because at this moment your ears are assailed by the cries of bad men being toppled from high places, do not conclude that the world is worse than it was in the period before they had been exposed. Our body politic has its fevers and eruptions as the body physical has, and in cleansing the blood of corruption what wonder if ulcers show themselves on the surface. The thief at his thieving is noiseless. The money-changer in the temple screens his tainted trafficking from the worshipers' eyes. Silently the vulture battens on the carcass. But interfere between any of these and his prey and the air is filled with vengeful cries and the flapping of wings, with protestations from outraged respectability and the clamor of vice in the open.

No, I lost no faith in human nature because I had been the instrument of a Judas, but I did determine that Judas should disgorge if I could make him. I voiced my indignation through the press in a series of advertisements that all who were in stocks remember to this day. I tried to put on paper all the pent-up poison that had been generated from the day of the Amalgamated flotation, and I succeeded. My enemies chuckled because they were sure I should be railroaded to jail for libel, and my friends grieved that I had lost my head. I painted "Standard Oil," Rogers, and Rockefeller in nineteen different shades of black, yellow, and red, but nothing worse befell than a reprimand from the Stock Exchange. Then the master of "Standard Oil" again displayed his marvelous ability to make live men look like chloroformed monkeys. He demanded that I in all fairness listen to his argument. I listened, for appeals to my fairness find me weak. This is how he explained what had happened:

"What would you do if you were in business to make money and found yourself on the wrong side of the market with your enemies rampant on the other and with power in your hands to turn the tables? Would you forego your chance and allow them to profit while you lost, or would you do the thing that was best for your own interests? Suppose you had decided to act and it happened that you had an associate whose interest stood in the way, and that associate was such a peculiar chap that at the first intimation of what you were attempting he would surely rush to the courts and balk your plans or let out a public yell, which would more than balk it, what would you do? Not what would *you* do, Lawson, as Lawson, but if you were a free business man who believed his own interests came before others'? Would you not do just what I have done, and then come to your associate and say, 'What are your losses? Name them, and you shall have my check for them.'"

Unimpeachable logic. Mr. Rogers had phrased the Wall Street point of view—the creed of the dollar idolater, the first commandment of the worship of gold. To Almighty Dollar he had sacrificed the truth and his honor—but how richly he had been recompensed. He had been compelled to deceive his friend, but why should a meddlesome fellow who could not keep his mouth shut be allowed to interfere between him and great profits? If the friend had possessed a proper business sense, it would not have been necessary to deceive him. The lie had cost his friend millions—well, the millions should be made up, and more. What else could be demanded of a free business man?

All human relations are somewhere based on observance of the laws of the game. The value of the cards must be considered before one can play whist. Men must have certain definitions in common before they can do business together. To one who argued as Mr. Rogers did, there was no reply but acquiescence. One might as well preach gentleness to a Cossack or the golden rule to a second-story man as explain the immorality of such treachery to one capable of justifying it on the ground of expediency. I had been tricked only because I believed Rogers was playing the game squarely. My faith and loyalty had been the instruments of my betrayal.

But I would have none of the blood money. That I should have my losses made up to me—I who had been the instrument of others losing millions—was nauseating. Indignantly I spurned the proposition. You know the old argument, my readers. One of Wall Street's famous operators over a quarter of a century ago put it into the financial text-books.

"Deacon" Daniel Drew, a leader in the early seventies, was working up his great Northwest Railroad corner. He needed lots of outside buying at the top just before the collapse, and so shuffled his cards that his pastor came to him one day and said:

"My dear deacon, I never speculate, but I have about $10,000 saved up, and I understand from some of the flock that the purchase of your stock would be a wise investment. I could turn the $10,000 into $20,000, which would make me very happy, but I can take no risks. Do you consider it sure?"

"Absolutely. Go ahead, and if by any chance you lose I will make good the loss."

"But, my dear deacon, if it is really as good as that, why is it not safe for me to mortgage my real estate and invest $20,000?"

"It is," said the wily deacon, and the pastor made his investment. Shortly the collapse came, and, panic-stricken, the clergyman rushed into "Deacon" Drew's office.

"Deacon, I am ruined!" he gasped, as he sank into a chair. "What shall I do?"

"Well, what have you done?" asked the good "deacon."

"I not only invested my $20,000, as I said, but as it was so safe I had my wife borrow $20,000 more from her people, and now, even if you repay me the $20,000 you promised, I am practically ruined."

The "deacon" drew out his check-book and filling out one of the bits of paper, passed it over to the clergyman.

"My dear Mr. ——, there is the $40,000 you lost and $10,000 for interest. Don't thank me. I know how you feel, but take my advice: Never make any more investments of that kind."

The clergyman took the check, was profuse in his thanks, but still lingered.

"What's the trouble?" said the old leader of Wall Street. "Isn't the check large enough?"

"Large enough? Deacon Drew, your generosity is princely, but I have a terrible confession to make. When you told me how safe that investment was I told the congregation, and they are to have a meeting in the vestry to-night, and have asked me to attend, and——"

"Hold up right there!" snapped the good "deacon." "I guaranteed you, not the congregation!"

It is a matter of financial history that the congregation's losses amounted to $650,000.

The loss of my private fortune in the Amalgamated disaster hardly concerns this narrative, but that my readers may know the cost to me of that one act of H. H. Rogers and the "System," I may say the truth is that I lost directly and indirectly considerably over twelve millions of dollars. I took my loss—a loss greater than any man could recoup in a lifetime, save through the magic agency of frenzied finance. I shall never recoup it, for I have done forever with the cards and counters of that game. For a time it looked as though I might not be able to pull through, but after an interval of indecision and mortification—inevitable effects of so fierce a blow—I shut out all thoughts of the past, and grimly looking ahead, pushed out into the open market, and in a series of fair and fortunate operations contrived to gain the millions necessary to ballast and steady my craft. I squared up and began that process of making over my ambitions which is the bitterest ordeal to which an active and imaginative man can subject himself. Heaven help the dreamer of dreams who, for the soul torture he must suffer when he sits on the banks of his dream lake and sees the wreckage of his fair venture the plaything of wanton breeze and aimless wave, has never found the solitary anodyne—philosophy. Relentlessly I put out of my thoughts the vision of the great copper triumph with which I had so long lived, and repeating to myself "What will it matter a thousand years hence?" plunged into the task to which my life must henceforth be devoted—the development of my Remedy—the Remedy which I believe when fully accepted will render forever impossible a repetition of the evils that I have in this long-drawn-out history depicted. By the magic of that elixir was hope revived. Glowing with the stimulus of a new purpose, I could easily have persuaded myself that my experience had been worth the terrific price it had exacted of me, but for the wrecks that day by day I had to bump into—the wrecks of those unfortunates who had gone down under their losses. But for these derelicts and the awful memories that their battered hulls and broken masts revived in me, I might have felt that Rogers and Rockefeller had really benefited, rather than injured me.

CHAPTER XXX

THE END OF AMALGAMATED

RIGHT here, before beginning to tie the fag-ends of my tale into the knot with which all such skeins should terminate, briefly and concisely I will run Amalgamated out to a finish and leave it.

After the first cut of the dividends from eight to six per cent Mr. Rogers continued to rain blows on our unfortunate structure. Standing by at each directors' meeting with his one-man-rule ax, he relentlessly smashed at it. Dividends were dropped from six to five, then to four, three, and even two per cent. At that low point, the rumor machine prophesied that after the next meeting there would be no further returns to stockholders. Nor were reasons ever assigned for these autocratic actions of the directors. Never until a few months ago was there published a statement of even the resources of the corporation. Its earnings or expenditures, the returns from its subsidiary companies, have never been disclosed. Under the compulsion of this brutal policy Amalgamated declined, steadily falling until it reached 33. After every man and woman owning a share of this cursed stock had been tortured to the last turn of the screw—to the last vibration of the rack—after the last victim had dropped his last share into the relentless maw of 26 Broadway, the siren song began again to be heard. The rumor machines megaphoned throughout the land that Amalgamated had recovered its old strength, that new ore had been discovered in its mines, that its earning capacity had been increased through new processes of ore extraction, and that those who wished to make money had better get aboard. To add reality to these reports, dividends were gradually increased—to three per cent first; then four; now five. As I write, the press and the army of Wall Street touts provided by the Boston "News Bureau" are busily engaged in a new campaign, the slogan of which is that Amalgamated is really earning seventeen per cent. Under this stimulus the stock has shot up until it is now quoted at 84 or thereabouts and has even been manipulated to 89. The siren voices are whispering that it will shortly jump to 150 or 200. While all this has been taking place the price of the metal has been steadily pushed up from its low level of eleven cents until it is now again seventeen cents, and the same touts are busy with assurances that the metal is on its way to twenty—even to twenty-five cents per pound.

Stop there, my reader—you are about to say that all this is incredible! What incredible? That the people should allow themselves to be hocused by such obvious flim-flamming; that the flim-flammers should dare repeat their tricks, or that the press and the authorities should sit silently by while such a barefaced fraud is being exploited? How little you know the temper of a country that consumes annually gold bricks enough to furnish gilt paving for a new Jerusalem! Perhaps, you say, the black hull has been disguised under white paint, and a new crew mans the old pirate. Not so—the "Jolly Roger" flies at the mizzen peak and it is Captain Kidd—I mean Rogers—on the bridge. Chief mate William Rockefeller stands handy by, and all the other cutthroats are at their familiar stations. Unaccountable, you repeat, that any wary merchantman should peep out of harbor while this buccaneer is in the offing. My dear readers, it is a credulous and a cruel world. As long as some men have that which other men want, there will be spoilers and victims; and dead flies tell no tales of spider-webs. The fire is ever an enticement to the unburned child and even blistered finger-tips are not proof against a I-must-try-it-once-more fascination. Amalgamated spreads its toils for new hordes of dollar-owners, relying on the lures that have proved so efficient in the past to bait its trap. These lures are the old stories of surplus millions gleaned by good management to be distributed among the public by Rogers and Rockefeller, or noble dividends to be conferred on faithful stockholders by these philanthropists who are in the copper business only for the benefit of their generation. Read the Wall Street gossip and the "News Bureaus" for other inducements. Signs multiply that Juggernaut is at hand. Already the shrewdest Wall Street men are asking, "Who is the mysterious seller of Amalgamated?"—for on strong days when buyers appear in the market there is ever a plentiful supply of the stock from some mysterious source. Again one learns in the haunts of finance that all who care to buy Amalgamated can borrow on it close to the market at the National City Bank.

But the coming disaster will differ in one salient feature from that which I have so fully described—it has been fully flagged and red-lanterned. For eighteen months past I have advertised the coming slaughter, and those who are caught cannot claim sympathy on the ground that they have run into an open switch.

Before passing on to my closing chapter, where I treat of the "smuggers" of "Frenzied Finance," let me say here: Not once in all the years I have taken my readers through, not once at the threshold of the fiendish crimes the "System" has committed, was there a pause for fear that the law, God's or man's, would interfere to stop the plundering or compel restitution. Not once in all those years, though from the pulpit and the press and the bench and the halls of legislation billions of words were thundered—words, words, words—declaring the rights of man, the equality of the people, and the freedom of each and every one of us, did these dollar fiends give any more heed to the organized powers that are supposed to rule in America than if they had been czars or sultans and all the rest of us born slaves.

I have shown quite fully the method of this robbery. I shall conclude the chapter by demonstrating how adroitly "Standard Oil" organizes itself to go about escaping the consequences of its iniquities; how it preserves the proceeds of its robberies against the emergency when its victims, awakened to a realization of the fraud practised upon them, shall seek redress at the hands of the law.

At the time of the Amalgamated flotation, there were upon the statute-books of nearly all the States laws which in effect decreed that the promoters of such a crime as had just been committed could be held responsible for the profits derived therefrom, and that any stockholder could sue the plunderers under the name of the corporation and compel restitution.

This was the law in the State of New Jersey, in which Amalgamated was spawned, but in his greedy haste to seize the millions he beheld in prospect, Mr. Rogers did not let such futile obstacles as the statutes of a sovereign State deter him from his purpose. After the cut in the Amalgamated dividend, however, and the attendant terrible losses in this and other dishonest corporation schemes, the public had one of those passing spasms of resentment against the class that had plundered them, and one consequence was an agitation against the promoters of great corporation swindles.

Mr. Rogers was well aware that he had seriously infringed both the letter and the spirit of the corporation law in the flotation of Amalgamated and he resolved to insure himself against consequences. Cunningly he made this newly aroused resentment the instrument of his salvation. Without any warning the legislative halls of New Jersey became the camping-ground of a horde of strenuous reformers, who would be satisfied with nothing less than the purging of the State of all grafting corporations and the passing of laws which would make it forever impossible for any corporation grafter to use New Jersey charters in its plundering schemes. A band of press-agents sent out broadcast the welcome news that New Jersey, which had been the home of trusts and thieving corporations, was to take the initiative against all such. Every day drafts of coming new laws were promulgated. It seemed as though virtue was to be finally triumphant and the world turned right side up. This farce was kept up until the eyes of financialdom tired and shifted to other objects. Thereupon the following law was railroaded through the Legislature, and in April, 1903, was put upon the statute-books. The calliopean press-agents threw their hats into the air and caused praises to be shouted in the press that henceforward the seal of New Jersey on a stock would be proof positive that it had received its baptism in the righteousness of full value. Here is the measure:

> "Any director, officer, promoter, or other agent of any corporation organized or existing under the laws of this State, who shall have heretofore made or re-

ceived, or who shall hereafter make or receive, while acting in such capacity, any bonus, profit, or reward of any kind whatsoever out or on account of any transaction for or with such corporation, without disclosure of the fact of such bonus, profit, or reward to the corporation, and without obtaining its approval thereof, shall be liable to such corporation for the amount or value of such bonus, profit, or reward *for and during the period of four years from and after the making or receipt of the same and not afterward*, and an action shall lie on behalf of such corporation, either at law or in equity, to recover such bonus, profit, or reward, or the value thereof, or for an account with respect thereto, *at any time before the expiration of said period of four years, but not afterward.*

"This act shall take effect immediately, but shall not affect any action or proceeding pending in any court at the time it takes effect, or any right of any corporation, or of any stockholder, against any such director, officer, promoter, or other agent, under existing law, *provided action thereon be commenced within six months after this act takes effect.*"

That my readers unversed in law or corporations may properly understand the above, I will translate it into every-day language, point its moral, and explain its purpose:

"Whereas, Rogers, Rockefeller, Stillman, 'Standard Oil,' etc., just four years ago committed acts by which the unlawful transfer of $36,000,000 of the people's money was made from the pockets of the people into their own; and

"Whereas, The people received absolutely nothing in return for this vast sum; and

"Whereas, Rogers, Rockefeller, Stillman, 'Standard Oil' & Co. may be called upon through the courts at any time to refund said $36,000,000; and

"Whereas, They can never feel safe from the danger of such suit,

"Now, therefore, be it understood that this law forever puts it out of the power of the people who were plundered to compel restitution, unless by some mishap those who have been plundered should during the next six months discover the trick that has been played upon them and bring suit—a very improbable thing."

I thought I was keeping fairly well posted on the different happenings connected with Amalgamated. In a general way I knew about proceedings in the New Jersey Legislature, but exactly what this particular law portended and included, I did not suspect, nor did any one of the thousands in Wall Street who make the study of such affairs their business. There was one man, however, a man with a national reputation for flagging all hurrying corporation affairs, who had his eye out for the Rogers special, and sixty days before the expiration of the six months, he sent the Master of "Standard Oil" one of his most politely worded notices which hinted gently but unmistakably that if said Rogers did not "do certain things" within thirty days, etc., etc.—but this would make another chapter to my tale, which I have already given notice is to end on schedule time, so my readers must forego almost as luridly interesting a yarn as that which I told in connection with the court scene in Delaware.

Suffice it to say that Mr. Rogers promptly "did," and that the six months passed without any one else opening a switch or loosening a rail. To-day chapter 182 of the General Laws of New Jersey for 1903 stands out as a fit headstone to mark the grave of the hopes of the thousands who were robbed in Amalgamated.

At this headstone I will leave the story of Amalgamated and pass on to one that marks the last resting-place of its side-partner in crime, deception, and trickery, Bay State Gas.

(Mr. Lawson's story of "Frenzied Finance" will be continued in the January number.)

Lawson and His Critics

To Policy-Holders in American Life-Insurance Companies, Particularly those of the New York and Mutual

THE time for talk about the life-insurance evil is at an end. It is now the moment for action.

I told of the life-insurance plundering and pointed to the plunderers at a time when the grafters who now stand exposed were secure and serene in their high places.

I have kept after them all these months, until to-day they stand convicted before all the world, and their greed and hypocrisy are bywords among men. Three things more remain to do:

1. To take the companies out of the control of the grafters and turn them over to honest men;

2. To compel complete restitution, and,
3. To enforce full punishment.

All other things can wait.

These three things must be got at now. These accomplished, all other reforms will follow, perforce.

There is but one way to bring about these three things:

One-half of all policy-holders must turn their proxies over to a common center.

This is the only practical course. Other attempts to better the situation will but confuse the millions of policy-holders.

Knowing this, the insurance grafters, following the cuttlefish practise, are clouding the waters with threats and suggestions for the sole purpose of frightening policy-holders into remaining inactive, as they have been during the past twenty years.

So the battle is now joined, and the alignment is as clear as that between honesty and theft. On one side are those who have been tricked, robbed, and insulted. On the other are those who have done the tricking, robbing, and the insulting. On one side are the policy-holders; on the other, the grafters who have fattened off the policy-holders.

The interests of all policy-holders are identical. The interests of all grafters are the same.

Every policy-holder desires to do what is necessary to insure the safety of that now on hand which belongs to him; to secure the return to him of that of which he has been robbed; to prevent future robbery, and to punish those who have robbed him in the past.

Unified action of policy-holders can be brought about only by their turning over their proxies to a common center.

It is a matter of life or death to the grafter that he prevent the policy-holder from doing this one vitally essential thing.

He dares not do that which will openly place obstacles in the way of the policy-holder.

Therefore he is compelled to resort to trickery. He is exhausting his resources, first, to secure by hook or crook as many proxies as possible; next, to confuse the policy-holder by clouding the issue so that he shall not know to whom to send his proxy.

Policy-holders should bear in mind that the grafters now in control of the companies are best equipped to secure proxies, for they alone have the names and addresses of the millions of men insured.

However, if there were one central place to which it could be agreed that all policy-holders had best send their proxies, though the combined insurance grafters would concentrate their fire against it, still it would be a rallying ground for the hosts of honesty.

Let us consider if there is not a common center around which policy-holders can rally, a common center so well identified that there can be no possibility of policy-holders' mistaking it.

Because of my personal work during the past eighteen months I have earned the right to say to American policy-holders:

You are absolutely assured that if your proxy is sent to me it will not in any circumstances be voted in the interest, directly or indirectly, of any of the convicted grafters.

You are absolutely assured, because of conditions already stipulated on the proxy, that it will be voted for men selected by the most representative committee of honest and conscientious public men that can be got together.

Assuming this conceded, for it is absolutely logical that I be fairly considered such a common center, I have made a call on all policy-holders for proxies.

I might have hesitated longer to proceed so boldly in this matter had it not been for certain facts. It requires an enormous expenditure of time and money to secure the necessary number of proxies, and no other one man or interests stand ready to devote this time and money to the securing of them, while upon the other hand the insurance grafters are equipped with unlimited funds belonging to policy-holders to promote their own interests. Under ordinary conditions no one man or interest could be asked to do this without being guaranteed reimbursement in the form of money, office, or control of the insurance companies.

It so happens that I am so situated as to be willing to make this expenditure of time and money, and at the same time I give absolute guarantee that in no circumstances will I accept money, office, or anything else in payment for my work.

Because of the above, I claim that I am justified in inviting the confidence of policy-holders and that I am the one man of all others before the public to whom all policy-holders should be encouraged to send their proxies.

Since the last issue of this magazine I have been at work and have circularized the United States to secure proxies.

They are coming to me by thousands daily.

Immediately my work began to show that it was meeting with success, the combined grafters jumped into the field and are doing everything possible to nullify it until in their desperation they are now attempting to secure proxies at any cost, and I am actually confronted in asking for proxies with demands that I meet the cash bid of others for them—the cash bid of tens and hundreds of dollars.

The lines are now so clearly drawn that professional agitators in the pay of the grafters try to break up the public meetings called throughout the country to discuss the insurance crisis, and then appoint opposition committees to receive proxies which they claim are to be used for the same purpose as those directed to me, but "by others than Lawson."

Therefore, I want to say this last word to policy-holders, and that I may not repeat my work I say it in the form of a fresh circular which I have just put on the printing-press, and which will be sent to all policy-holders whose names I can secure.

THE RESULT HANGS BY A HAIR

TO POLICY-HOLDERS

I have a gigantic force at work.

I am doing all that it is possible for any one man to do.

At this stage I do not dare accept assistance from any one, as treachery lurks on every hand.

I am sending each day all the circulars and proxies my printing establishment can turn out.

As fast as I receive a proxy I mail to the policy-holder sending it from 5 to 250 additional ones for him to secure other policy-holders.

I am receiving scores of telegrams from all parts of the country, each asking for from 25 to 1,000 blanks.

Bank presidents, merchants, lawyers, congressmen, mayors, judges, and others are opening headquarters in their respective communities for the signing of proxies.

But—

We must do better than this.

During the past two days, or since the insurance grafters have become panic stricken, they have rushed into the field dummy duplicates of my different moves, and it is here the danger lies.

I have no means of knowing when a man in an Ohio, California, or Texas town sets up to form a committee to collect proxies, whether he is with me or is working a trap, and nothing I can do will prevent his mixing up the situation.

The only thing that can be done to offset this work must be done by the policy-holders themselves, and to offset this deviltry I make the following appeal:

To the Insurance Commissioner of every State in the Union,

To the Mayor of every city in the Union,

To the Chairman of the Selectmen or the Town Treasurer of every town and village in America,

To the President or Cashier of every bank in America, and

To all others who have influence in their respective communities:

Call a meeting at once of as many policy-holders as you can reach;

Then telegraph me for circulars and blank proxies;

Then secure as many proxies as possible.

Powwow and resolute as much as you choose, but *after* you have secured proxies.

In other words, give the hirelings of the insurance grafters no opportunity to side-track your movement by the appointment of subcommittees of inquiry and what-not, which will delay the one thing absolutely necessary at the present time:

Proxies in hand for quick use in an emergency.

One word more.

A little thought on the part of policy-holders will convince them that if it is possible for the insurance grafters to divide the policy-holders into groups, my work is nullified, and—I drop it. Yes, I know it will be tough on policy-holders, but it will be tougher on me, after all my work and tremendous expenditures, to drop it, but I'll do it, for I want every life-insurance policy-holder in America to know I am no shadow chaser and have no time to spend in graveyards. I will work and struggle while there is any life in the patient, but I have other uses for my money and time than sitting around after I am convinced the patient is a corpse.

A final word:

The insurance companies have proxies by the bale which have accumulated for years. They will not hesitate to use them regardless of their age. Therefore, the only hope is:

A majority of proxies in one bunch, to be *voted for men whose election will mean complete restitution, full punishment, an honest reorganization, an equitable distribution to policy-holders of the enormous accumulated funds, a big cut-down of future premiums, and absolutely no grafting.*

THOMAS W. LAWSON.

BOSTON, November 1, 1905.

One word more to policy-holders:

It is my earnest belief that if you do not grasp this opportunity now, you will never again have the opportunity of taking possession of your own property.

That means that your policies will decline in value until there will be a question as to the actual solvency of the contract behind them.

I know these are harsh things to say, but also I realize the desperation of the men now controlling the insurance companies that have been exposed. I believe I know to what length they will go first to save themselves from punishment, next, to prevent restitution, and next, to commit further robberies.

In this issue of the magazine I again print a proxy, and I earnestly ask all those who have not sent me theirs to sign, to execute it and mail it at once, or to send it to some one of their friends, neighbors, or acquaintances for execution. If any policy-holder can use more blank proxies, I ask him to telegraph me at my expense for the required number.

I had intended in this issue of the magazine to lay more fully before my readers the work I am accomplishing, and to publish some of the thousands of letters I have received from all parts of the country, but the great demands upon my time during the past thirty days have prevented it.

(The following has just been received from Mr. Lawson as our last form was going to press.—EDITOR.)

Gentlemen: I trust you can find room enough to squeeze in the following two clippings, which have just come in in this morning's mail, and my comments on them.

When this month's issue of the magazine is in the hands of our readers on the 20th, my insurance tussle will be tilting heavily to one side or the other, and the evidences that are coming to hand every hour show me I shall need every ounce possible to keep my end from being the one in the air. Please try to squeeze it in. Believe me,

Yours very truly,

THOMAS W. LAWSON.

[*From the Morning News, Wilmington, Del., October 31st*]

POLICY-HOLDERS MEET

DISCUSS THE INSURANCE SITUATION AND NAME TWO COMMITTEES—ONE FAVORS SUPPORTING THOMAS W. LAWSON AND THE OTHER IS FOR INDEPENDENT ACTION

After a long discussion of the best means of reaching and correcting the evils now alleged to exist in large life-insurance companies, a large body of policy-holders last night adopted resolutions calling upon the State Insurance Commissioner to take action toward having numerous questions answered before the companies are allowed to continue in business next year, and two committees were named to act for the policy-holders. One of these committees will receive proxies to be turned over to Thomas W. Lawson to be voted by him, while the other committee will receive proxies and go to New York for the purpose of voting them as the policy-holders may direct.

The attendance at the meeting was large. Dr. Joseph H. Chandler presided, and John D. Kurtz was the secretary.

At the opening of the meeting the following telegram to John W. Lawson, Jr., the secretary of the Board of Trade, was read:

"I respectfully request the life-insurance policy-holders of Delaware to aid in the fight I am making against the corrupt band of grafters and stock speculators who have been juggling and stealing the funds of the New York Life and Mutual Life Insurance Companies. Already I have received thousands of proxies. They are coming in at the rate of five hundred to one thousand per day. I ask the Delaware policy-holders to send me their proxies for the following reasons:

"*First*—They have been disgracefully robbed in the past. The robbery has been proved and is known to all.

"*Second*—If the companies are taken out of the hands of the grafters now in control and turned over to men of unquestioned honesty, their enormous assets which as yet have not been stolen can be protected against further depredations, and it will be practicable to compel restitution of the hundreds of millions that have been stolen.

"*Third*—If the companies are turned over to honest men at once proper legal proceedings can be begun so all those who have plundered policy-holders in the past will receive just punishment.

"*Fourth*—That this may be accomplished policy-holders must concentrate their proxies in the hands of some one who can be depended on to vote them in opposition to the proxies which the grafters, because of their possession of the machinery of the company, have been able to collect.

"*Fifth*—I believe that I am the right person to collect proxies because the work I have done in denouncing criminals in high places during the past two years has enlisted the confidence of the people, who know that I was the first to call attention to the conditions in the great companies that are now being exposed.

"*Sixth*—Because I have spent my time and money freely in the work. and want absolutely nothing in return for my work or services—neither money nor office.

"*Seventh*—All proxies sent to me will be voted by a representative committee of Americans, whose names will be a guarantee of honesty fairness, and freedom from any motive other than the welfare of all policy-holders. It is unnecessary for me to say to the policy-holders of Delaware that this is the first time in the history of the New York or Mutual companies that it has been even remotely possible for any one to dislodge the grafters who have been so long in possession of these great institutions, and so long as this can only be attained by quick and concerted action on the part of all the policy-holders, if this opportunity is lost, it is doubtful if another will ever occur.

"THOMAS W. LAWSON."

The telegram was acknowledged by the meeting and an answer will be sent to Mr. Lawson informing him of the action of the meeting.

At the opening of the meeting John S. Rossell offered a resolution declaring that it was the sense of those present that everything possible should be done for the purpose of preserving the interests of the policy-holders. There was a long discussion on the subject during which the insurance company officers were scored, but confidence was expressed in life-insurance.

Dr. Willard Springer started the discussion, after the resolution of Mr. Rossell, by declaring his confidence in Mr. Thomas W. Lawson. He declared that Lawson was the only man who had done anything so far toward turning out the men who have misapplied funds and he had therefore already decided to send his proxy to Lawson.

John D. Kurtz took the same view and declared that a number of people had already given him their proxies to be sent to Lawson.

J. Harvey Whiteman moved that a committee of five be named for the purpose of receiving proxies from those who desired to turn proxies over to Thomas W. Lawson. Mr. Whiteman declared that Lawson had promised that he would act for the best interests of the policy-holders and that he had so far done more than any one else to stop corrupt practises in insurance companies. He thought it advisable to send proxies to him instead of sending some local man to represent the policy-holders.

Mr. Rossell suggested that some other name than that of Lawson be inserted.

William Watson moved that the committee appointed consist of the chairman of the meeting, one man from each of the three companies now under investigation, and one from a company not under investigation.

As an amendment to the amendment, R. J. Maclean moved that the name of Lawson be stricken out and the name of Federal Judge George Gray be inserted. He held that numerous people did not know Lawson and were therefore unwilling to turn their proxies over to him.

Dr. Springer declared that no one had more respect for Judge Gray than himself, but he was opposed to placing him on this resolution because he is a busy man and he felt that Lawson was the proper man to represent the policy-holders.

H. H. Ward spoke in favor of Judge Gray or some other local man. The people do not know Lawson. Mr. Ward declared that he had a right to speak because he held a policy of $40,000 in the Mutual Life and $7,000 in the Equitable.

Thomas Davis spoke in favor of giving proxies to Mr. Lawson. He has certainly done more than any other man in trying to get rid of these present officers.

Dr. Frantz favored some one from Delaware going to the meetings of these insurance companies and voting for the policy-holders.

Otho Nowland insisted upon a vote being taken. He declared that he had already sent his proxy to Mr. Lawson because he felt it was the proper thing to do.

After numerous points of order had been raised a vote on the subject of cutting out the name of Lawson was taken. A number in the room did not vote and the vote was 47 to 29 in favor of continuing the name of Lawson in the motion. The motion to appoint a committee was then passed, and the chair named this committee: Dr. Joseph H. Chandler, John D. Kurtz, Dr. J. A. Ellegood, John S. Rossell, and J. Harvey Whiteman. This committee will receive the proxies of those who desire them turned over to Lawson to vote.

After this motion had been passed, Mr. Whiteman called attention to the fact that a large number of policy-holders were evidently opposed to having Mr. Lawson vote their proxies, and he therefore moved that a committee of three be appointed for the purpose of receiving proxies from those who desired to give them and appointing some one to go to New York and vote these proxies.

Josiah Marvel said this was a good plan as there were numerous policy-holders in the State who would desire to be represented by a Delaware man.

Mr. Maclean took the same view of the matter. The motion was carried and the chair named H. H. Ward, R. J. Maclean, and Charles M. Curtis as this committee.

After the meeting some of those opposed to the Lawson proxy movement raised the point that the vote ought to have been taken according to the insurance held, and the claim was made that the men opposed to Lawson held the greater portion of the insurance held by those present.

The meeting was one of the largest ever held in this city for a like purpose. It was an orderly body and only once was there any indication of a desire to prevent a man speaking. While Frank Woolley was speaking several shouted: "What company do you write insurance for?"

Mr. Woolley declared that he did not represent any of the companies under investigation and that he was a policy-holder in one of them.

NOW WE'RE GETTING DOWN TO REAL WORK

This Wilmington demonstration is a fair example of the work the insurance grafters now in control intend to put in against my movement.

I ask policy-holders to cast their mind's eye a few weeks into the future:

Election being held in New York and Mutual Life companies. Lawson with proxies representing a third of all policy-holders. Tom, Dick, and Harry, product of opposition to Lawson in meetings held all over the country, holding one-third. Grafters, because of inside pull coming through control of companies' machinery, one-third.

Restitution of hundreds of millions of stolen funds and State-prison punishment vividly in grafters' minds.

A billion and a quarter of policy-holders' accumulated funds in grafters' control.

Grafters' determination to secure one of the opposition thirds at any cost, to place with their third to insure future control and immunity from punishment and necessity of restitution.

Lawson and his committee of representative public men refuse to sell out, compromise, or deal with grafters in any circumstances.

Climax:

Tom, Dick, and Harry's third up for sale to highest bidder.

Only one bidder, the grafters.

This is the picture I want policy-holders to keep in mind at the different meetings that are called throughout the country.

I do not wish to reflect on the opposition committee appointed in Delaware. I know Mr. Ward, who is handling it, as an able lawyer whom I frequently met as personal counsel for J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks during the troublous times I have pictured in my story "Frenzied Finance."

As an illustration of what the insurance grafters will do, the following, which is being published in Paris simultaneously with the confessions that are being made on the witness stand in the insurance investigation, is significant:

[*From The Surplus Lines Journal.*]

AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES

It is very important to those who take an interest in life-insurance to learn that several months ago Mr. Richard McCurdy, president of the "Mutual Life," requested the Superintendent of Insurance for the State of New York to make a very minute examination into the affairs of the "Mutual Life."

The initiative taken by the honorable president of the "Mutual Life" goes to show what confidence he has in the results of such an examination, and he no doubt anticipates that everything will be found correct under his administration of the affairs of the "Mutual Life."

In September, 1903, the Superintendent, Mr. Hendricks, made an examination of the company which lasted nearly nine months. At the termination of the report made by his experts Mr. Hendricks attached the following remarks to his report:

"I beg to certify that, after a very careful examination of all the books and vouchers of the 'Mutual Life,' I have found, beyond any doubt, that the company is managed in a very sound and conservative manner."

This last report confirms the previous reports, notably that of 1881, in which the Superintendent expresses himself as follows:

"The 'Mutual Life' is a society that all others would do well to imitate, that they would have difficulty to equal, and that we defy them to surpass."

[*From the Boston Journal, November 1, 1905.*]

LAWSON'S COSTLY CAMPAIGN IN AID OF POOR POLICY-HOLDERS

THREE MILLION PIECES OF MAIL SENT ASKING FOR PROXIES

The campaign against the great insurance companies, which was inaugurated by Thomas W. Lawson some months ago and which is still being continued, is proving one of the most expensive undertakings that Boston's best-known millionaire has ever attempted. Nearly $100,000 has already been spent and the work is scarcely more than half completed.

With seventy-nine persons employed especially for this one purpose, Mr. Lawson has sent out, addressed to people in every State in this country, in the provinces, and over a large part of Europe, 3,000,000 pieces of mail containing information of his project of insurance reformation. This prodigious task has been under the direct care and supervision of C. A. Chandler, vice-president of the H. B. Humphrey Advertising Agency, and a warm personal friend of Mr. Lawson.

Mr. Lawson set out upon his task with the desire to get the voting proxies of all the life-insurance policy-holders, turn them over to a committee made up of representative men from all of the leading professions, depending upon this committee as representatives of the policy-holders to demand and secure the retirement of those insurance officials found guilty of malfeasance in office.

The total number of pieces of mail which have been sent out has cost $40,000 for postage. Of this amount $30,000 has been expended on one-cent packages and the rest on packages which have been sealed.

Three different sets of bulletins, printed on heavy paper, make up a considerable part of this matter. These documents are about three feet square. The first set of 200,000 of the No. 1s cost $2,000 to print. To the thousands of persons who have already sent in proxies from five to one hundred of the No. 2 proxies are delivered. The printing on this lot amounted to $2 000.

The last set of bulletins, printed on heavy paper, and with two colors of ink, numbering 800,000, cost Mr. Lawson $8,000. These figures show that about $59,000 has been expended on material, printing, and postage of the bulletins alone.

16,000 COUPONS RETURNED

These large sheets of paper must be folded by hand, so for this work thirty-six people are employed. For addressing the wrappers seventeen employees are kept busy. At the end of one of Mr. Lawson's magazine articles blank coupons were printed. Up to yesterday 16,000 of these filled-out coupons had been returned.

Every one of these has to be tabulated, showing the sender's name, his address, the amount of his insurance, and the company with which he is connected. For this work seventeen stenographers are employed.

Each postal delivery brings in hundreds of pounds of letters to Mr. Lawson, and to open these he has a force of twelve girls. All of this extra work has to be done in big offices on Washington Street.

SIGN THIS PROXY

For the reasons assigned in the foregoing pages, all holders of policies in the Mutual Life-Insurance Company and the New York Life-Insurance Company are urged to sign the subjoined proxy and mail it to Thomas W. Lawson, in Boston. Mr. Lawson has agreed to turn over the proxies thus secured to a committee of representative Governors of States and of men prominent in the business and political world, of such high standing as absolutely to insure the salving of these great corporations, the restitution of the moneys stolen, and the punishment of the looters.

Know all Men by these Presents, that I, ____________________

of ____________________ County of ____________________

State of ____________________ do hereby constitute and appoint THOMAS W. LAWSON my attorney and agent for me and in my name, place and stead to vote as my proxy as a policy-holder or as a member of the corporation at any meeting of ____________________ corporation, and at any election of trustees or of directors, or of other officers for whom policy-holders have the right to vote, and for such other business as may come before the meeting, and any adjournment thereof, and to act at such meeting as fully as I could do if personally present, with full power of substitution and revocation, hereby ratifying and confirming all that my said attorney and agent, or his substitute, shall lawfully do by virtue hereof. Unless sooner revoked, this proxy shall continue in force for one year from the date hereof. I hereby revoke all proxies heretofore given by me for any of the above purposes.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this ____________

day of ____________ in the year ________.

____________________ (Seal.)

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of ____________________

Owner of policy Nos. ____________________. Amount, $ ____________

In accepting the above proxy, said Thomas W. Lawson agrees that:

1. It will only be voted for a set of men who shall be nominated as trustees by a committee to be selected; said committee to consist of representative governors of different States, representative labor leaders, and representative clergymen. That when this committee has selected the men in its opinion best fitted to serve as trustees, and they have accepted, their names shall be announced to the policy-holders.

2. Said Lawson, in accepting this proxy, agrees he will not use same until ten days after he has announced to said policy-holders the names of the trustees selected, and so given said policy-holders opportunity of revoking same.

3. Said Lawson agrees that, in accepting said proxy, he will not use same to elect any one a director of the Mutual Life-Insurance Company, the New York Life-Insurance Company, or any other insurance company who will not first agree to do all in his power after he is elected to exact full restitution of all moneys filched from these corporations, and enforce punishment of officers, directors, agents, or other employees who have been in any way guilty of wrongdoing.

Both of Mr. Lawson's suites of rooms in Young's Hotel and at 33 State Street are already overcrowded.

HIS OWN PRINTING PLANT

So tremendous has the amount of correspondence and manuscript matter become that Mr. Lawson has hired a printing establishment to do his work exclusively. Three presses are kept going twelve hours a day, and still the work is not caught up. When the No. 2 bulletins were sent out Mr. Lawson announced that if any person desired more blanks they were to wire him at his expense. Hundreds of telegrams have been received on this order, and 29,000 blanks have been returned to those asking for them.

To the 29,000 publications in this country Mr. Lawson has sent copies of each of his bulletins announcing that the publications are at liberty to print the matter, and that Mr. Lawson will stand back of his utterances. All items of expense considered, the total outlay on Mr. Lawson's part has now reached nearly $100,000.

FIGURES ON LAWSON'S INSURANCE DOCUMENTS

Total amount of money expended	$100,000
Number of pieces of mail sent out	3,000,000
Cost of printing bulletins and blank proxies	$12,000
Cost of mailing bulletins and blank proxies	42,000
Total number of persons employed at this task	79
Persons folding bulletins	36
Persons addressing documents	17
Persons tabulating filled-out proxies	14
Persons opening mail	12

IN REGARD TO INSURANCE ADVERTISEMENTS

I have received a number of letters this month taking me to task because of some insurance advertisements which appeared in last month's issue of this magazine. The writers generally expressed the idea that because the advertisements appeared I must be indorsing the company advertised and its methods.

It will do no harm to repeat here what I have said many times before:

I have no financial interest, directly or indirectly, in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, or control as to what shall appear therein. I know no more of what is to appear, other than my own writings, than does any other reader. I see what is in the magazine only after it comes to me on the day it is placed on public sale—sometimes a day or two before.

But I have the fullest faith that the publishers will not print anything for pay which would put me or any other contributor in a false or unfair light before readers. If they did, my only redress would be to discontinue my writings, which I should do at once.

I am in no way responsible for and know nothing about any insurance advertisement which appeared last month or at any time. Since my story has been running I have been most careful to refrain from indorsing any insurance company. It goes without saying that I have been importuned in almost unget-away-from ways to say good words for this or that life-insurance company, and I must also admit that in many cases my impression of the clean, honest, and above-board methods of certain insurance companies has strongly tempted me to say a word in their favor; but at the present time I have no more right to point through EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE to what I might consider the honorable qualities of any life-insurance company than I have to take advantage of my connection with EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE to work off investments, however desirable, upon its readers.

I suppose I realize more keenly than my readers that my opinion is far from infallible. Were I assured of its infallibility I should not hesitate for a moment in pointing direct to this or that insurance institution as the best place to procure insurance, even though I knew that by doing so I should be accused of having sold out; but that is not the question at the present time.

My only connection with insurance companies, in fact my sole right to speak on the subject, is my desire and intention to benefit the policy-holders. I have shown them that they have been robbed in the past. I desire now to show them how to stop this robbery, how to compel restitution, how to punish those who have robbed them, and how to prevent future robbery; and this responsibility plainly precludes any indorsement of even the most righteous company, for the result would be to injure further the old companies I am working to save. I know of no reason why I should attempt to take advantage of my peculiar position to injure or in any way direct the policy of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE when I am certain that its publishers are actuated by as honest and commendable motives as I am. At the same time, I thank those who have called my attention to the matter in question, as I thank all the thousands and tens of thousands who during the progress of my work have so kindly endeavored to assist me.

THOMAS W. LAWSON

December

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Everybody's Magazine

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Rex E. Beach's Stirring Novel of Adventure Begins in This Issue

Vol. XIII

Everybody's Magazine

No. 6

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The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

Everybody's Advertisers

$16,000 TURNED DOWN

The above figure represents the amount of undesirable advertising Everybody's Magazine has declined within the last sixty days.

If Everybody's possessed no other virtue, the absolute cleanliness of its advertising pages would commend it to every thoughtful, high-grade advertiser. No liquors, no patent medicines, no get-rich-quick financial schemes, no questionables of any kind.

A magazine of sterling honesty of purpose, high principle and absolute integrity commands the spontaneous admiration not only of its readers, but of its advertisers as well. It is natural to believe in such publications, to have confidence in them and to emulate their ideals. Such characteristics spring from the heart rather than from the head. Did it ever strike you that Everybody's was a heart magazine, that the spirit of helpfulness and "lend a hand" was the mainspring of the whole fabric?

What can be stronger or more inspiring than a publication committed to establishing between men President Roosevelt's famous slogan, the "square deal"? What more pitiable than a magazine with a reputation for being a "trimmer" or time-server, with no ideals to uphold, no line to which to hew, come fair weather or foul?

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....	6 **Bacon's Essays**	
....	7 **Barnaby Rudge**	Dickens
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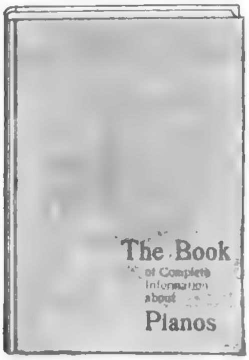

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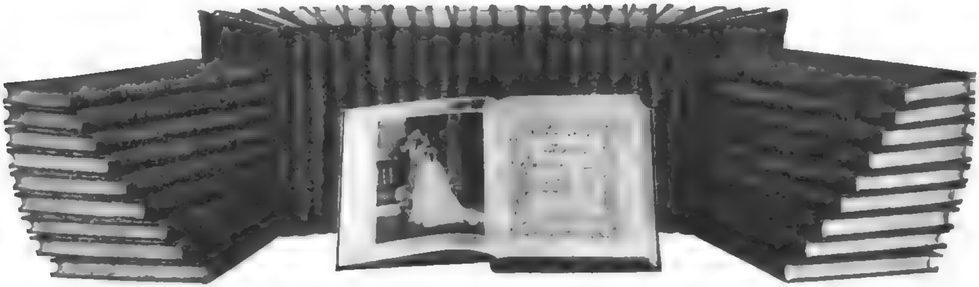

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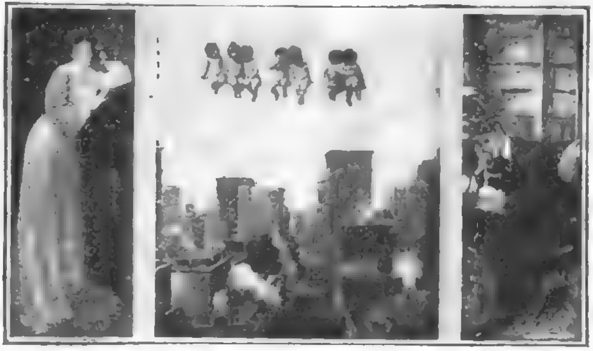

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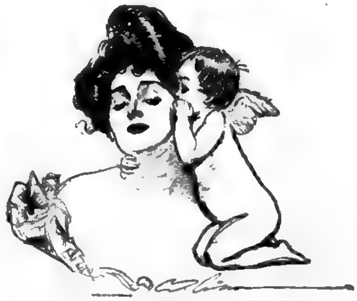

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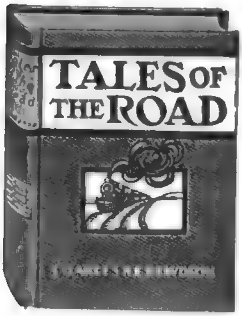

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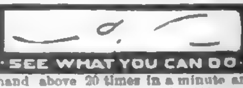

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THE AMERICAN BOY

the brightest and best boy's paper in the world. Tells how to do and make things. Clean and inspiring stories. Handsomely illustrated. **Only $1.00 a year.** You will approve it.

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A Splendid Christmas Gift

FREE

To bring a quick response to this offer we will give absolutely without cost, to the first 250 persons who order a set of the **American Encyclopedic Dictionary**, a splendidly bound copy of the Modern Atlas of the World. The Atlas is 10 x 13 inches in size (bound in fine red cloth) and contains 100 maps in six to twelve colors, and gives separate maps of all States and Territories and all countries of the world, and the population of all cities of importance. The price of the Atlas is $5.00, but if your order is sent promptly we will include it in this offer **free**, as our Christmas present to you.

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Hon. John W. Goff, Recorder of New York.—"To the student and man of busy life the advantage of finding, embraced in one work, the best features of the encyclopedia and the dictionary, is incalculable."

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As a Dictionary this work defines 25,000 more words than any other Dictionary, and every definition is so clear that a schoolboy can understand it. Dr. Parkhurst, the famous divine, writes: "The Encyclopedic Dictionary is a library condensed into a few volumes; a ton of diffusiveness reduced to 50 pounds of quintessence, and, withal, as delicate in detail as it is comprehensive in contents."

As an Encyclopedia it treats **50,000 subjects** in an encyclopedic manner, and this vast array of articles covers the whole field of human knowledge. With a set in your home it means a liberal education for your children and a constant source of reference for the older members of the family. The entire work has been recently revised and enlarged by a staff of American editors.

Sets Sent Free

For Examination

The limited edition that we control will be closed out to prompt purchasers at slightly more than one-third the publisher's price. For instance, the half-leather binding—**our price, $19.50**—has been widely sold at $56.00 a set, and it is considered by expert judges to be worth the money. Prompt action on your part is necessary to be sure of a set on these terms.

Read the coupon and note how much you can save by ordering at once. Cut it out and mail to-day. We will send you a complete set at our expense, to be returned if not satisfactory. Remember if your order is one of the **first 250 received** you will get the Atlas free. Payments are 50 cents upon acceptance of the books and as low as a dollar a month thereafter, depending upon the style of binding desired.

J. A. Hill & Company

44-60 East 23d Street
New York

MAIL THIS COUPON

J. A. HILL & COMPANY, New York: [E.M.12-05

You may send me for inspection one set of the AMERICAN ENCYCLOPEDIC DICTIONARY, bound in the style indicated by having the "X" beside it.

Full Sheep Binding. Regular price $64.00 I will pay for the same, if I decide to keep the books, as follows: 50 cents after I examine them, and $2.00 a month until your special price of **$25.00** is paid.

Half Leather Binding. Regular price $56.00. I will pay for the same, if I decide to keep the books, as follows; 50 cents after I examine them, and $1.50 a month until your special price of **$19.50** is paid.

Library Cloth Binding. Regular price $42.00. I will pay for the same, if I decide to keep the books, as follows: 50 cents after I examine them, and $1.00 a month until your special price of **$16.50** is paid.

It is understood that if this is one of the first 250 orders received, you will send me with the set, free, an Atlas of the World. You prepay delivery charges. If I decide not to keep the books, I am to return them to you, charges collect, together with the Atlas.

Name..............................

City..............................

State..............................

Everybody's Money For You

$15,000.00

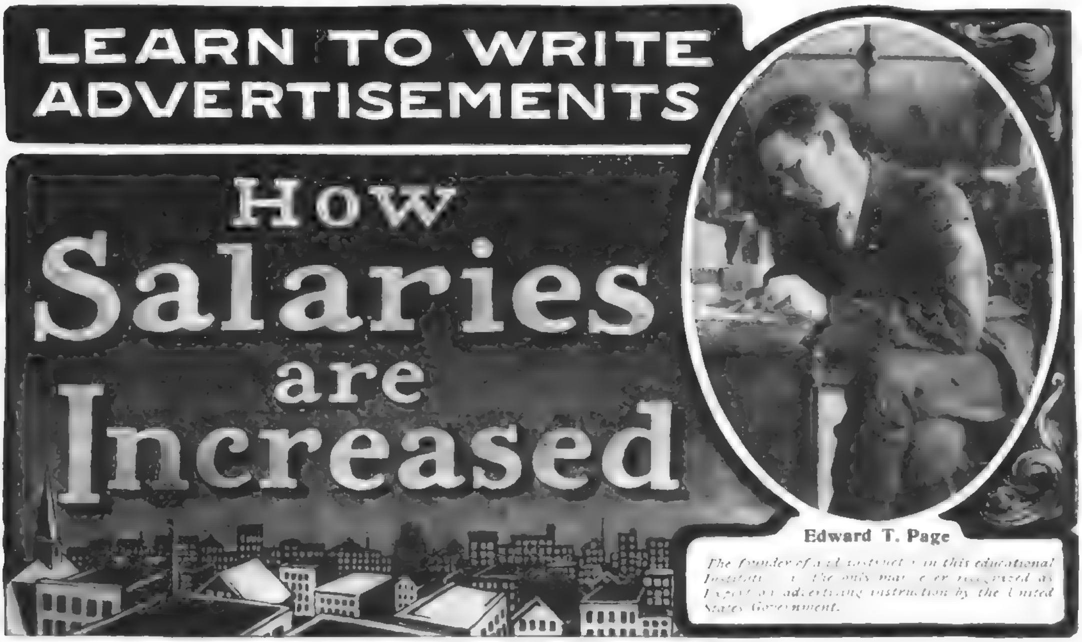
in Cash Prizes

Will be paid to our Special Representatives who make the best records during the next few months. These prizes range from $1,000.00 down. No prize less than $10.00. There are 339 prizes in all. The prizes are given in addition to a generous commission on each subscription.

It's Your Opportunity

There are 40,000 towns in this country where there are no active newsdealers. The people in these towns must not be deprived of getting EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. They want it. We need Special Representatives in certain counties to secure subscriptions, forward them to us, look after our renewals, and attend to our business interests generally. Only those who can show first-class references need apply.

THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY
PUBLISHERS OF
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
31 EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK



Edward T. Page

The founder of and instructor in this educational Institution. He is the only man ever recognized as Expert in advertising instruction by the United States Government.

"COME to New York at once!"—this was the message that went over the wires to Everett T. Mateer, and caused him to lay down his duties as drug clerk in Del Monte, a California summer resort, and go East to accept a responsible and highly remunerative position as advertisement writer. Mr. Mateer gained his knowledge of advertising through our school of correspondence. Up to the time he was called East he stood behind a drug counter day in and day out, filling prescriptions and selling soda water, for which he received at the end of the week the usual clerk's pay.

He had lived in a small place entirely out of touch with the keen edge of modern commercial life, but he met, daily, during the summer months men of wealth and world-wide renown, who sought rest in this California resort. He watched them come and go as he filled their prescriptions or sold them cigars, and he discovered that these men who commanded millions were just ordinary beings like himself. They had applied themselves to the making of money by modern methods, while he had jogged along on a small salary—that was the only difference. He had always expected to make money some day in some manner, he hardly knew how; but at last he awoke to the fact that if his condition was to be improved he must improve it. He began to look closely into general business matters, and naturally he found that he must first master advertising before he could be successful in any line of business. He found that the man without advertising knowledge in business life is like a hunter without a gun—he might see the game, but he could never bring it to earth. He realized this so strongly that he enrolled for a course of training, with the result that he is now earning a salary many times larger than he could ever have hoped to make as a drug clerk.

Mr. Mateer crossed the continent to fill this excellent situation while there were hundreds of men right in New York filling positions as clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers, salesmen, and office men, who daily crowded into the eight o'clock car and were dragged past the very doors of the concern that was obliged to send to California for a properly trained man. Any one of them could have filled this position had he possessed the forethought to learn the advertising business. Many intelligent men remain in the ranks of poorly paid clerks simply because they are satisfied to work along from day to day in the same old rut without ever stopping to figure out how their earning capacity can be increased. If they gave the matter some thought, and made the attempt to qualify for more responsible work, they would be surprised to learn how easily and with what little effort it could be accomplished.

Men who are unsuccessful excuse themselves by saying "there are no good positions open." But all the time Page-Davis men and women are preparing for the best paid line of work—advertising—and are quietly stepping into places that pay from $25.00 to $100.00 a week, and laughing up their sleeves at the fellow who says there is no chance now-a-days.

If you are interested in getting ready to follow a better paid line of work, just sign the coupon, mail it to us, and we shall send you, by return mail, a list of 500 Page-Davis students who are filling better salaried positions in every part of the world. We will also send you free our beautiful prospectus. It tells all about this most profitable profession and the opportunities for you after you are prepared for it.

Page-Davis Co.

Address either office:

90 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO
150 Nassau St., NEW YORK

NOTICE TO EMPLOYERS.

Concerns desirous of engaging competent advertisement writers at a salary of $25 to $100 per week are requested to communicate with us. This service is gratis.

FILL IN NAME AND ADDRESS AND SEND THIS COUPON

Page-Davis Company:—Send me without cost, your prospectus and all other information.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

CITY ....

STATE ....

1480

The Burr McIntosh-Monthly.

Have You Seen the Christmas Number of the Burr McIntosh Monthly?

It is the most artistic and beautiful Christmas Number ever published in this country. It even surpasses our Xmas Numbers of 1903 and 1904, which, the critics said, could not be equaled.

Five Colors and Gold

The cover, of which a faint idea is given in the illustration to the left, is printed in *five colors and gold*, as is also the frontispiece, "The Falconers," by a celebrated European artist.

Six other pictures are in full color, several of them being artistically mounted. The remainder of the pages are printed in shades of duo tone ink which bring out in detail all the beauties of the photo reproductions.

More than 60 Pictures, every one worthy of framing

We furnish in the exquisite Japanese Wood Veneer a frame at once artistic and moderate in price, dainty enough for any refined home where thousands of Burr McIntosh Monthly pictures are found, all framed by buyers of the magazine.

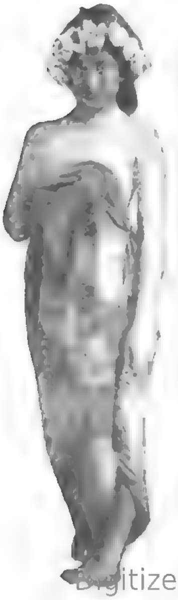
Two Very Liberal Offers

1. The price of the BURR McINTOSH MONTHLY is $3.00 a year and of the Christmas Number 50 cents a copy. Send us $3.00 (or subscribe through your newsdealer if you prefer) for the year 1906 and we will send you *free* the Christmas Number of 1904 (50 cents) and the November and Xmas Numbers of 1905 (75 cents) or:
2. Send us $1.00, just to get acquainted, and we will send you the Xmas 1904 Number (50 cents) and the November and Xmas 1905 Numbers.

Send to-day before the 1904 Christmas Numbers are gone

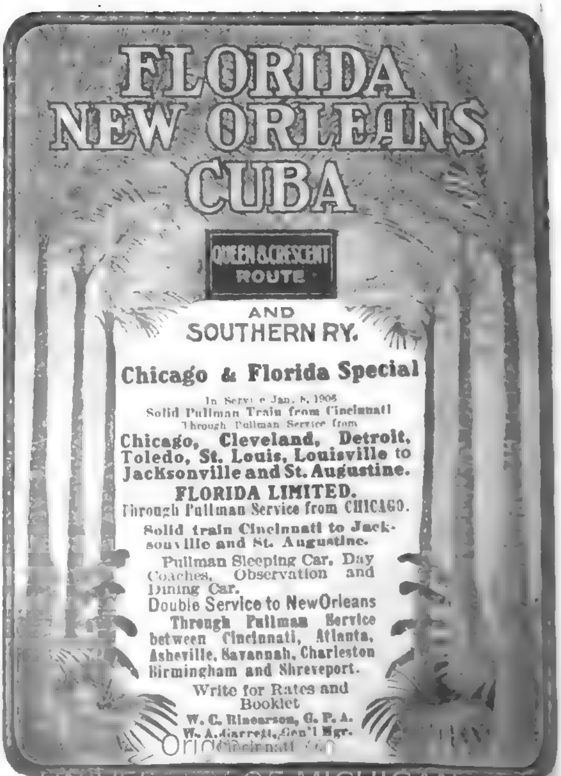
BURR PUBLISHING CO., E, 4 West 22d Street, New York

ISLES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC



A folder descriptive of some of the interesting things to be seen in Hawaii, Samoa, New Zealand and Australia, has been issued by the ***Oceanic Steamship Co.,*** whose steamers sail from San Francisco and touch at those places. Round the World and Pacific Circular Tours are described. The folder is neatly gotten up, and contains beautiful half-tones, outline maps of these Islands and Australia in colors. It will be mailed free on application to

B. K. DENBIGH, Agent
427 Broadway New York
or
OCEANIC STEAMSHIP CO.
653 Market St. San Francisco



FLORIDA
NEW ORLEANS
CUBA

QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE

AND
SOUTHERN RY.

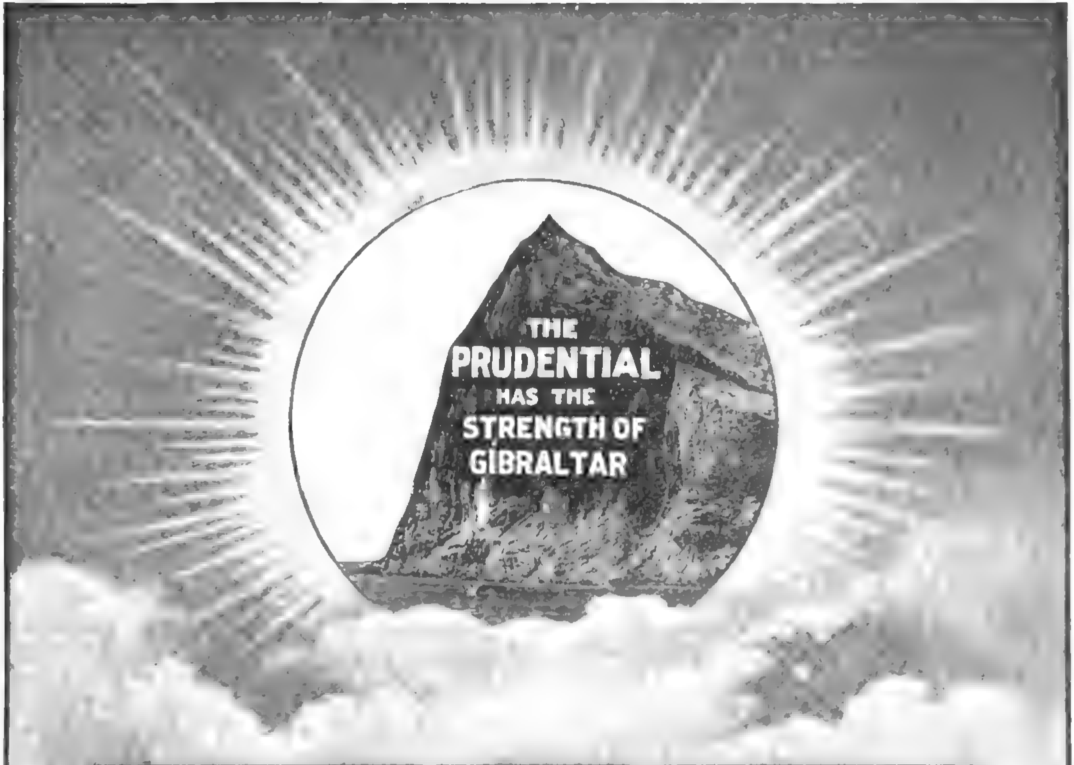
Chicago & Florida Special

In Service Jan. 8, 1906
Solid Pullman Train from Cincinnati
Through Pullman Service from
Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Toledo, St. Louis, Louisville to Jacksonville and St. Augustine.

FLORIDA LIMITED.
Through Pullman Service from CHICAGO.
Solid train Cincinnati to Jacksonville and St. Augustine.
Pullman Sleeping Car, Day Coaches, Observation and Dining Car.

Double Service to New Orleans
Through Pullman Service between Cincinnati, Atlanta, Asheville, Savannah, Charleston Birmingham and Shreveport.

Write for Rates and Booklet
W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A.
W. A. Garrett, Gen'l Mgr.
Cincinnati



The First Gleam of Sunshine

to brighten thousands of homes has been a Life Insurance Policy in The Prudential. Are you willing to look around the bountiful Christmas table and know that you haven't saved a cent against the day when your family may be sitting there without you?

Now is the time to act. Secure a Prudential policy and hand it to the wife and family at Christmas dinner. It will be the best Christmas you have ever enjoyed.

Write for Plans and Payments today, to Dept. 31

THE PRUDENTIAL

Insurance Company of America

INCORPORATED AS A STOCK COMPANY BY THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY

JOHN F. DRYDEN, Prest. Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

Ainslee's Magazine

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

¶ The Christmas number of *Ainslee's Magazine* will touch the culminating point of twelve months of extraordinary development. Its table of contents will include the best work of some of the most notable figures in American current fiction, whose stories are eagerly and persistently sought for by publishers everywhere.

Edith Wharton

author of "The House of Mirth." Her story, one of her best, will be *"The Introducers."*

Lloyd Osbourne

the author of books that are almost classics, will contribute a Christmas story in a novel setting, entitled *"Mr. Bob."*

O. Henry

the unrivalled teller of short stories and author of "Cabbages and Kings," will have one of the most remarkable short stories he has ever written, *"Blind Man's Holiday."*

Marie Van Vorst

will conclude, in this number, *"The Warreners,"* a serial that has made a sensation.

Mrs. C. N. Williamson

who, with her husband, has had almost more than her share of success with "The Lightning Conductor" and "My Friend the Chauffeur," will have, in *"The Man in the Moon,"* a delightful Christmas story.

Julien Gordon

will have an essay on *"Fairy Godfathers,"* and **Anne Rittenhouse** one on *"Society's Christmas Sacrifice."*

Alan Dale's

dramatic article will be spicier than ever, and the department *For Book Lovers* will have some unusually interesting news for novel readers.

There will be stories by **Owen Oliver, Edith Macvane** and **Felicia Goddard. Mrs. Wilson Woodrow** will continue her bright *"Conversations with Egeria."*

COVER DESIGN BY HARRISON FISHER

¶ Plans are matured for 1906 which will retain for *Ainslee's Magazine* the literary premiership which rightfully belongs to it. Much thought and much money have been expended in the development of these plans, and this Christmas number will give our readers some idea of what to expect for the next twelve months.

ON SALE NOVEMBER 15th PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

WHAT GIFT LIKE THE PIANOLA

It Places at Your Finger Tips the Entire Art of Piano Playing

A GIFT of some one painting, a masterpiece, an expression of the genius of a Millet, a Rembrandt, a Raphael, (were such gift possible,) would be a present of continual pleasure, *but a never-changing pleasure.*

A Gift of the Pianola, on the contrary, is a present of an *entire* art; not of one, but of *any* masterpiece. A Beethoven Symphony or Sonata, ranks with the great masterpieces of painting. If the Pianola made a single Beethoven composition accessible to those who would otherwise never know of it, it would be a most valuable gift. But when it is considered that the Pianola brings into the home, not merely a single masterpiece of music, but the works of *all* the greatest composers of all times—what gift can be found to compare with it?

The Pianola brings the ever-changing pleasure of a whole collection of art. It brings into the home circle a gifted pianist, always in practice, always in the mood to play, always willing to render any composition, from the lightest popular air or potpourri, to the most profound masterpiece.

It adds to the family circle all the famous pianists of the day, as well as contemporary composers of all the leading schools, for by the aid of the Metrostyle (a device furnished in every Pianola and Pianola Piano, and found in no other instrument) any person may interpret the best music according to the composer's personal conception of how it should be played. The Metrostyle markings on the perforated music roll give clues to tempo and expression that are not to be found anywhere else, even in the composer's own scores.

Can your family afford to be without this splendid modern means of enjoyment and culture?

The price of the Metrostyle Pianola ($250) is insignificant when compared with the cost of even the most rudimentary musical education for one

The Pianola is a small, handsomely finished cabinet which, when placed before the keyboard of either a grand or upright pianoforte, plays the keys with pneumatic fingers. By means of expression levers, controlled by the slight pressure of the performer's fingers, effects as delicate as those produced by a clever pianist are secured. All the work of sounding the notes in the most intricate composition is performed by the perforated music roll, so that absolutely no technical training or preparation of any sort is required to render music of any description. The repertory of perforated music rolls for the Pianola now embraces 14,875 separate compositions, and the cost of rolls in nearly every case is less than would be the cost of the original sheet music.

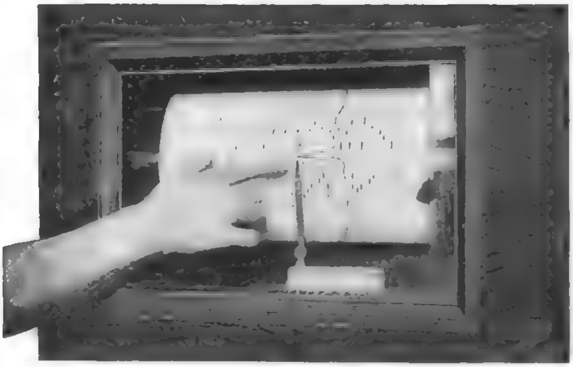
---

member of the family, and furthermore, no weary months of finger practice precede the actual enjoyment of the music. Every member of the family that owns a Pianola, is able to play without practice or preparation of any kind, and to play with a finish acquired only by an exceptional manual performer.

The Metrostyle Pianola (and the Pianola Piano, which is a high-grade pianoforte with the Metrostyle Pianola inside) is not a luxury. It has become a necessity to every true home—as necessary as books.

Music was long the most inaccessible of the arts in the home sense, for while literature might be enjoyed by anyone who could read, painting and sculpture by anyone with eyes to see and a heart to feel, Music, the divinest of all the arts, was dependent upon the skilled performer, the intelligent, subtle interpreter. But today the Metrostyle Pianola has made it easier to explore and enjoy the world's vast musical literature than to visit a public art museum—with less preparation than is needed to enjoy the works of great authors.

The Pianola is the *standard* instrument for playing the pianoforte by means of perforated music rolls. The Metrostyle is so indispensable an



The Metrostyle is an expression lever found only in the Pianola and Pianola Piano. By means of a pointer, controlled by the fingers, the performer follows a red line which is a guide to the accepted tempo, or time, in which a composition is usually played by professional pianists. Many of these records, or music rolls marked with the Metrostyle line, have been made by the composers themselves, or by famous pianists, or musical authorities. No other Piano-player has anything approaching this comprehensive guide to interpretation, yet it must not be inferred that it is always necessary to follow the Metrostyle line exactly. At will it may be abandoned and one's own conception of the music followed; however, in playing unfamiliar music, the Metrostyle will be found an absolutely indispensable guide to artistic interpretation. Every Pianola and Pianola Piano is now equipped with the Metrostyle without addition to the original price of the instrument.

auxiliary that the foremost authorities have declared artistic playing depends upon it. It is now furnished in all Pianolas and Pianola Pianos without extra charge, these instruments being sold complete with the Metrostyle, at a price no higher than any of the similar instruments, which do not even claim to furnish a substitute for this indispensable feature.

A Metrostyle Pianola in the home furnishes a musical education for the whole family. It not only gives pleasure to those members who cannot play in the ordinary way, but is now regarded as a necessary aid to the musical education of the children, relieving the tedium of finger practice by teaching the child compositions in their entirety and beauty, setting up an object to be attained by study.

The Metrostyle Pianola provides music for every month in the year, every social affair, every mood and temperament.

It amuses, diverts, cheers, rests and educates the whole family, is an inspiration, a healthful influence, and incentive to higher things.

Putting all music at the instant command of anyone, it is still broader than music under former conditions, because no human hands, however exquisitely trained, no human genius, however great, no human spirit, however

The Pianola Piano is an upright pianoforte with both the Pianola and Metrostyle inside its case. By utilizing space formerly unoccupied, the instruments have been combined without making the piano larger than the ordinary upright. The Pianola Piano may be played with the fingers and is in every respect a high-grade pianoforte. By moving a slide, however, and inserting a perforated music roll, the instrument at once becomes playable by the Pianola mechanism, giving in every way the same effects as the Metrostyle Pianola when used as a detached cabinet. For small apartments the Pianola Piano is very desirable, as it economizes space, is convenient, and there is nothing to be moved up to or away from the piano when the player desires to substitute music roll for manual playing, or vice versa.

buoyant and willing, could give to a family one-tenth what the Metrostyle Pianola gives.

It brings into the home a Musical Treasure House of infinite resources. Its possibilities can never be exhausted.

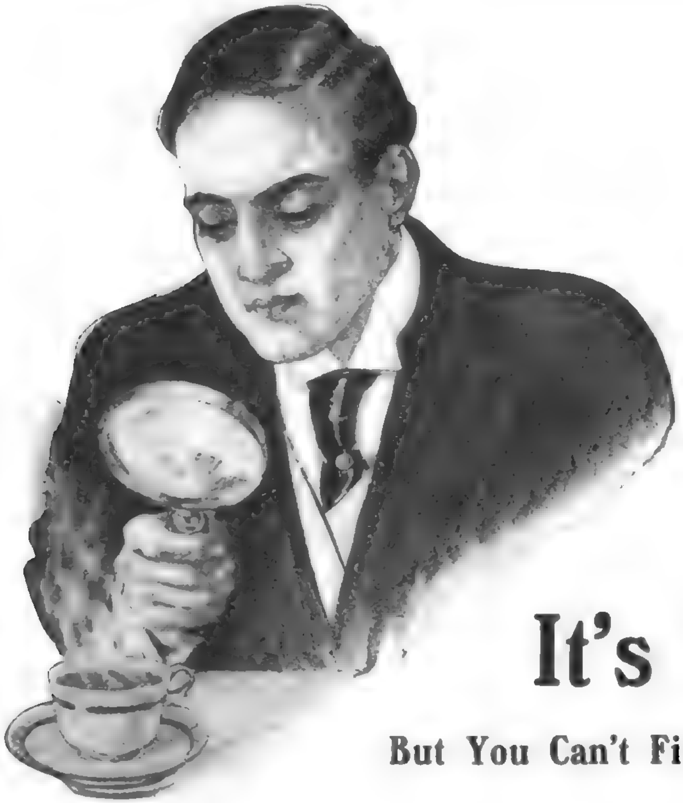
If contemplating the purchase of a piano, as well as a Pianola, it will be found preferable to select the Pianola Piano. The cost of the two instruments combined in one compact case, is no more than that of the pianoforte and Pianola purchased separately. Having acquired four celebrated pianofortes of different values and tone quality, the Aeolian Company is able to offer a collection of Pianola Pianos suited to all tastes and means. Every pianoforte with which the Metrostyle Pianola is combined, is built as a whole in factories under a single ownership. The various types of Pianola Pianos, with their prices, are as follows:

Weber Pianola Pianos, $900 and $1,000
Steck Pianola Piano, $800
Aeolian Pianola Piano, $750
Wheelock Pianola Piano, $650

Send for Catalog K

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

362 Fifth Avenue near Thirty-fourth Street, New York
124 E. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 114 Monument Place, Indianapolis, I



It's There

But You Can't Find It That Way

Every cup of coffee contains that thing which forces the heart beyond the natural beat and does various and sundry other things to people.

Some can stand it.

Many cannot.

If you suffer from any ailments arising from a nervous system out of balance, look carefully at the Coffee question. Weak eyes, heart, digestion or kidneys are common coffee troubles. Rheumatism is frequently caused by it. Nervous prostration is one of the many ugly children of Coffee.

Try the experiment of leaving it off a week or 10 days and use well-made Postum. If you feel a rebound of health, stick to it, and grow back into a well man or woman again. It pays to be well, and "my word" it's more fun than most anything on this earth.

There's a sure way out of Coffee ails, and "There's a Reason" for

POSTUM

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

DON'T
Rub
Boil
Soak
Woolens

USE
Pearline
Instead
of
Soap

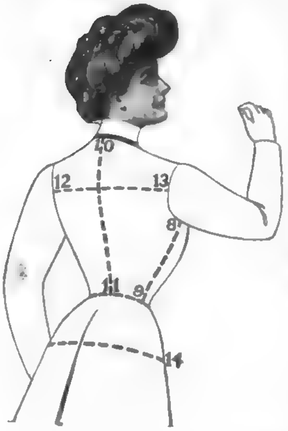
JAMES PYLE'S
PEARLINE
WASHING COMPOUND
NEW YORK
PEARLINE

All Woolens

COARSE or FINE—RUGS and CARPETS to most DELICATE Flannels LAST longer—LOOK better—FEEL better—ARE better—SOFTER—FLUFFIER—UNSHRUNKEN if washed with PEARLINE in Pearline's Way.
PROOF: More millions are using PEARLINE than ever before.

A child can do the work.

—It's Mostly Rinsing



A Few Simple Measurements, Taken at Home, Show Us the Good Points of Your Figure

We cut and make your garment according to these special measurements, keeping your requirements always in mind. Result:—your garment not only *fits*, but makes you "*look your best.*" All this at lower prices than you would have to pay for ill-fitting, ready-made garments.

During the past 17 years over 300,000 discriminating women, many of whom were so difficult to fit that they could not be suited elsewhere, have found in our system a solution of all their dressmaking troubles.

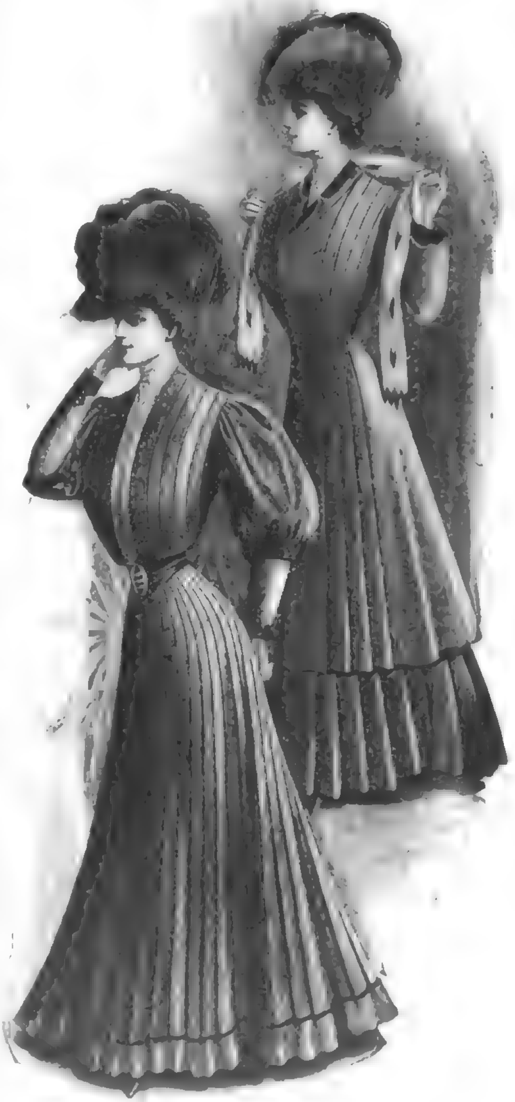
What we have done for thousands of others we certainly can do for you.

You take no risk, as we guarantee to fit you. If we fail to do so we will refund your money without question.

Some of our customers live near you. We will send their names if you wish to investigate. Here is an example of the kind of letters we receive daily:

> "My garment arrived to-day, and I cannot tell you how delighted I am to find the fit perfect in every way. The material is beautiful, and the finishing is nicely and neatly done. The skirt is full, and the flare around the bottom gives it a very stylish air. Thank you for filling my order so promptly.
>
> MRS. H. A. MELVILLE,
> 1901 Hawthorn Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

All this without the usual dressmaking troubles and delays.



Winter Suits and Cloaks $6 to $25

Made to Order—Nothing Ready-Made

Our **new Winter Style Book** illustrates and describes the fashions **now** being worn in New York. **It is free.**

With it we will also send free an assortment of samples from over **400 varieties of the choicest materials** designed for this season. Don't turn this page without first writing for this Style Book and the Samples.

The Style Book illustrates:

Visiting Costumes,	**$6.00 to $20**
Tailor-Made Suits,	**$7.50 to $25**
Separate Skirts,	**$3.50 to $12**
Rain Coats,	**$9.75 to $20**
Jackets and Coats,	**$5.75 to $25**

We prepay express charges to any part of the U. S., which means a big saving to you

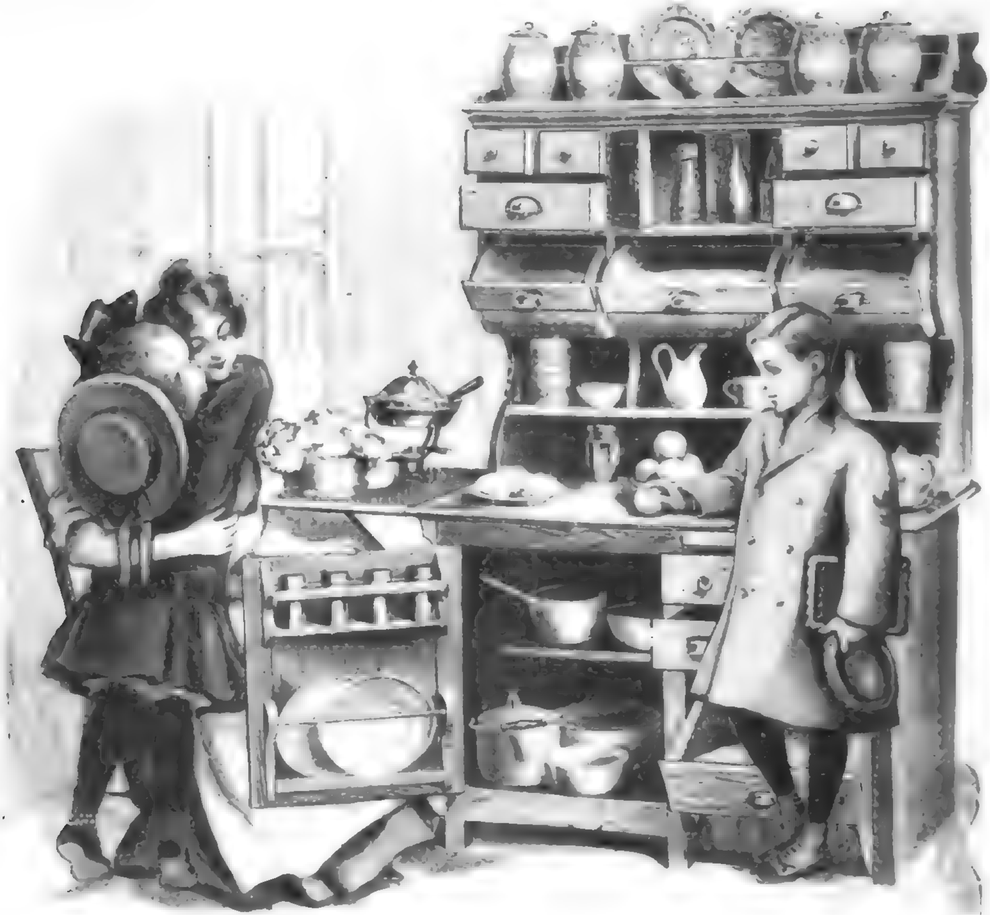
We Send Free by return mail, to any part of the United States, our new **Winter Style Book,** showing the latest New York Fashions, and containing simple directions for taking measurements correctly; also a large assortment of **Samples of the Newest Materials.**

Send us your name and address and simply say: "**Send me your Style Book and Samples,**" and be sure to mention whether you wish samples for a suit, skirt, cloak or rain coat, and about the colors you desire.

Write to-day; you may forget it to-morrow. You will get them by return mail.

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO., 119 and 121 W. 23d St., New York

Mail Orders Only ***No Agents or Branches*** ***Established 17 Years***



McDougall Kitchen Cabinets

are designed expressly for the convenience of the woman who does kitchen work. Every article needed in cooking, baking, or the preparation of any meal, including the food supplies, can be kept in a McDougall Kitchen Cabinet, where it is within instant reach of the hand without the taking of a single step. You can get one

On 30 Days' Trial In Your Own Home

where you can use the cabinet and see for yourself how many steps and how much extra work it will save you every day, and how it will help you economize on food supplies.

The Ideal Christmas Gift for Wife or Mother

Write today for our handsomely illustrated catalogue, showing the different styles, that will enable you to quickly ascertain the particular cabinet your wife or mother would like to have, ranging in price from $15.75 to $54.00, that you can order it for Christmas from your dealer without her knowledge.

Look for the name-plate, "*McDougall, Indianapolis.*" It is the maker's guaranty for quality—your protection against imitation.

G. P. McDougall & Son, 528 Terminal Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

Why an Ostermoor is More Comfortable than a Hair Mattress

Comfort in a mattress is in reality a matter of conformation to the form of the body.

Lie on your side on a board—your body touches at shoulder, thigh, calf and ankle. If you weigh 150 pounds and your body rests upon 75 square inches of surface, then the pressure on those parts is 2 *pounds* to the square inch.

Lie on your side on an Ostermoor. It conforms to every curve—fits the body. Your weight is distributed over 500 square inches of surface—only 5 *ounces* pressure to the square inch—that is comfort.

Between the extremes of the board and the Ostermoor comes the hair mattress; sometimes fairly elastic at first, but soon packing down into a hard, non-conforming mat.

The Ostermoor retains its original unique elasticity for over 20 years—as we have testimonials to prove.

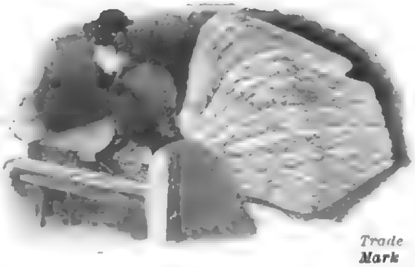
There are Now Two Ways to Buy the Ostermoor

FROM YOUR DEALER AT HOME *or* FROM US BY MAIL

To protect the public from worthless substitutes, exclusive agencies are being established with high-grade merchants in every town and city—so far about 2,000 local firms sell the "Ostermoor." Our name and trade-mark label are *sewn* on the end so that you cannot be deceived.

We make no mattress that does not bear the name "Ostermoor" and our trade-mark.

Before buying, first write to us for our handsome 136-page book, "The Test of Time," and the name of the dealer in your place who sells the genuine Ostermoor. Beware of the "just-as-goods."



Where we have no dealer we sell by mail. *Sleep on it thirty nights*, and if it is not even all you have *hoped for*, if you don't believe it to be the equal of any $50. hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail. Mattress sent by express, prepaid, same day money is received. To learn the Ostermoor story, send for our

Beautiful 136-page Book Free

It is a handsome, beautifully illustrated volume, entitled "The Test of Time"—136 pages of interesting information and valuable suggestions for the sake of comfort, health and success—with over 200 fine illustrations. Write for it now while it is in mind.

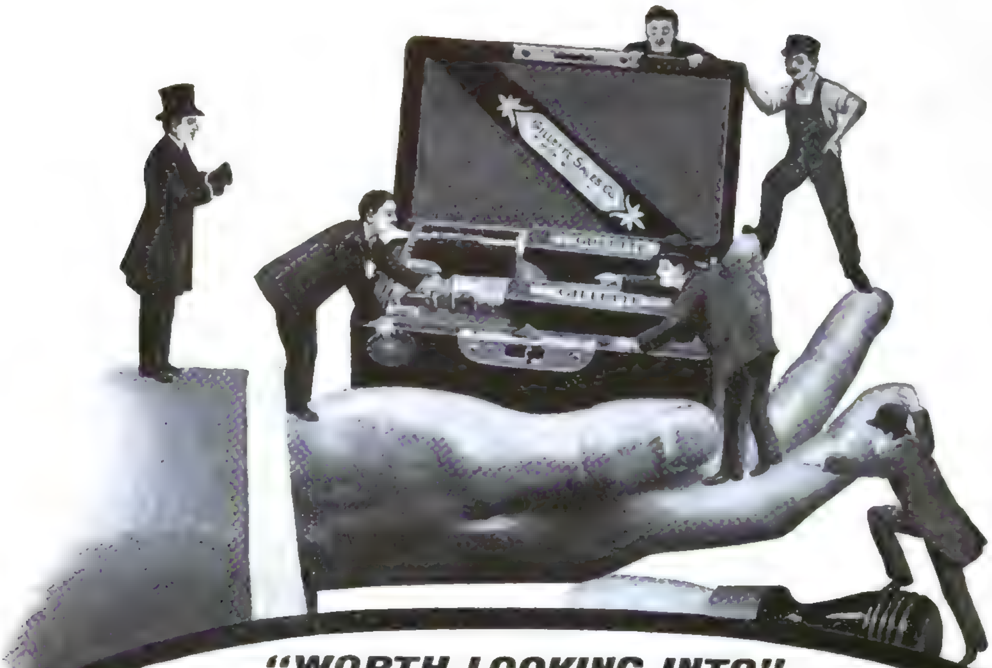
Sizes and Prices **Express Paid**

2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs., $8.35
3 feet wide, . . . 30 lbs., 10.00
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs., $11.70
4 feet wide, . . . 40 lbs., 13.35
4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs., $15.00

All 6 feet 3 inches long.—In two parts, 50 cents extra.—Special sizes at special prices.

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 107 ELIZABETH STREET, NEW YORK

Canadian Agency: The Ideal Bedding Co., Ltd., Montreal.



"WORTH LOOKING INTO"

is the marvelous little **Gillette Safety Razor.** A unique and practical device made for the *comfort* of men who shave. Its friends are *legion* and its success is *phenomenal.* Hundreds of thousands in use. It's a real pleasure to give a "Gillette" to a friend who shaves, for *his pleasure and comfort* will be like the "Gillette" itself—*everlasting.*

STANDARD SET—TRIPLE SILVER-PLATED HOLDER
SPECIAL SET—QUADRUPLE GOLD-PLATED HOLDER
In Velvet-Lined Cases

Either one of the above makes an

IDEAL HOLIDAY GIFT

GILLETTE
BLADE
NO STROPPING
NO HONING

Exact size of a Gillette blade.

Each Razor Set has 12 thin, flexible, highly tempered, and keen double-edged blades. These blades are sharpened and ground by a secret process.

12 NEW DOUBLE-EDGED BLADES, $1.00

24 Sharp Edges. Each Blade giving from 20 to 40 Smooth and Delightful Shaves.

NO HONING—NO STROPPING

Ask your dealer for the "**Gillette.**" *Accept no substitute.* He can procure it for you.

WARNING! The Gillette Patent No. 775,134 covers all razors having a thin detachable blade **requiring** means for holding and stiffening, but **not requiring** stropping or honing by the user. ***Beware of infringements.***

Write to-day for our interesting booklet which explains our *30-day Free Trial Offer.* Most dealers make this offer; if yours does not, we will.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 1102 Times Building, 42d St. and Broadway, NEW YORK

Gillette Safety Razor

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

BAILEY, BANKS & BIDDLE CO.

DIAMOND MERCHANTS JEWELERS
SILVERSMITHS · STATIONERS · HERALDISTS

GOLD JEWELRY

The following quotations show the attractive jewelry obtainable in this establishment at MODERATE PRICES. Descriptions and prices of RICHER goods in the

Bailey, Banks & Biddle Year Book

(just issued)

which is sent free on request.

Brooches

No. 206. Circle of white enameled daisies, gold centres	$5.75
No. 208. Two gold loops and enameled leaves; four Baroque pearls	7.75
No. 209. Gold Griffin; whole pearl and large amethyst	11.50
No. 210. Pearl Harvest Moon, seventeen graduated whole pearls	14.50

Jeweled Chain Bracelets

No. 110. Three Turquoises and six Baroque pearls in open scroll links	$19.50
No. 111. Six round Garnets, mounted in open scroll links of antique gold	18.00
No. 112. Eight square Topazes mounted on ornamental oblong links. Rose finish.	27.00
No. 114. Four large Jades in antique gold links connected by fancy chains	29.00

Necklaces

No. 156. Three Baroque pearls in enameled scrolls. Pearl drop	$14.00
No. 157. Eight Baroque pearls, two round, one large pear shaped amethyst	18.50
No. 158. Gold Bead Necklace, with nine pear-shaped gold pendants	25.00
No. 159. Four peridots, six Baroque pearls and twenty-two half-pearls	38.00

Illustrations upon request.

Gold Bangle Bracelets

14-Karat Gold

A very pretty, plain gold bangle as low as	$6.00
Richer Bangle Bracelets upward to	$400.00

A complete assortment—plain gold, chased, engraved and set with precious and semi-precious stones.

Ladies' Gold Watch $25

18-Karat Gold

A tasteful, little high-class time-piece; open face, Louis Fourteenth hands, revolving pendant. Thoroughly reliable. Engraved monogram included in price.

The Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co. Sends Goods On Approval.

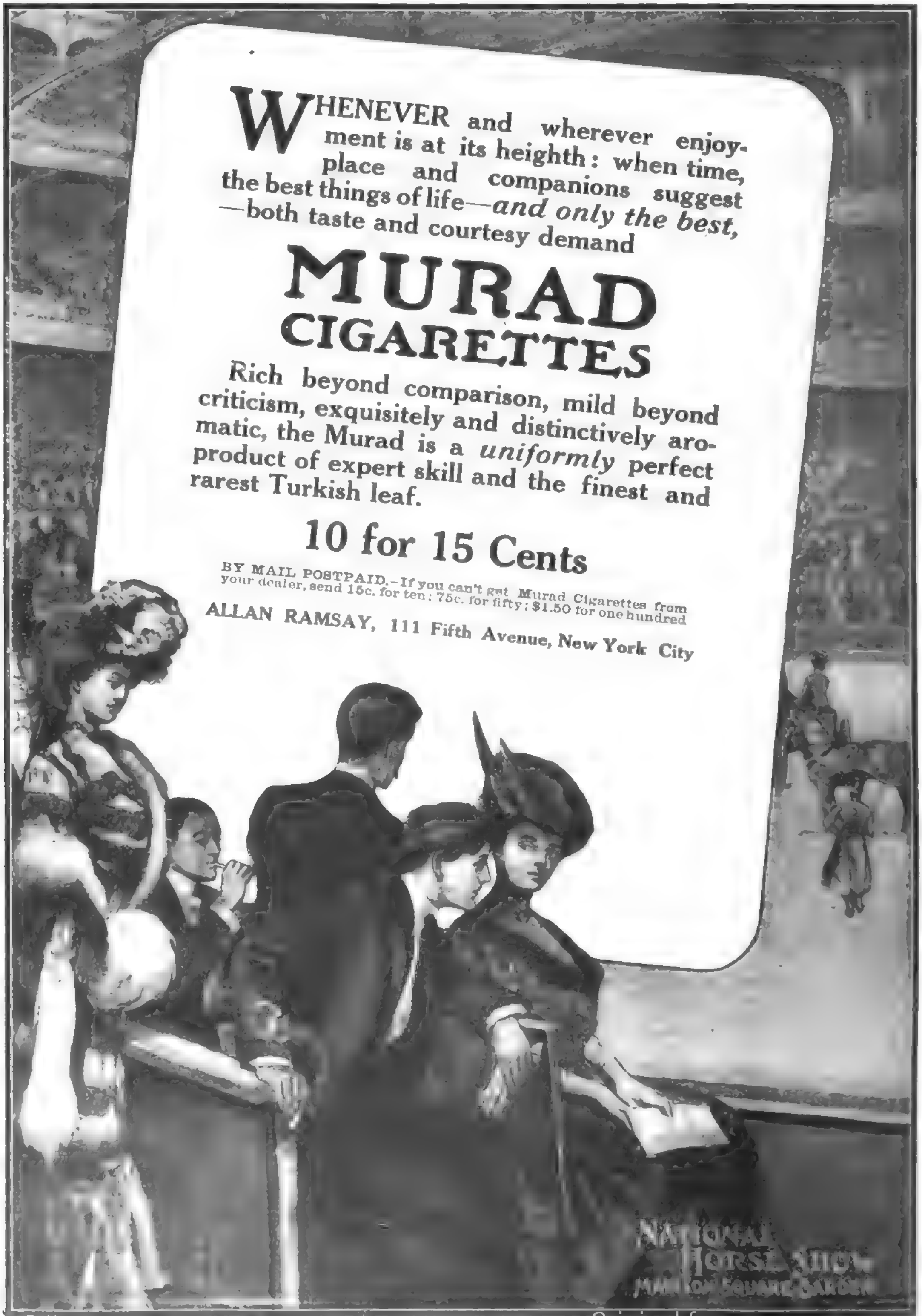
Bank, Mercantile Agency or other reliable business references requested from intending purchasers unknown to the house. Persons ordering goods on approval will kindly mention limits of price.

"The Etiquette of Wedding Stationery"

Published by the Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co.

A reliable booklet on correct form, phraseology, etc., free on application.

1218-20-22 CHESTNVT ST., PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.



WHENEVER and wherever enjoyment is at its heighth: when time, place and companions suggest the best things of life—*and only the best,*—both taste and courtesy demand

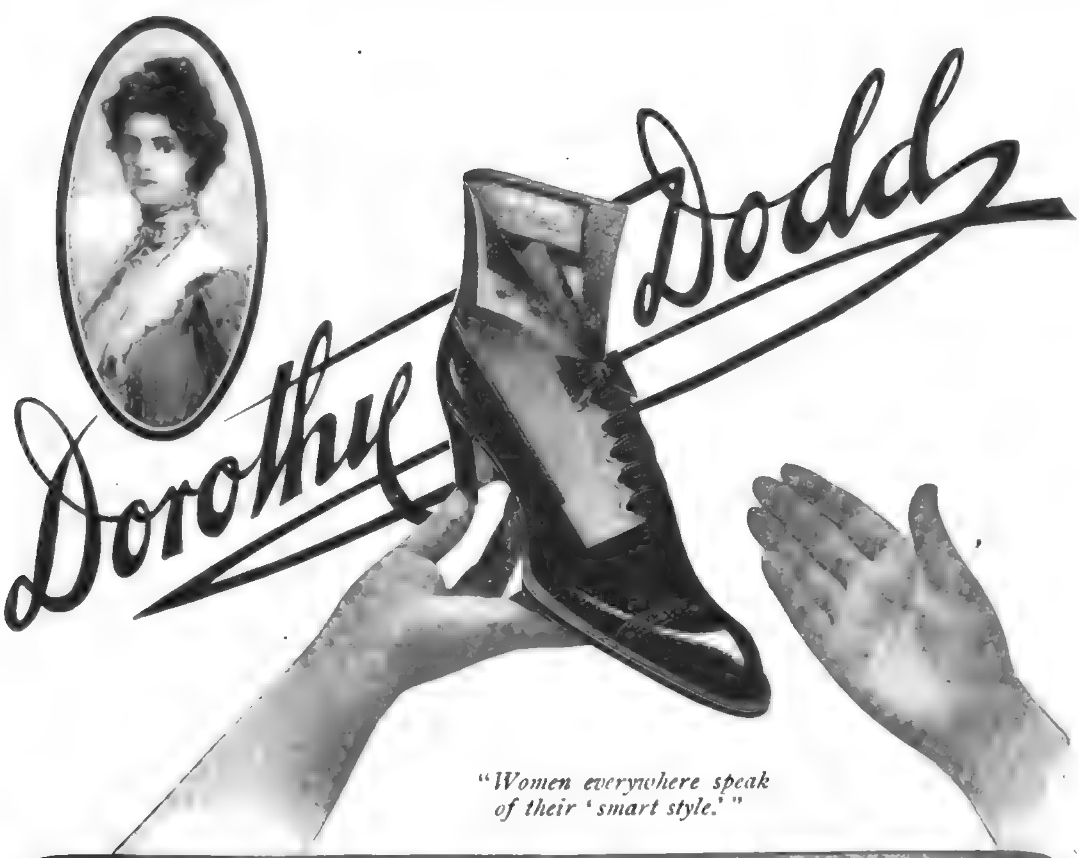
MURAD CIGARETTES

Rich beyond comparison, mild beyond criticism, exquisitely and distinctively aromatic, the Murad is a *uniformly* perfect product of expert skill and the finest and rarest Turkish leaf.

10 for 15 Cents

BY MAIL POSTPAID.—If you can't get Murad Cigarettes from your dealer, send 15c. for ten; 75c. for fifty; $1.50 for one hundred

ALLAN RAMSAY, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York City



"Women everywhere speak of their 'smart style.'"

$3.50 Smart Boots $3.00

STYLE is one of the most indefinable yet important of feminine attributes. Give a woman perfect beauty and that beauty can yet be exalted by the title of "stylish." When in addition to other virtues of "Dorothy Dodd" Shoes women everywhere speak of their "smart style," I feel it expresses the utmost praise. But other features also have contributed to the truly wonderful success of "Dorothy Dodd" Shoes.

Their Lightness. *They are lighter than any other shoe of equal stability.*

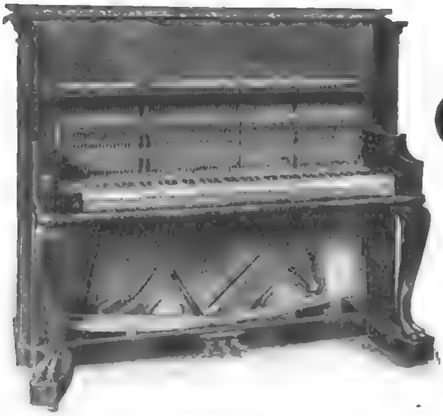
Their Arch-Supporting Feature. *This gives an easy poise and carriage and accentuates the graceful lines of the instep.*

Their Flexibility. *They follow every motion of the foot, thus saving fatigue.*

Their Moderate Price. *Three fifty and three dollars per pair for really beautiful high-grade footwear.*

Why not include in your gifts a Christmas box of "Dorothy Dodd" boots for some special service? You may buy special styles for full dress, semi-dress, street, school, business, outing and other services. The leading dealer in nearly every town sells them. If yours cannot supply you write to Department "B" Dorothy Dodd Shoe Company, Boston, Mass., for my latest style book. Sent free.

Dorothy Dodd



The Inside of the Conover Piano

THE workmanship on the **Conover Piano** is done with *extraordinary skill*, not only on the *outside* or case, but on the *inside*. Ask your dealer to show you one of these pianos — the *inside* of it. Examine *every detail* — the strings, the hammers, the keys and every other part, no matter how small or inconspicuous. You will find in all features, evidence of *extreme care* and conscientious workmanship. Every part is shaped and finished to the *finest degree* of nicety. Every adjustment is made with extreme *accuracy*, and the moving parts, therefore, act with *ease* and *precision*.

The **Conover Piano** is made by workmen who are *specialists* in piano building, each being trained in *one particular part* of its construction. We thus secure much greater exactness than is possible with the "general" workman.

The **Conover Piano** is very *durably* made. Its frame is massive, every joint is exactly and tightly fitted, and the material is the best obtainable.

A certain quality of steel is used for the strings, Adirondack spruce of perfect grain for the sounding board, hard maple for the pin-block (the part which holds the tuning pins), the best felt for the hammers and the most beautifully grained wood for the surfaces.

Such a piano is necessarily very *lasting*. It will stand the most trying service and *retain its tone quality*. The ordinary piano, which is not so well constructed, will lose its musical character in time because its frame will not withstand the great strain of the strings. The Conover is a piano permanent in *tone*, as well as in *construction*.

Its tone is remarkable for its purity, resonance and sustaining quality. It is pre-eminently adapted for difficult pieces and *to educate the ear* to a recognition of correct musical values.

Its action is *strong*, *elastic* and *responsive;* its sounding board is *sensitive* and it is therefore capable of rendering the finest degrees of "tone color."

The Conover is a very handsome piano. It is made in patterns exceedingly pleasing to the eye, and the wood is finished to bring out the full beauty of the grain.

Style M

The **Conover Piano** therefore gives complete satisfaction in *musical quality*, *durability* and *beauty of appearance*. It fully meets the requirements of the musician, the student, and all others who wish a piano of the highest merit.

Ev. 12'5
THE
CABLE
COMPANY
Chicago, Ill.

Please send your Book of Conover Pianos and other publications.

Cut Along This Line

(Name)

(Address)

Send for our Book of Conover Pianos Sign the coupon and mail it to us and we will send our BOOK OF CONOVER PIANOS and other useful information about pianos FREE.

The Cable Company

Manufacturers
Chicago

No article of furniture lends itself more readily to environments reflecting refined taste than the Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase.

Therefore, it naturally appeals to those who exercise careful judgment in the selection of holiday gifts.

Our new catalogue is replete with helpful suggestions on attractive arrangements for home libraries.

It also describes some new units which we have recently added to our line, including desk, cupboard, music, drawer, magazine and table sections, and clearly defines certain mechanical features of construction and finish that influence careful buyers to purchase Globe-Wernicke Cases—the only kind equipped with non-binding door equalizers.

Bookcase units furnished with leaded or plain glass doors, and in whole or three-quarter length sections. Finished in antique, weathered and golden oak, imitation and real mahogany.

Name of our authorized agent in your city mailed on request for catalogue. Where not represented, we ship on approval, freight paid. Uniform prices everywhere. Write for catalogue F-105

The Globe-Wernicke Co. Cincinnati.

BRANCH STORES:
New York, Chicago and Boston.

AGENCIES
In about one thousand cities.

Earn More Money

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1869, SCRANTON, PA.
Please explain, without further obligation on my part how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked **X**

- Bookkeeper
- Stenographer
- Advertisement Writer
- Show Card Writer
- Window Trimmer
- Ornamental Designer
- Illustrator
- Civil Service
- Chemist
- Textile Mill Supt.
- Electrician
- Elec. Engineer
- Foreman Plumber
- Mechan. Draftsman
- Telephone Engineer
- Elec. Lighting Supt.
- Mechan. Engineer
- Surveyor
- Stationary Engineer
- Civil Engineer
- Building Contractor
- Architec'l Draftsman
- Architect
- Structural Engineer
- Bridge Engineer
- Mining Engineer

Name ______________________

Street and No. ______________________

City ______________ State ______________

Secure Your Future

To earn more money—to secure your future—to succeed in life—cut out, fill in and mail to the International Correspondence Schools the above coupon. They will show you how you can fit yourself easily and quickly in your spare time to get more money in your present position, *or* change to a more congenial and better paying occupation.

Mind, the sending of this coupon does not obligate you to pay one cent. It simply gives the I. C. S. the opportunity of proving *how easy it is for you* to improve your condition right at home without neglecting your present work. **No risk to run. No books to buy.**

The I. C. S. is an institution with an invested capital of over $5,000,000, and a reputation of 14 years' successful work. It has taken a day laborer and qualified him as an electrician with a salary of $3000 a year. It has taken a bricklayer and qualified him to become a building contractor with a business of his own of $200,000 annually. It has taken a sailor and qualified him to establish of his own a yearly business of $20,000. It has taken tens of thousands of men and women of every age and in every walk of life and in a few months qualified them to double, triple, quadruple their salary. To learn who they are; how it was done; how *you* can do the same, fill in the coupon and mail it to-day.

Succeed In Life

CHRISTMAS DIAMONDS ON CREDIT
Santa Claus Up to Date

Love Is the Real Santa Claus

It is our love for our dear ones that makes Christmas a truly Happy Season, and that brings to one and all the joys of a Christmas remembrance.

The Loftis System at Christmas Time

Is a great and Timely Convenience to thousands, as it enables persons in all circumstances to make beautiful and appropriate Christmas Gifts. Everyone at Christmas Time is anxious to give their loved ones handsome Christmas Presents, but it is not always convenient. THE LOFTIS SYSTEM of Credit MEANS CONVENIENCE. That is the only way in which it differs from a cash transaction. There is no delay, no security, no publicity. It simply means a matter of confidence and convenience to honorable people. Write Today for Our Handsome Christmas Catalogue.

You Are Welcome to Credit whether you are a moderate salaried employee or a wealthy employer. The Loftis System makes any honest person's credit good by adjusting terms to meet their earnings or income. Do not think that you must give a cheap, ordinary present because you can only spare a few Dollars just now. With five or ten Dollars for a first payment you can give a beautiful Diamond which will last forever, enhance in value and continually bring pleasant thoughts of the giver's generosity.

Our Handsome Christmas Catalogue is resplendent with thousands of beautiful Jewelry suggestions for Xmas Gifts. Diamond Rings, Pins, Brooches and Earrings, Chatelaine Watches, Silverware, etc., for Wife, Sweetheart, Sister or Mother. Sparkling Diamond Studs, Scarf Pins and Cuff Buttons, Watches, Match Safes, Fobs, etc., for Husband, Father or Brother. With its aid you can select, in the privacy of your own home, suitable Gifts for all, both old and young. May we not have the pleasure of sending you a copy!

True Merit Wins! In competition with the entire world (both the United States and foreign countries) at the St. Louis World's Fair, our Goods, Prices, Methods and Terms won the Gold Medal, the highest award. No stronger endorsement of THE LOFTIS SYSTEM could be given.

This, together with the fact that we are the largest and oldest established Jewelry House in the United States, and that we refer you to any bank anywhere or any commercial agency as to our reliability and standing should interest you in our liberal offer to send you our Handsome Christmas Catalogue and to extend to you our most liberal terms as an aid to you in making Christmas a truly Happy season. Write today for Catalogue.

Do Your Christmas Shopping Now. Let us suggest that you do your Christmas Shopping now, conveniently and leisurely in the privacy of your own home. Select from our Handsome Catalogue the articles you desire and we will send them to you for examination and approval. If satisfactory retain them, paying one-fifth the cost and the balance in eight equal monthly payments; if not, return to us. We take all risks and pay all express charges. Now is the time to secure the choice selections and have ample time to inspect the goods. All orders filled promptly. Write Today for Our Christmas Catalogue.

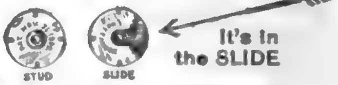
There is no better investment than a Diamond. They have increased in value more than twenty per cent during the past twelve months and Diamond experts predict an even greater increase during the coming year. Write today for Our Christmas Catalogue.

LOFTIS
BROS & CO. ESTD 1858

DIAMOND CUTTERS
Watchmakers, Jewelers
Dept. P21 92 State Street
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

NOTTAHOOK

Garment Fastener



Have You SEEN Them?
Have You USED Them?

They are something new and the very best garment fastener you can buy. Cost no more than the ordinary kind.

They slide shut and *stay* shut. "Just slide them open."

They are flat, strong and on the garment altogether invisible.

Cannot catch or tear the garment.

Guaranteed not to rust.

Cuffs and Collars fit snug and secure if you use Number 60, the smallest Nottahook.

Number 25 on tape as a skirt supporter holds your skirt and waist together without the least sagging.

For the placket and back or front of waist, Number 55 on tape (mercerized) is perfect.

The reason we advocate the use of Nottahook tape goods is because the Nottahooks are riveted to the tape by machine at the Factory. All you need to do is to sew the tape on your waist or placket and it outwears a dozen waists or skirts. Being riveted on tape *there are no threads that will cut or pull loose.*

With Nottahooks in the house you have a Garment Fastener that does away with the use of Hooks and Eyes, Pins and Buttons. You have a Garment Fastener that can be sewed on

1st YOUR PLACKET
2nd YOUR WAIST
3rd YOUR COLLARS AND CUFFS
4th YOUR CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

IF YOUR DEALER WILL NOT SUPPLY YOU WITH NOTTAHOOKS

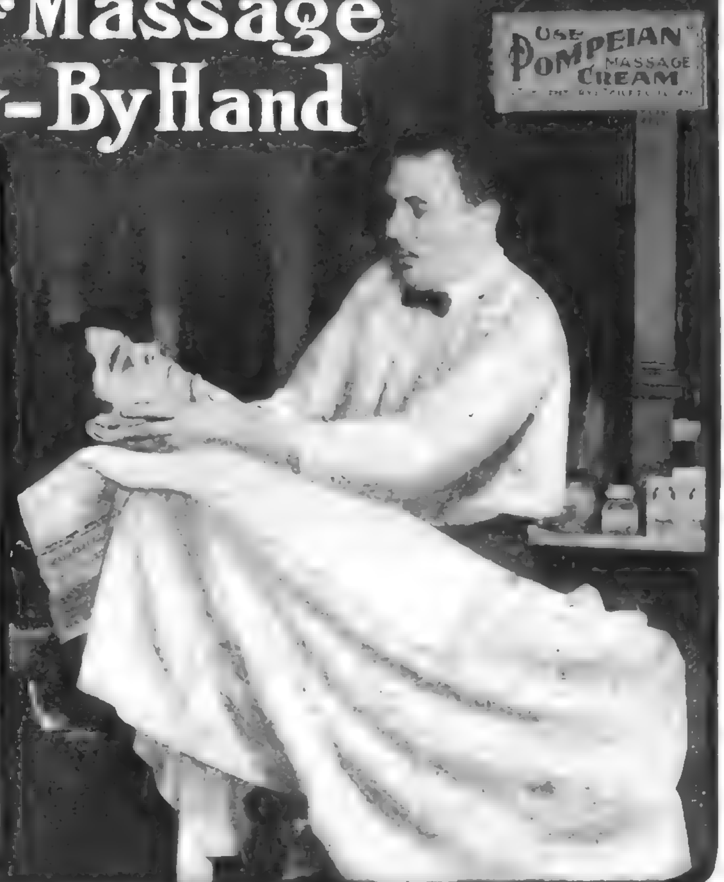
send 12 cents in stamps and we will send you by mail prepaid sufficient Nottahooks for your Placket, also one Nottahook Tape Skirt Supporter — OR — Send 50 cents in stamps and we will send you sufficient Nottahook Skirt Supporters for four Waists and two Skirts, Nottahooks to sew on your Placket and enough for the front, collars and cuffs of a Waist. STATE COLOR WANTED. Sew-ons in Black and Nickel-Tape Goods in Black, White and Gray.

With the *50-Cent Assortment*, if you will send us your *dealer's name* and the name of your dressmaker we shall send you FREE a beautifully embossed Panel 5 x 16, handsome enough to frame and hang on your parlor wall. State color of panel wanted — Gold, Bronze, Helio.

Canvassing agents can make good money by selling Nottahooks. Correspondence from dressmakers solicited.

THE NOTAHOOK COMPANY, 605 Broadway, New York City

Have Your Massage
This Way-By Hand



POMPEIAN
SKIN FOOD

This is the jar the barber buys.

This is the jar the druggist sells for home use.

Some barbers have "massage machines" with which a sort of grease must be used. When you get a massage in a barber shop, always tell the barber that you want a **hand-massage with Pompeian Massage Cream.** Machines cannot duplicate the movements of hand massage, nor can any greasy imitations duplicate the properties of the genuine

Pompeian Massage Cream

which contains no oil or grease of any kind. It takes away shaving soreness and removes susceptibility to it by strengthening the skin—every man who shaves needs Pompeian for that reason. Furthermore, it cleans the pores of all soap, grease, dirt, and other foreign matter, leaving the skin clean and glowing without a sacrifice of the manly lines and character. It is *not* a cosmetic. It takes out wrinkles and blackheads, and makes the face feel alive.

Your wife or sister will be glad to have a jar of Pompeian Massage Cream in the house. Most women to-day recognize the value of this preparation in maintaining a clean, clear, healthy skin. It contains no grease, and makes the use of face powders unnecessary.

This trade mark is on every bottle of genuine

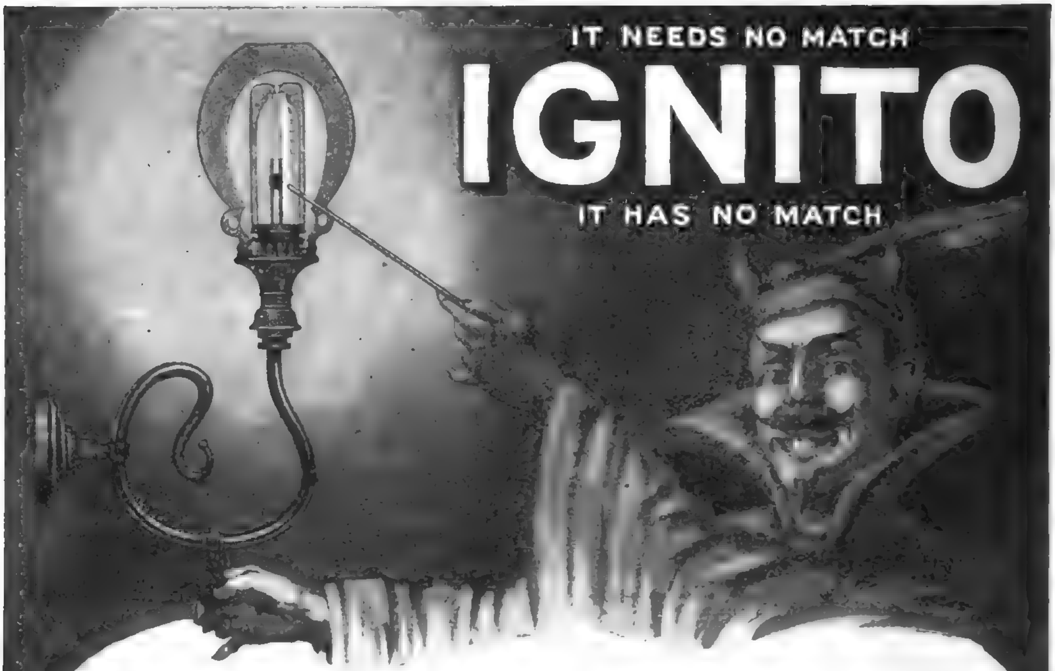
POMPEIAN TRADE MARK MASSAGE CREAM

Pompeian Massage Cream. Look for it.

Send for Generous Sample, Free

Regular size jars sent by mail where dealer will not supply. Price 50c. and $1.00 a jar.

POMPEIAN MFG. COMPANY, 127 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio



MODERN MAGIC!

The only Gas Mantle in the WORLD
that lights itself. No matches required.

Turn On the Gas and IGNITO Lights.

IGNITO Self-Lighting Outfits are

ECONOMICAL, BRILLIANT, DURABLE AND SAFE.

They use less gas, give a greater volume of light
and cost less than ordinary gas outfits.

They PREVENT the POSSIBILITY of ASPHYXIATION

Because IGNITO lights as soon as gas enters the Mantle.

New York, September 7, 1905.

Auto Lighter Co., City.

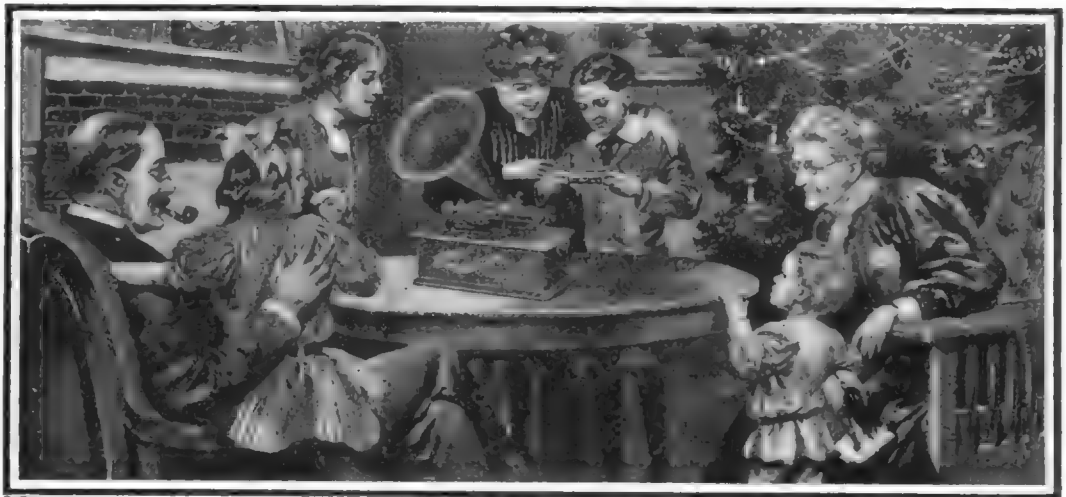
Gentlemen: You will be pleased to learn that our experiment with the IGNITO has been a success in every way. The trial dozen you put in some months ago we have found economical and gas-saving and we have now decided to have our entire factory fitted up with these lights.

Yours very truly, Berliner, Strauss & Meyer, 737 Broadway.

The entire Outfit, consisting of **Ignito Self-Lighting Gas Mantle, Ignito Gas Regulating and Economizing Burner** (Burners are branded "IGNITO"), **Ignito Imported Opal "Q" Air Hole Globe,** to be had from your dealer or send money order for $1.25 direct to us, and we will send a complete **Ignito Outfit,** with "instruction booklet," express prepaid.

AUTO LIGHTER CO., Sole Manufacturers
Park Ave., 130th & 131st Sts., N. Y., U. S. A.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.



AN IMPROVED EDISON PHONOGRAPH

Brings Christmas Cheer All the Year

No other gift yields such lasting pleasure as an an Edison Phonograph. Everybody likes it—from baby to grandmother. No skill is required to reproduce perfectly brilliant band music; the finest vocal solos, duets, and quartettes; the funniest character songs and vaudeville skits. It replaces the opera and theatre for grown folks, and is unequaled for entertaining children. Edison Gold Moulded Records include thousands of popular, classic, sacred, operatic, or comic selections, and 24 are added every month. Thus the Phonograph provides more fun and music than any other automatic entertainer—yet is within the reach of all. Hear it at the nearest dealer's before deciding on any Christmas present. *"It speaks for itself."*

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9122 Hungarian Fantasia....Edison Concert Band
9123 Mother o' Mine—Song......Theo. Van Yorx
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9126 Honeymoon Hall—Song...Harry MacDonough
9127 In Timbuctoo—A Monkey ditty..Billy Murray
9128 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me..Anthony & Harrison
9129 Bold Front March.....Edison Military Band
9130 Wait 'Till the Sun Shines, Nellie....Harlan
9131 And the World Goes On—Song..Bob Roberts
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9133 Roses and Thorns.........Edison Orchestra
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9137 Dancing in the Starlight.......Edison Band
9138 Sweetest Flower that Blows...Marie Narelle
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9140 Irish Girl I Love—Tenor....Edward Barrow
9141 Sweet Little Daisies—Bells Solo.....Benzler
9142 Fol-the-rol-lol—Comic Song, Edward M. Favor
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9144 When the Evening Breeze is Sighing Home, Sweet Home........Male Quartette
9145 Everybody Works but Father........Medley ....Edison Military Band

An Edison Phonograph Makes the Best Christmas or Birthday Present for Anyone

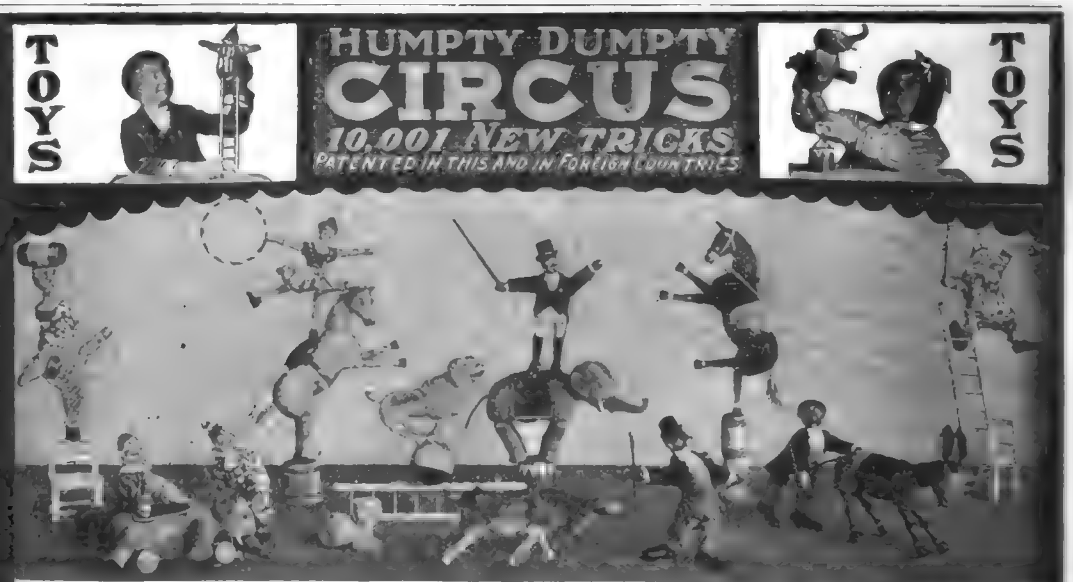
Every genuine Edison Phonograph bears the inventor's trade mark signature. Do not be misled or prejudiced by the distressing noises of inferior imitations. Go to the nearest Edison dealer and hear the genuine Phonograph, and you will instantly appreciate its marked superiority. Edison's signature is also on every Edison Gold Moulded Record. Edison Phonographs cost from $10 up; Records, 35c. each.

Thomas A. Edison

Send for new booklet, "Home Entertainments With the Edison Phonograph," obtainable only from Orange, N. J., office. Our Latest Record Catalogue will be sent to any Phonograph owner who gives the number of his Phonograph. Write now to

National Phonograph Company
18 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.
New York, Chicago, San Francisco
London

I. C. S. Language Courses Taught With Edison Phonographs.



TOYS THAT GLADDEN THE HEARTS OF OUR DEAR LITTLE ONES.

TOY WONDER

THE NEWEST AND BEST UNBREAKABLE TOY. The elephant can do tricks you never heard of. The donkey is "cuter" than any animal Barnum ever had. Then there is the horse, the hobo and the dog, the ring master, the lady rider, the negro and the goat. The clowns make grown-up people, as well as children laugh for hours. No end to the funny tricks discovered every day. The figures are made of solid wood, jointed like French Dolls, painted in oil colors. The clowns and others are dressed in fancy costumes. Will stand the roughest kind of treatment; children never tire of it, and mothers say it's the greatest toy they ever saw.

SOLD IN SETS, 50c. to $10.00. According to the number of figures in a set. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and **we will mail you literature, free. DO NOT SEND MONEY, WRITE FIRST!**

THE A. SCHOENHUT COMPANY, Manufs. and Patentees. 2157 Adams St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Manufacturers of the world renown SCHOENHUT Toy Pianos. **Established 1872.**

Indian Records

For Disc Talking Machines

BETTER THAN EVER IN QUALITY
CHEAPER THAN EVER IN PRICE

ASK FOR
"THE BLUE ONES"

Great Reduction in Price

10 in. size, 60 cts. each; formerly $1.00—$7.00 per doz.
7 in. size, 35 cts. each; formerly .50— 4.00 per doz.

Made of the new material "EMPEDITE."
Hardest known material for record making.
Leaders in TONE QUALITY.
Increased life for records.
A great variety of selections.

Send for catalog and descriptive matter.

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Mechanics Street - - - - - Springfield, Mass.

Write any one of the following dealers, enclosing 60 cents in stamps, and a sample Blue Record will be sent you, transportation prepaid:—

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Burke & Rous, 334 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Carlin & Lennox, 5 & 9 East Market St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Conroy Piano Co., S. W. cor. of 11th & Olive Sts., St. Louis, Mo.
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Douglas & Co., 89 Chambers St., New York City
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ROOF

WHEN we make the statement that a great majority of all the important buildings and manufacturing plants of the country are roofed with Coal Tar Pitch and Felt along the lines advocated in The Barrett Specification, it would seem as if no higher commendation could be secured.

Yet added evidence of its value is the fact that the foundation walls and cellars in most of these structures are also waterproofed with the same materials. The famous "Flat-Iron" Building, illustrated herewith, is an example of this.

THE BARRETT SPECIFICATION ROOF is the most suitable, satisfactory and economical known. The practical application of this fact is daily demonstrated by every reputable roofing contractor in that he will guarantee such a roof *absolutely* for at least ten years, as against the *qualified and provisional guarantee* given with other roofings.

Tin, and other metal roofs, require coating or painting every two or three years. Failure to do this, either through oversight or false economy, causes such roofs to corrode, rust and leak. Thousands of dollars worth of merchandise are destroyed annually through leaky roofs.

The Barrett Hand Book covering the subjects of roofing and waterproofing will be mailed free on application.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

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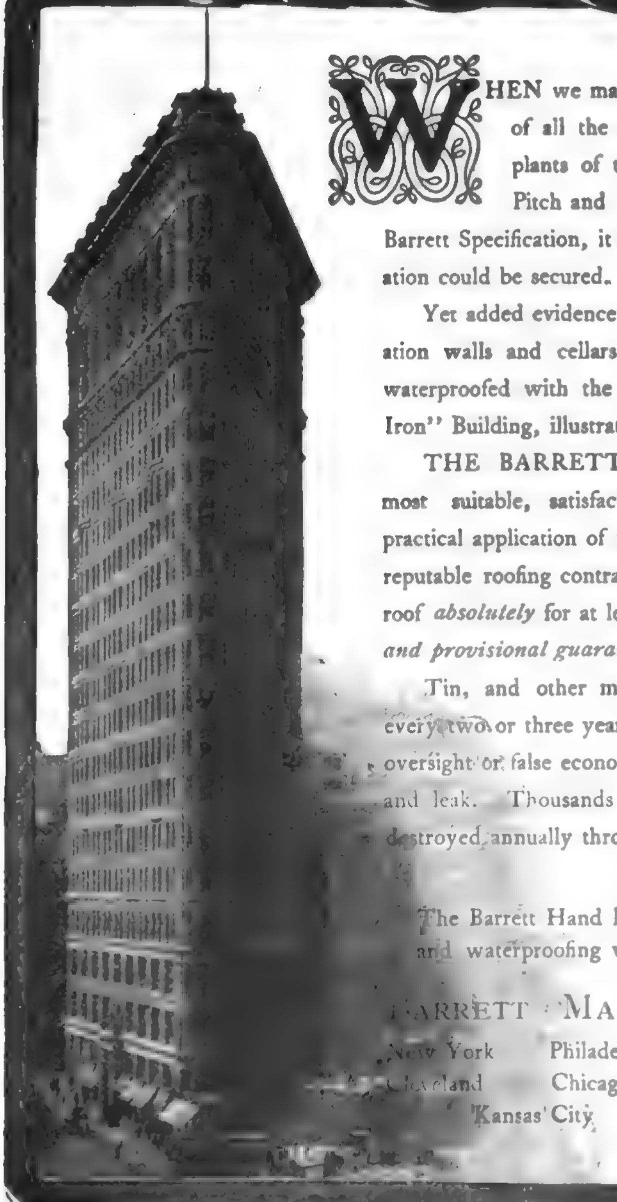

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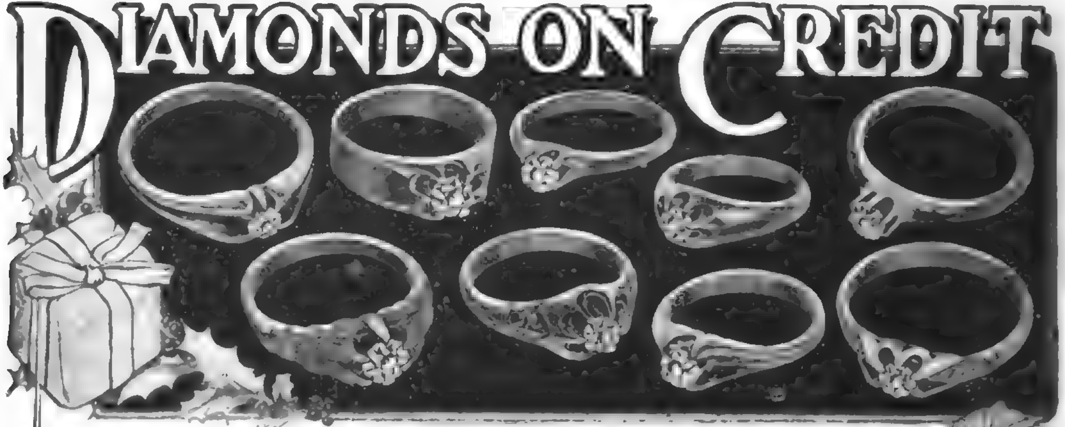


THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT — A DIAMOND

The expensiveness of diamonds and the usual necessity of paying "cash down" has often prevented the giving of diamonds as Christmas presents.

Since we commenced selling diamonds by the easy-payment method, so many people have taken advantage of it that our Christmas business is actually seven times heavier than at any other time of the year.

XMAS CATALOG READY SEND FOR IT. Our new Christmas catalog, completed just one month ago, will show you the very newest jewelry effects. It does not include by any means our entire line, merely illustrates from each department of our stock a dozen or two dozen of the choicest specimens—rings, earrings, jewelled pins bracelets, watches, chains and many exquisite novelties.

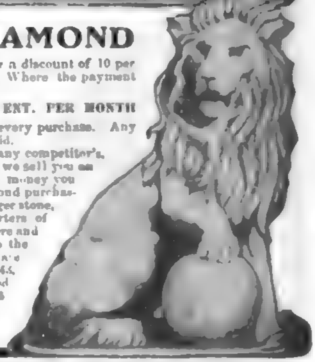
The qualities are the very best, such as we have dealt in for 63 years, and our prices, as usual, are 15 per cent. to 25 per cent. lower than your local dealer's.

TERMS: On cash purchases we allow a discount of 10 per cent. from catalog prices. Where the payment plan is preferred we accept

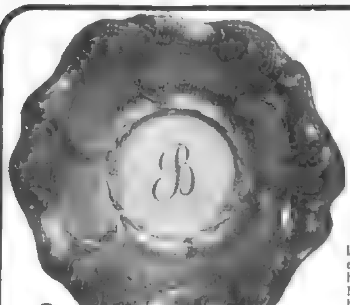
20 PER CENT. DOWN AND 10 PER CENT. PER MONTH

Guarantee certificate of quality with every purchase. Any article sent for examination, express prepaid.

We guarantee our prices lower than any competitor's. If you can duplicate for cash the diamond we sell you on credit, send it back and we will refund all money you have paid and pay all charges. Any diamond purchased may be exchanged at any time for a larger stone, full price allowed. We are direct importers of "rough" diamonds, cut and polish them here and save all import duties; we sell direct to the consumer and save all middle profits. We are the oldest house in the trade. Established 1843. Best New York Bank references furnished on request. *Ask for Christmas catalog edition 18*



J. M. LYON & CO., 65-67-69 Nassau St., NEW YORK



Sterling Silver Bon-Bon Dish

$3.50

This beautiful piece is an example of our exceptional line of high-class Silverware Made of solid Sterling Silver. Floral and scroll border in strong relief, French grey finish. Burnished center, in which we engrave any letter without charge. 5¾ inches diameter, depth 1 inch. Suitable for Bon-Bons, Salted Almonds, or a pretty piece for the dresser. By mail, postpaid, $3.50.

Be Sure to Write For Large Free Catalog

Kendricks Good-Luck Pencil

Sterling Silver (cut full size). In rich Mezzo-relief is shown the Horse Shoe, the Four Leaf Clover, the Mushroom and the Lucky Pig with the kinky tail. French grey finish. A useful little remembrance for either Men or Women. For scoring at Golf, Memoranda, and hundreds of uses.

Any Initial engraved free. By mail, postpaid, $1.00

Complete Catalog free on request. Sterling Silver Novelties, Watches, Diamonds, and Rare Art Merchandise. Don't make your holiday purchases without seeing our catalog. Everything guaranteed or money refunded

WM. KENDRICKS SONS
339 Fourth Avenue
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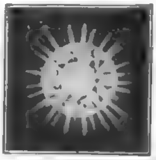
"The Colorado Gem," Newest Product of Our Gem Mines



A beautiful **Genuine Topaz**, of purest white color, finest Diamond cut, wonderful brilliancy, and great hardness. Endorsed by leading experts. Far superior to the best imitation Diamond ever produced. Remember, I **guarantee** these stones to be **genuine**. Special price, $2.00 each, 3 for $5.00. Size, up to 2 carats. Free booklet. Address, with remittance,

H. LINDEMANN, Expert Gem Cutter,
1536 Champa Street, Denver, Col.

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WE have just issued a new catalog, the largest and best ever published; listing separately with titles at the lowest prices ever sold, thousands of the best

Souvenir Post Cards and Post Card Albums

THIS catalog and six handsome samples mailed for 10c. silver or stamps. (No free copies.)

National Post Card Co., 200 Logan Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

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ZAMBESA DIAMONDS look and wear exactly like real diamonds costing twenty times as much. Don't buy a diamond until you see this wonderful gem. Sent on approval—you pay nothing until perfectly satisfied. Finest solid gold mountings only. With every Christmas order, we are giving a fine ruby ring FREE. Catalogue answers every question—write for one today. Your old gold rings can be made equal to new and set with Zambesa Diamonds at small expense. This is the diamond which is being worn by thousands of the best people. Guarantee with every sale. Catalogue free, write today.

BOYLSTON DIAMOND CO., INCORPORATED
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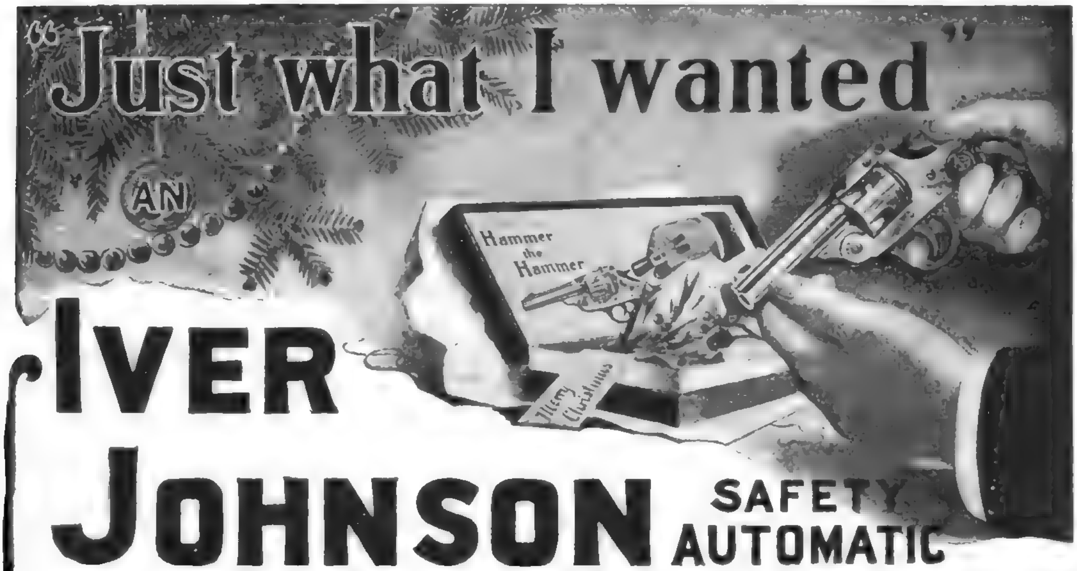
REFERENCE; A. W. JEFFERIES & CO., BANKERS, CHICAGO.



IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

That's what he will say if he finds an Iver Johnson Revolver among his Christmas gifts.

No home is safe without a revolver, but the revolver itself must be safe—and the Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver is the *only* one which has our patented safety lever, making it *perfectly* safe. With the Iver Johnson you can

"Hammer the Hammer"

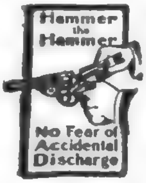
That is because the revolver hammer never touches the firing-pin. There is always a space between them which can be filled only by the safety lever. This safety lever cannot possibly come up into place (letting the revolver hammer hit the firing-pin) unless the trigger has been pulled all the way back.

You can take a *loaded* Iver Johnson Revolver and throw it half a block over the pavement, kick it, pound it on the table, hammer the hammer—there is

No Fear of Accidental Discharge

It can't go off unless you pull the trigger. No other revolver ever made has this feature. And it never fails when wanted. It is reliable to the last degree.

Let us send you our **free** booklet **"Shots."** It hits the mark on the revolver question, proving the accuracy and reliability of the Iver Johnson Revolver with full details. We will send it gladly, and our handsome illustrated catalogue with it.


Hammer the Hammer
No Fear of Accidental Discharge

Hammer, $5.00 **Hammerless, $6.00**

For sale by all hardware and sporting goods dealers. Be sure our name is on the barrel and the *owl's head* on the grip.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS, 126 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.
NEW YORK OFFICE: 99 Chambers Street
Makers of Iver Johnson Bicycles and Single Barrel Shotguns

Bread Tray No. 23 Price $1.50

Brodnax Monthly Special

LARGE BREAD DISHES

Brodnax Special Price, $1.50

Express Prepaid. One Only to a Customer
Regular Retail Price, $2.50 to $3.00

OUR illustration shows, as well as a picture can, a beautiful Bread Dish, but it will have to be seen to be appreciated. The dish is full size, 11 inches long, by 7 inches wide. It is made of finest grade of Quadruple Silver Plate, and is warranted to wear to your satisfaction.

Around the border are raised grapes and leaves in a beautiful soft gray, shading off imperceptibly into a highly burnished centre, the effect is unusually attractive.

The dish will stand the hardest kind of usuage and this makes it very desirable to every house-keeper.

It is pretty enough to give as a present to any one, and we cannot imagine a better selection for a Christmas gift.

Our purpose in selling it for $1.50—express prepaid—is to bring us names for our new 128 page catalogue.

We believe that if we can send you a copy that you will be pleased with it and will send us many mail orders, and that is why we are willing to cut the price to the low figure named above.

Our catalogue contains 128 pages of half-tones, illustrating considerably more than 5,000 articles in Diamonds, Gold Jewelry, Sterling Silver and Rich Cut Glass. We are anxious for you to have a copy, and we believe we can be of real service to you in the purchase of jewelry.

We are manufacturing Jewelers and produce nearly everything that we sell. The few articles that we do not make are bought direct from the factory and this gives us an advantage of from 25 to 30 per cent under the cost of jewelry to retail jewelers.

Shipments are promptly made; in nearly every case the goods going forward the same day that your order reaches us.

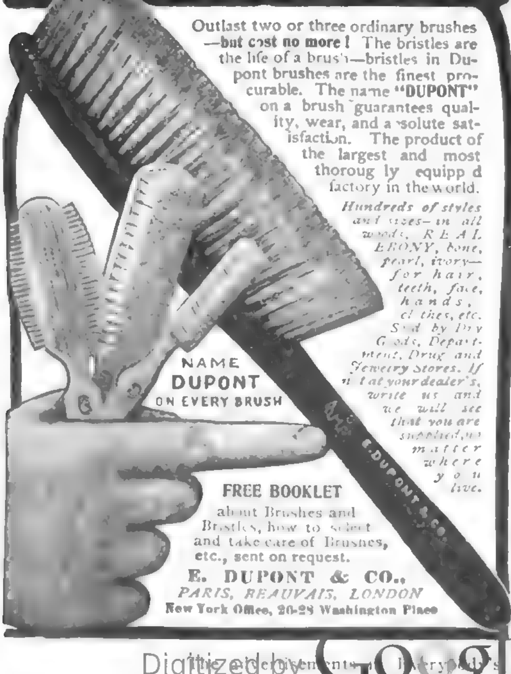
Our packages are especially attractive. The goods reach you in a nice box, all ready for presentation and will reflect credit both on you and on us.

All shipments are made with the understanding that if you are not thoroughly pleased with the goods after examination, we will permit their return, express collect, and refund the entire amount paid us.

We believe that a satisfied customer is the best advertisement that we can have.

GEO. T. BRODNAX, Incorporated, 23 S. Main St., Memphis, Tenn.
Wholesale and Manufacturing Jewelers

DUPONT BRUSHES



Outlast two or three ordinary brushes —**but cost no more!** The bristles are the life of a brush—bristles in Dupont brushes are the finest procurable. The name **"DUPONT"** on a brush guarantees quality, wear, and absolute satisfaction. The product of the largest and most thoroughly equipped factory in the world.

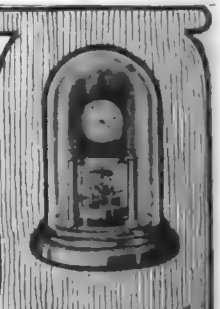
Hundreds of styles and sizes—in all woods, REAL EBONY, bone, pearl, ivory—for hair, teeth, face, hands, clothes, etc. Sold by Dry Goods, Department, Drug and Jewelry Stores. If not at your dealer's, write us and we will see that you are supplied, no matter where you live.

FREE BOOKLET
about Brushes and Bristles, how to select and take care of Brushes, etc., sent on request.

E. DUPONT & CO.,
PARIS, BEAUVAIS, LONDON
New York Office, 20-28 Washington Place

The Famous

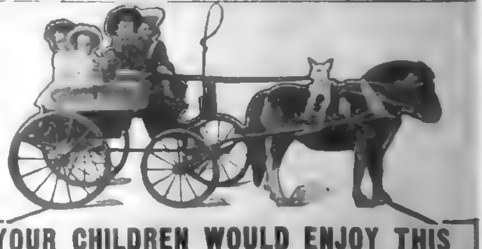
400 Day Clock



is the most popular timepiece in the world. The ordinary clock must be wound every day, or possibly once-a week, but this wonderful 400 Day Clock—known as the **Anniversary Clock**—needs winding but once a year. And it is guaranteed to keep accurate time. The price is $15.00, express prepaid anywhere in the U. S.

"Anniversary Time" is a booklet which gives the history of these unique clocks. Sent free on request.

Anderton & Son, Dept. H Dayton, Ohio.



YOUR CHILDREN WOULD ENJOY THIS

No end of wholesome pleasure in a little trap for the children. We build the correct vehicles in this class, pony carts, Governess Cars, etc. Unusually clever in conception, beautifully comfortable, possess the airy style and distinction of the English traps.

Write for our illustrated booklet showing a vast variety of special light horse vehicles (FREE.)

THE WALBORN & RIKER CO., Dept. H. Saint Paris, O.

J E CALDWELL & CO

JEWELERS & SILVERSMITHS

IMPORTERS of DIAMONDS, FINE WATCHES, CLOCKS and OBJETS D'ART

Out-of-town patrons may obtain, through correspondence, a satisfactory idea of our comprehensive stock of artistic merchandise. On request we will send any or all of the

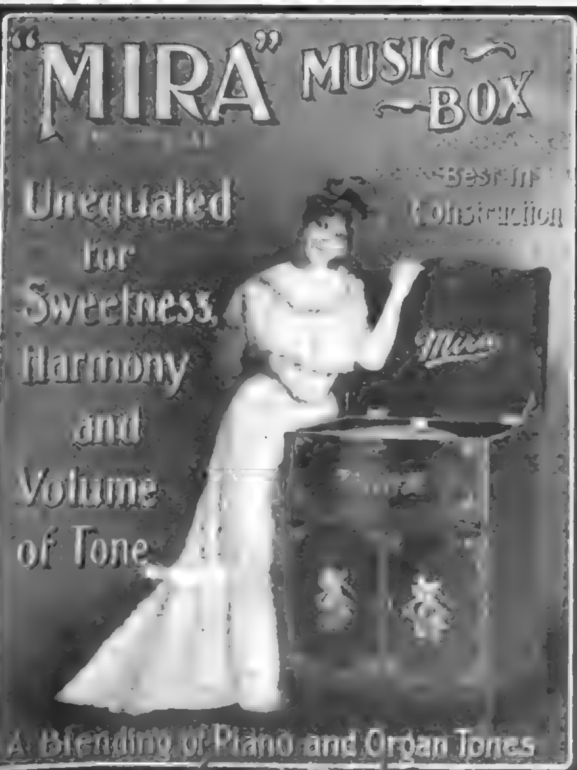
CALDWELL BROCHURE SERIES

illustrating (with prices) many articles of exclusive design:

1 Jewelry 2 Silverware 3 Watches 4 Hall and Mantel Clocks 5 Silver-Plated Ware 6 Cut Glass 7 Leather Goods 8 Fine Porcelains 9 Lamps 10 Marble Statuary, Bronzes, etc.

We gladly send selections on approval. Such requests should mention the usual business references, as well as the desired limits of expenditure. "A Book of Natal Stones," containing the histories and traditions of gems, sent on request.

PHILADELPHIA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Best in Construction
Unequaled for Sweetness, Harmony and Volume of Tone
Mira
A Blending of Piano and Organ Tones

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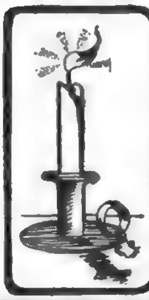
Write for catalogue and name of the nearest agent.

JACOT MUSIC BOX CO.
29 Union Square
NEW YORK

The Oldest Music Box House in the United States

THE "BEST" LIGHT



Puts a 100 candle power gas plant in your home. It is portable and the cheapest light on the market. Makes and burns its own gas - may be lighted instantly with a match. Is brighter than electricity or acetylene. Every lamp warranted.

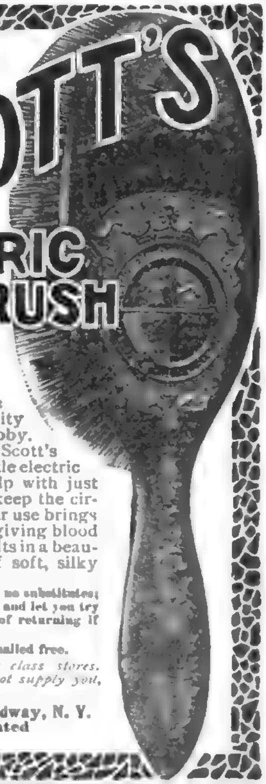
NO DIRT—NO GREASE—NO ODOR.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

THE BEST LIGHT COMPANY,
Owners of Original Patents. **86 E. 5th Street, Canton, O.**

Est. 1878

DR SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH



Is your hair getting thinner? Is it coming out? Look at your brush. That is where the trouble is time and again, no vitality or elasticity to it, just flabby. Throw it away and try Dr. Scott's pure bristle kind—its gentle electric current supplies the scalp with just the needed stimulus to keep the circulation free. Its regular use brings a constant supply of life-giving blood to the hair roots, and results in a beautiful luxuriant growth of soft, silky hair.

Price $1.00 postpaid. Accept no substitutes; insist on the brush I guarantee and let you try for thirty days with privilege of returning if not perfectly satisfied.

My book on Hair Treatment mailed free.

To be had at all the better class stores. If for any reason they cannot supply you, write to

Dr. Geo. A. Scott, 870 Broadway, N. Y.
Responsible Agents Wanted

KLIP-KLIP "DUO" MANICURE-CIGAR CUTTER

A blade for each purpose.

25c

BY MAIL

Worth its weight in gold

A Perfect manicure. —— A Sanitary Cigar Cutter.

Klip-Klip "Duo" (two in one) has a sharp steel clip, file and cleaner. Keeps the nails in perfect condition. Also a separate blade which cuts cigars quick and clean. It is sanitary. Physicians say everyone should use his own cigar cutter. It is light, compact and handsomely finished and sells at sight. Two combined for one price. At all dealers or mailed upon receipt of 25c. The "original" German silver Klip-Klip (manicure only)—same price. Your money back if you want it.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE

KLIP-KLIP COMPANY
567 Clinton Ave. S., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

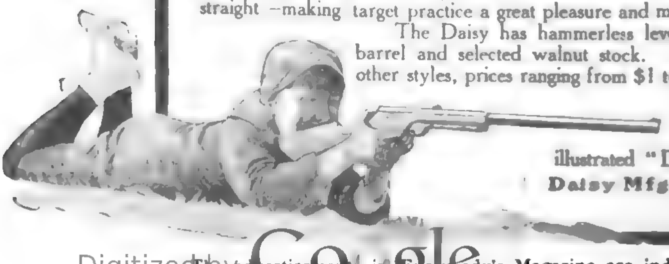
The DAISY AIR RIFLE

The Daisy will please any boy, and his father and mother will have nothing to worry about, for the Daisy is absolutely safe. It shoots one thousand times without reloading and shoots straight —making target practice a great pleasure and most beneficial training for the boy.

The Daisy has hammerless lever action, perfect sights, a finely nickeled barrel and selected walnut stock. The 1,000-shot Daisy costs $2. Three other styles, prices ranging from $1 to $1.75.

Sold by dealers the world over or sent direct from factory by prepaid express, on receipt of price. Write to-day for our illustrated "Daisy Book," free on request.

Daisy Mfg. Co., Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.



The Angle Lamp

OUR PROPOSITION is to send you a light which, burning common kerosene (or coal oil), is far more economical than the ordinary old-fashioned lamp, yet so thoroughly satisfactory that such people as ex-President Cleveland, the Rockefellers, Carnegies, Peabodys, etc., who care but little about cost, use it in preference to all other systems.

We will send you any lamp listed in our catalog 17, on thirty days' free trial, so that you may prove to your own satisfaction that the new method of burning employed in this lamp makes common kerosene the best, cheapest and most satisfactory of all illuminants.

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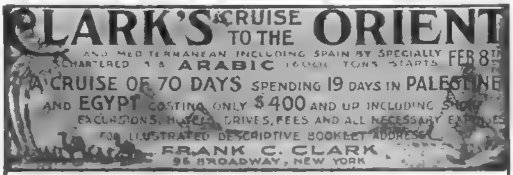
Safer and more reliable than gasolene or acetylene. Lighted and extinguished like gas. May be turned high or low without odor. No smoke, no danger. Filled while lighted and without moving. Requires filling but once or twice a week. It floods room with its beautiful, soft, mellow light that has no equal. WRITE FOR OUR CATALOG 17 and our proposition for a

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Do it now—right away. It will tell you more facts about the How and Why of good light than you can learn in a lifetime's experience with poor methods.

THE ANGLE MFG. CO., 78-80 Murray Street, NEW YORK



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Nothing more appropriate or more appreciated as a Xmas gift.

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Our best grades have a patent Vibratory-Rim on the sound board or top inside of the instrument.

This takes out the harsh ring of the strings, and spreads the pure musical quality of the sound waves over the entire sounding board, making the tone rich, full and sweet; and gives also all the resonance and carrying power of an instrument mellowed by age, worth hundreds of dollars.

Other features not found on any other make are: A metal finger-board, which holds the strings in tune, quick stringing attachment, and a bridge that cannot pull off.

We sell direct from our factory, saving you one-half what dealers charge for goods without these advantages.

TRY ONE TEN DAYS FREE Order any instrument from our catalog, and use it ten days free. Then if you do not find it all I say, return it at our expense. That's a fair offer, isn't it? Write today for catalog, sent free, showing all styles.

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are fully illustrated in our handsome booklet just issued entitled

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This is yours for the asking and tells you how we make and sell really good, high-grade instruments at reasonable prices. We offer

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of Upright Pianos than any other manufacturer in the world. We have styles suited to every age and taste, while our low prices and easy terms place our instruments within reach of every one.

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We not only give you better value for your money than any one else, but also furnish

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for one whole year to each of our customers. We will send a copy of "Piano Wisdom" for the asking. Write to-day.

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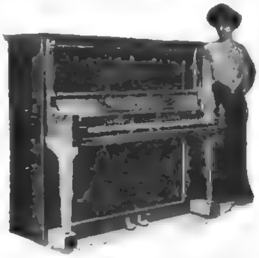
Has 5 full octaves—61 keys—and is especially suited for small rooms, churches, beginners, etc.



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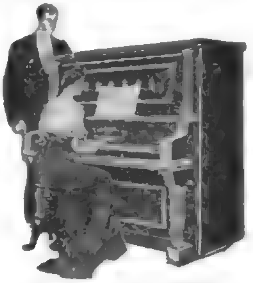
An ideal piano in every way. Its high musical quality and remarkably low price make it our most popular style.



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A full-sized piano of remarkable musical quality and mechanical perfection. Beautiful and attractive in every way.

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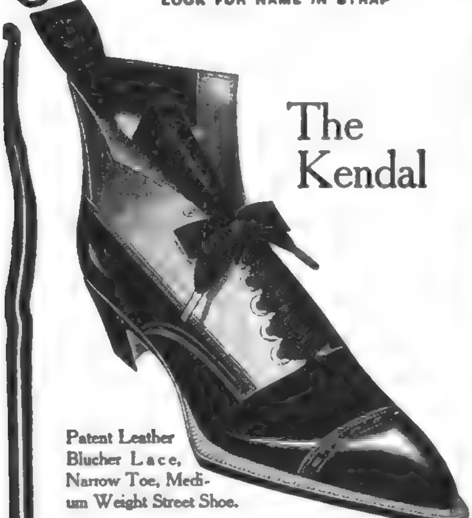

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Most styles sell for $5.00

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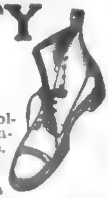

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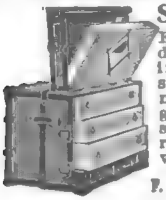

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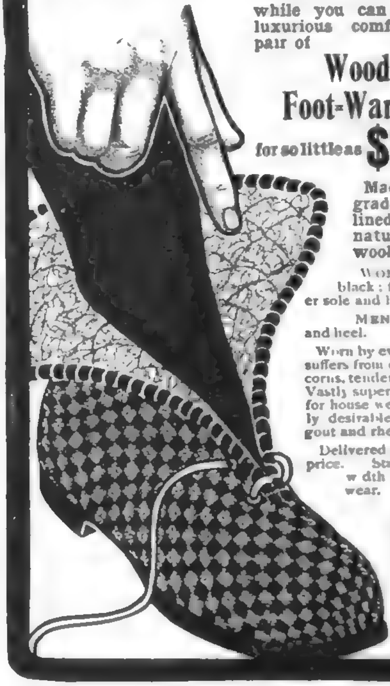

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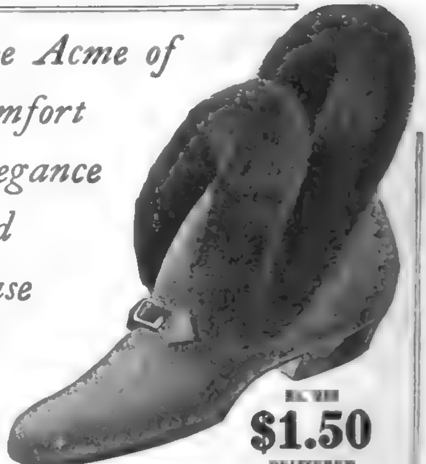

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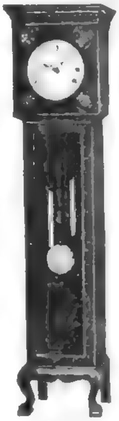

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Birdseye Maple Mahogany or Quarter Sawed Oak
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USEFUL AND BEAUTIFUL FOR THE HOME

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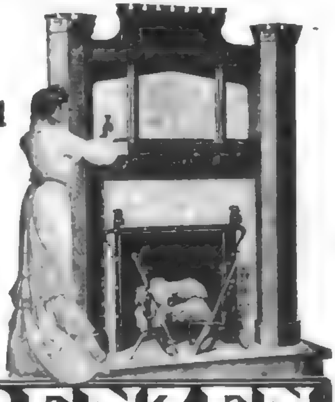
The Chateau Blois

One of Our 125 Exclusive Designs



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This mantel is one of the handsomest we make. It is an exact reproduction of an old fire place in the celebrated **Chateau Blois,** which is probably the most perfect example of the chateau extant. A design that appeals to persons of culture and refinement. Made of choicest selected quarter sawed oak or birch, finished in all shades. Has large French plate mirror 18 x 40 inches.

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Heat the house to suit you

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Mr. Edison says:

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Here is your opportunity—while this offer lasts—every reliable responsible person can get a genuine Edison phonograph direct from us to your home

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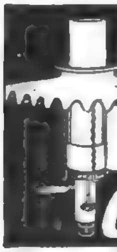

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Cleveland Vapor Light

Your Youngster would like it for Xmas

For exercise and fun there's nothing like the

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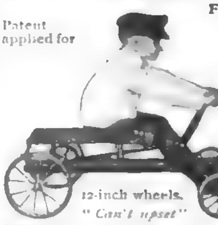

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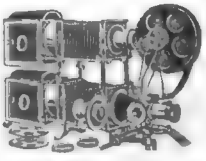

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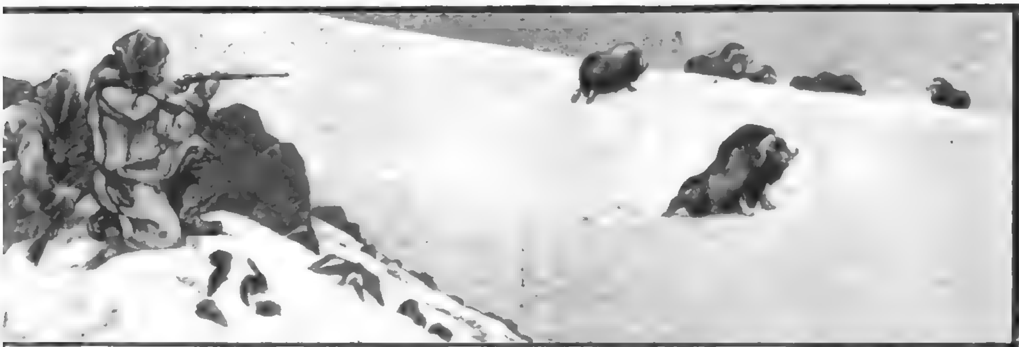

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The ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE

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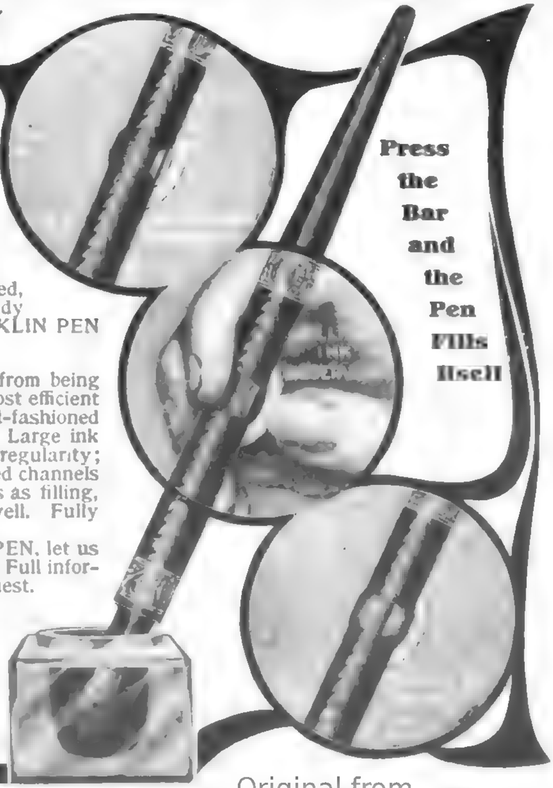

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—and all in a few seconds of time. The pressure of the thumb on the small projecting disc compresses an inside elastic ink reservoir, which, when released, draws in the ink and the pen is instantly filled ready for use. So simple is the operation that the CONKLIN PEN

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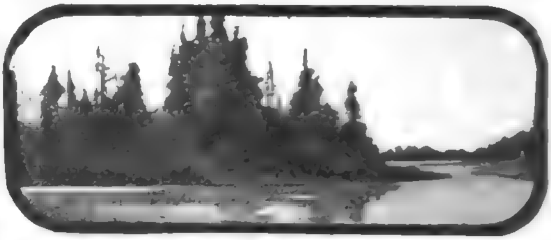

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SMITH & WESSON

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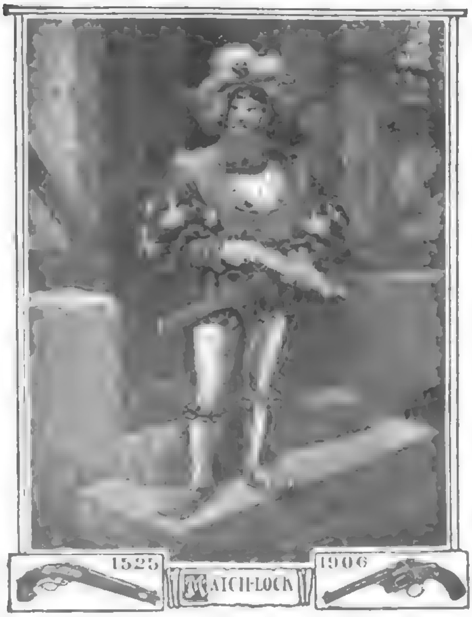

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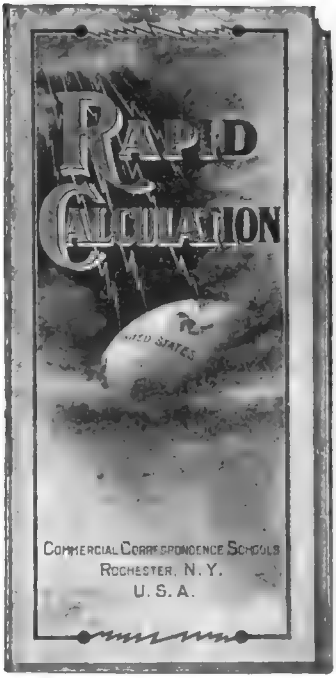

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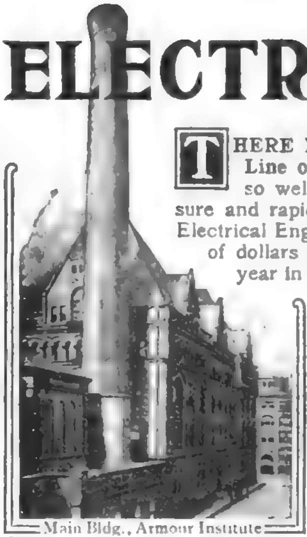

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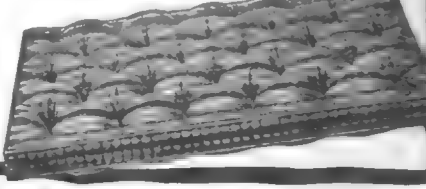

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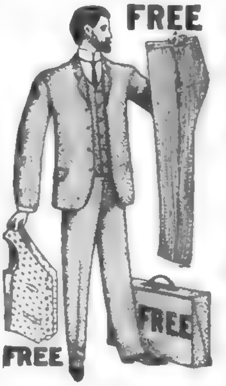

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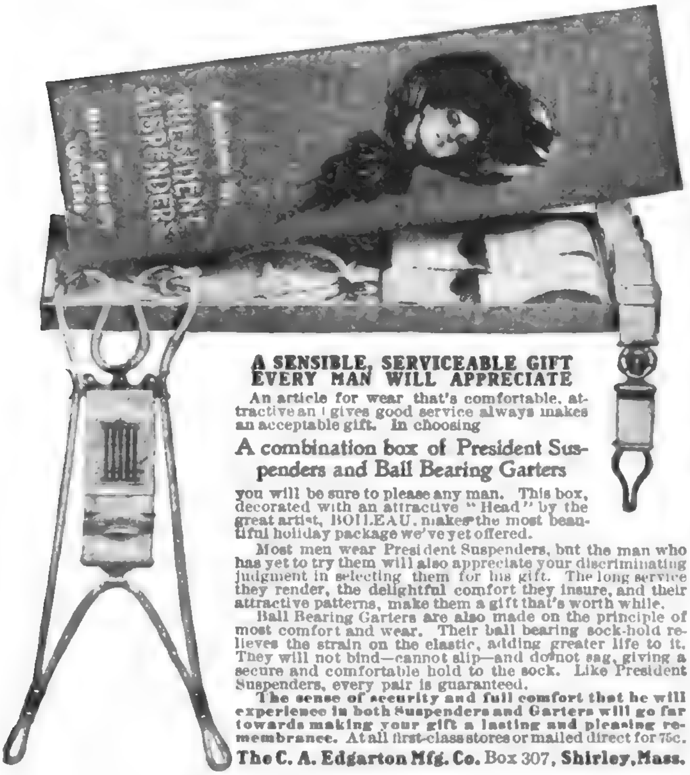

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A combination box of President Suspenders and Ball Bearing Garters

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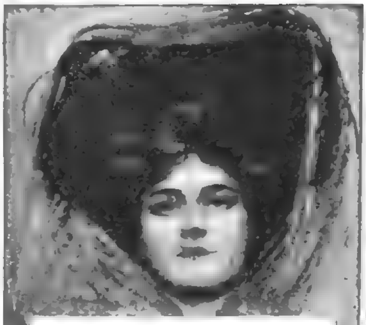

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TO enable art lovers to obtain a complete set of the beautiful heads by BOILEAU, with which the President Suspender boxes are decorated, we have issued a PRESIDENT-BOILEAU Calendar. All the printing, including the calendar for the entire twelve months, is on the first sheet. The other three are devoted exclusively to the BOILEAU heads in color. The size of the calendar is 8 x 12. These beautiful studies are suitable for framing, and make an attractive decoration for a den or living-room.

Sent postpaid for 25 cents.

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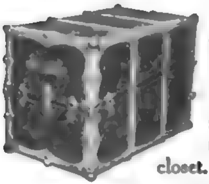
The Sense of Having the

Romadka Wardrobe Trunk



Here is the trunk closed — 26" high, 36" long, 22" wide. As small and compact as an old style trunk. As roomy as the average clothes closet. In it can be put more garments, hats, shoes, shirts and other things than any other trunk. Everything in it is kept in perfect order because it is the only trunk that will take a full length suit, overcoat or dress, without folding.

To see how this is done, see picture to the right. Here we have removed a wall of the trunk to let you see the inside. This cut shows ladies' and gentlemen's clothes hanging at full length without a fold. Any one of these garments can be removed and replaced without interfering with the other.

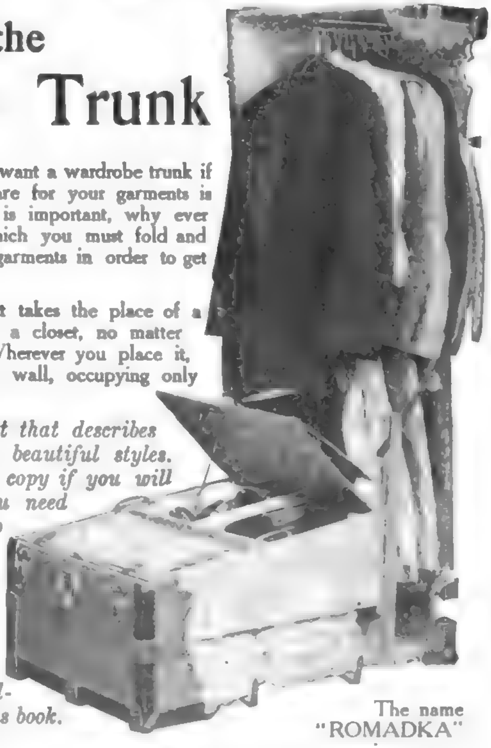
The wardrobe compartment carries ten hangers which are included in trunk.

Now look at the compartments below. The tray raises on a hinge and it is not necessary to remove it in order to pack or unpack the bottom.

Now why do you want a wardrobe trunk if its arrangement to care for your garments is not important? If it is important, why ever consider a trunk in which you must fold and wrinkle and muss the garments in order to get them in?

Here is a trunk that takes the place of a closet and always is a closet, no matter where you take it. Wherever you place it, it sets up close to the wall, occupying only solid space.

We have a booklet that describes and illustrates six beautiful styles. We will send you a copy if you will write for it. You need ***this booklet*** *to know all about this marvelous trunk. It* ***suggests*** *the* ***most appropriate holiday gift*** *possible. Just your name and address will bring this book.*



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For Booklet Address Romadka Bros. Co., **Dept. NN, Milwaukee, Wis.**

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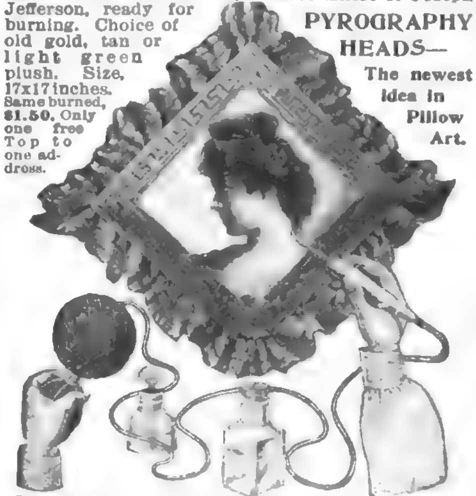

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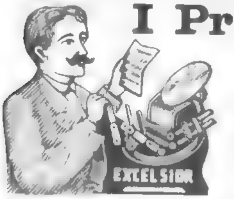

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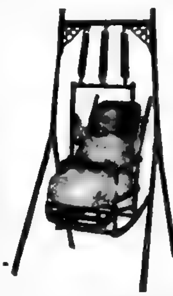
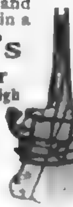


2 CHOICE GIFTS for BABY'S X'MAS

Why let Baby cry?

when it can be kept "happy as a sunflower," comfortable and well, day and night, in a



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Splendid for "the new baby:" and adjustable for it as it grows older. Designed on special hygienic lines, beautifully made; very strong. Babies love gentle motion. Physicians urge use of Glascock's Jumper—the standard. With or without Go-Cart attachment.

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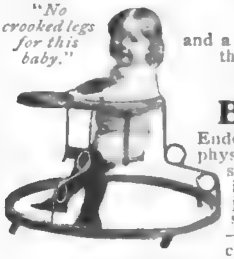

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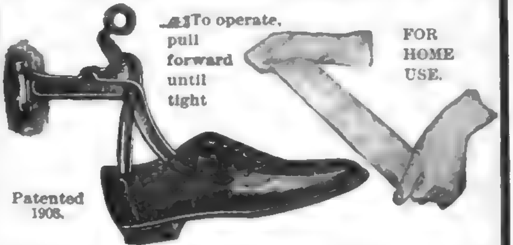
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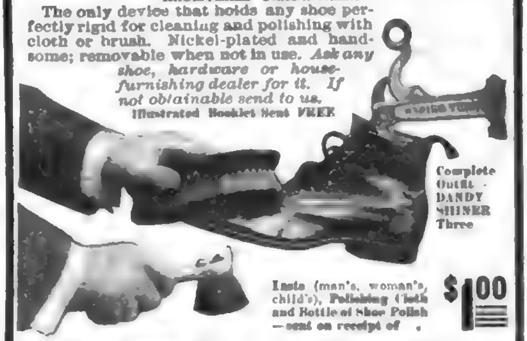

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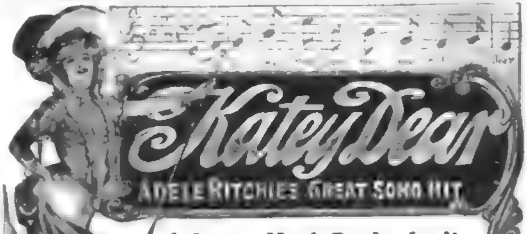
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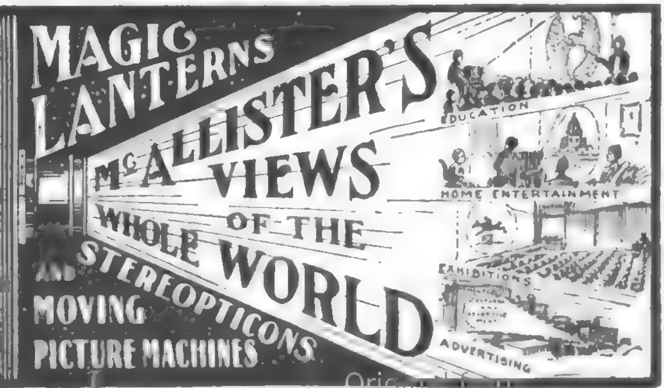

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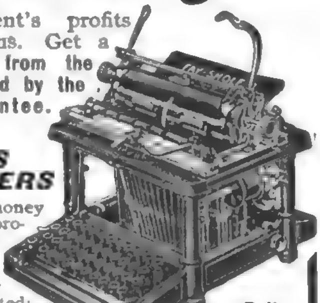

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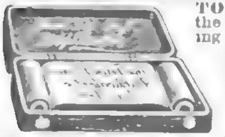

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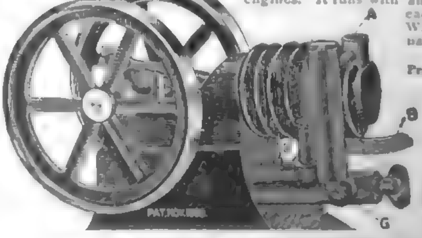

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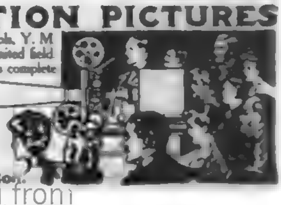

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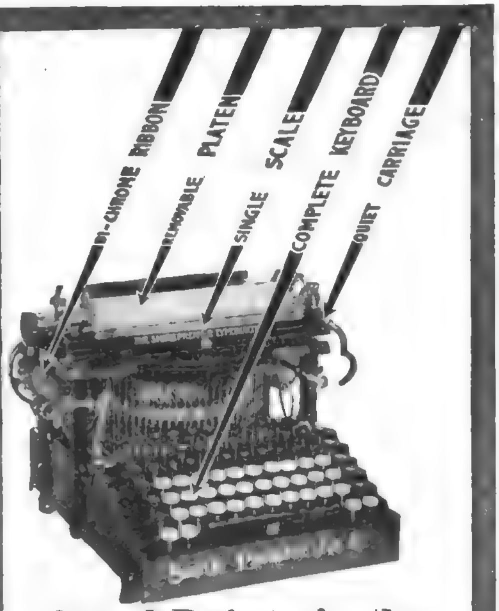

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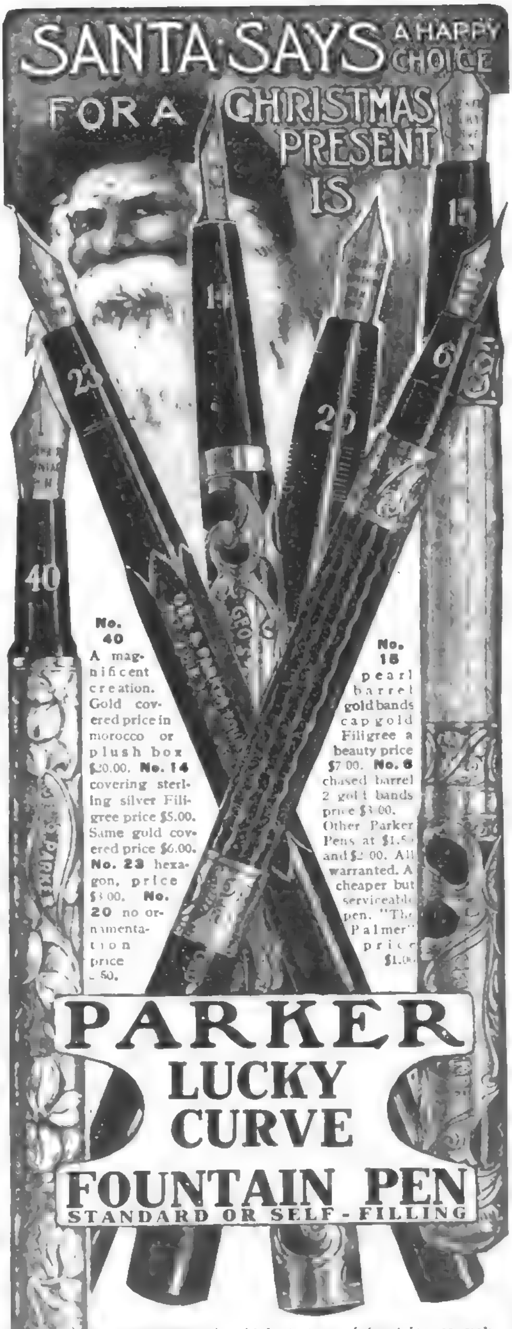

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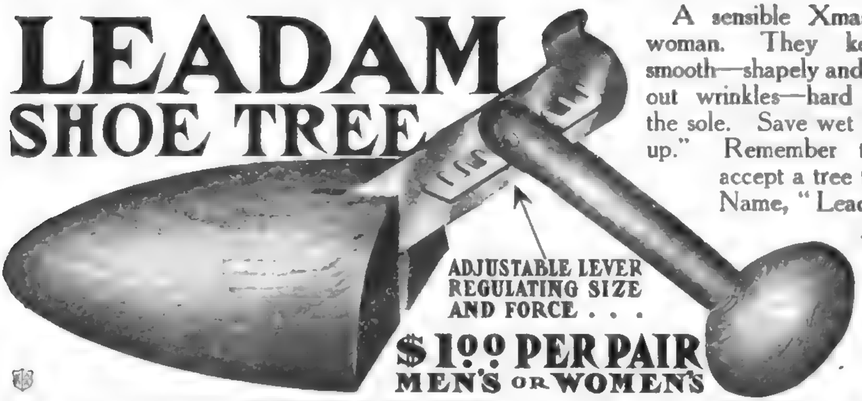

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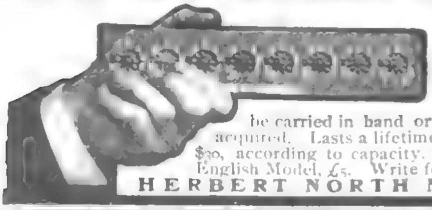

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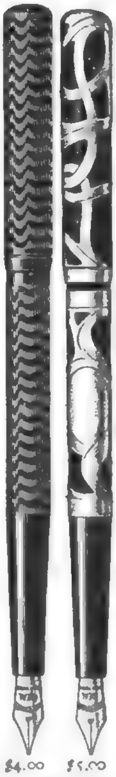

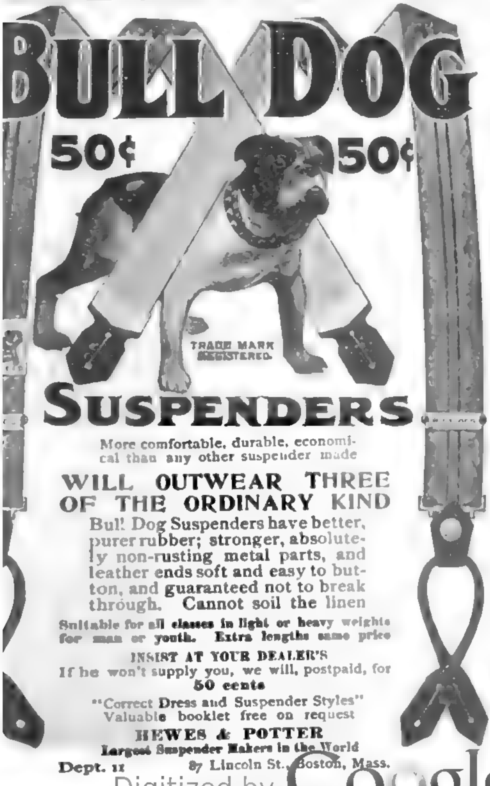

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NO. 1

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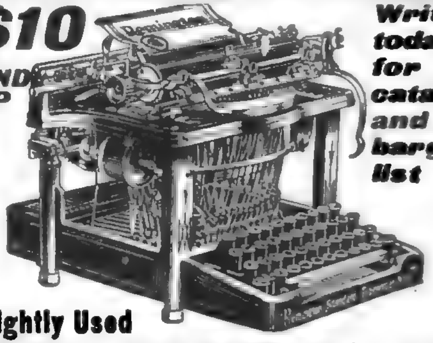

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In 5, 10, 15, or 20 years you can build a fortune, in a safe and conservative way. THE COLONIAL ENDOWMENT CONTRACT will enable you to accumulate a fund of $1,000 or more—in five, ten, fifteen or twenty years, by the payment of comparatively small sums—annually or monthly.

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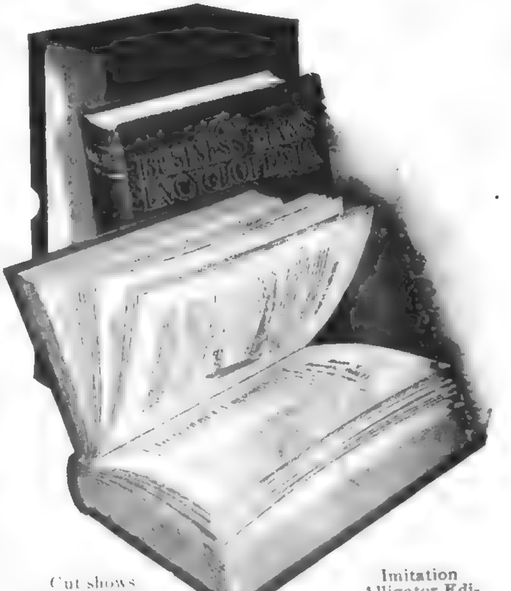

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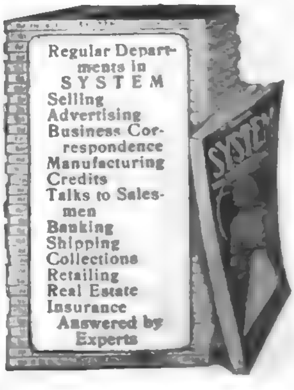

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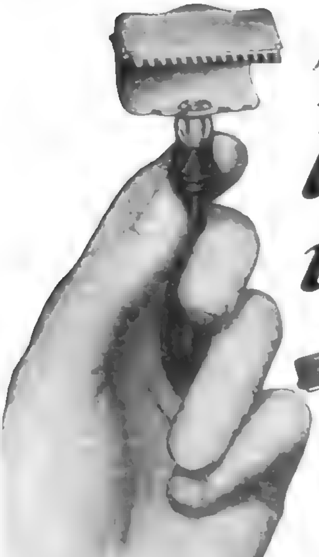

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ZINN

Automatic Razor

MAKE THIS HIS CHRISTMAS GIFT

THE **Zinn Automatic** is the result of the most expert workmanship, the latest product of the art of razor manufacture—it is PERFECT—the best razor of its kind. Just lather your face, take a **Zinn** razor and shave.

Men with tough beards and tender skin who have experienced trouble in shaving, are writing us every day saying that they know *now* what it means to always enjoy a clean, close shave in less than five minutes and without the slightest injury to the face—and **"Zinn Did It."**

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ZINN RAZOR COMPLETE $5.00

READ THIS UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL

Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 17, 1905

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To appreciate Imperial Records you must hear one. All good music dealers sell them. If yours does not, **we will send you one FREE** if you will give us the name and address of your dealer and the make of your instrument. This offer is only for the Holidays. *Write to-day* to Department "J."

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The *Combined Billing* and *Adding Machine*

The Elliott-Fisher

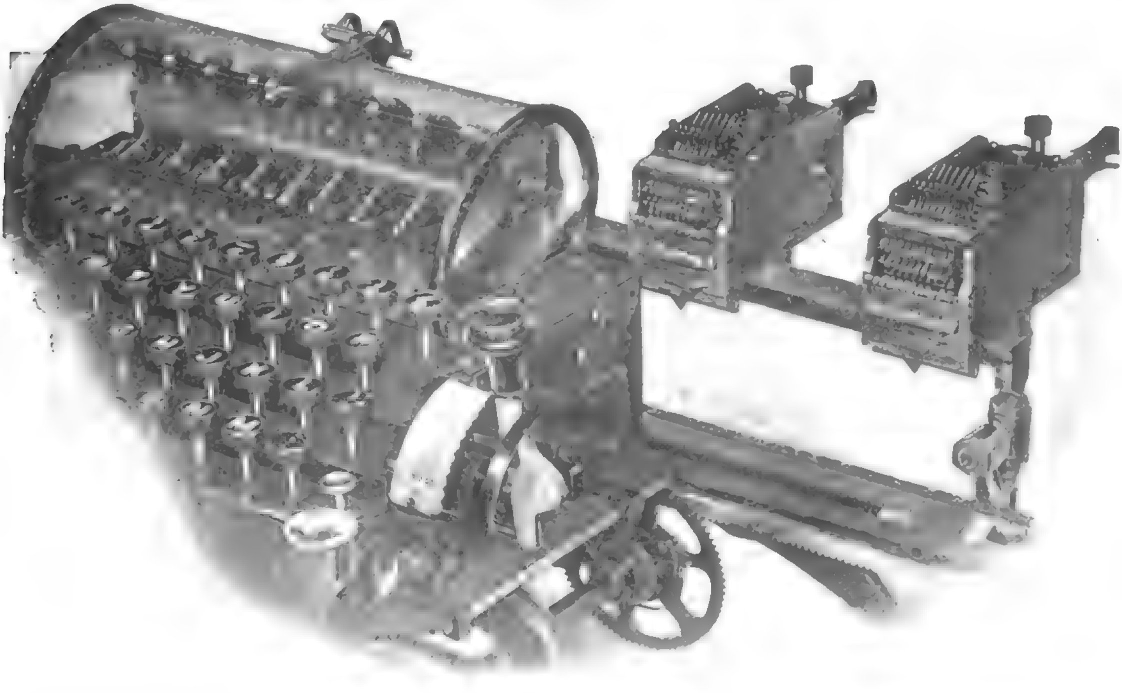
which does all the printing and adding of figures done by any adding machine and at the same time does all the billing hitherto done by this billing machine and

makes all the carbon copies required, typewriting the descriptive matter on the bill simultaneously with all its carbon records and

does it all by simply fingering the regular keys of the regular keyboard of The Elliott-Fisher Machine.

The Elliott-Fisher has always been and still is the only real billing machine; and now that it adds at the same time that it lists, writes and makes carbon copies, think what the combination means in the time saving and labor saving in your Billing and Order Department.

By placing two or more registers on the machine, a great variety of tabulated work may be done, and the usefulness of the machine increased to almost any degree.



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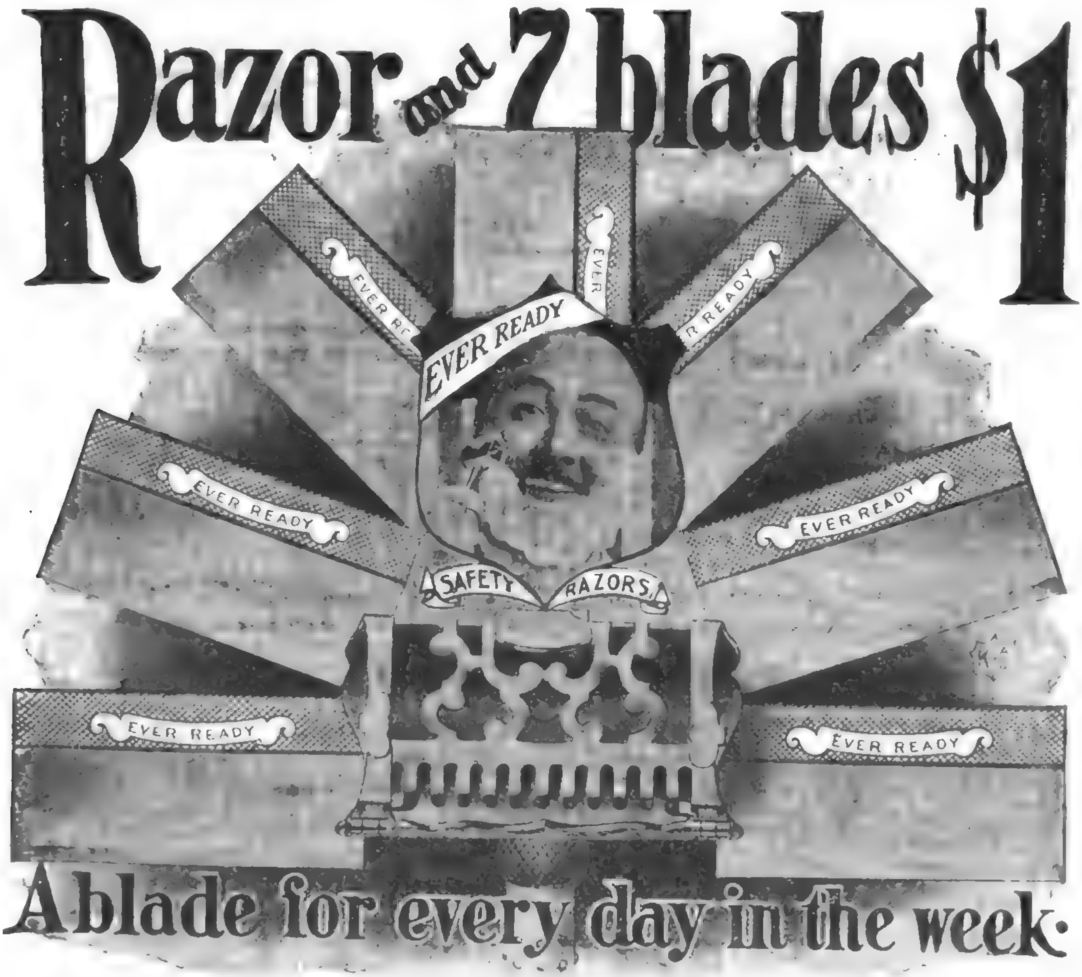

It's a $5.00 "Safety" Seven Blades—Frame—Handles Fancy Box—Complete $1.00

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"Ever-Ready" blades are guaranteed to the limit—they are the keenest, finest tempered, and easiest shaving of all razor blades. The blades can be *stropped* like the ordinary razor and will last for years—that is something that isn't possible in any $5.00 razor made. *For those desirous of doing away with rehoning and resharpening we will exchange seven new blades for your dull ones and 25 cents.*

"Ever-Ready" razors are by no means an experiment. We have manufactured safety razors under other brands during the past twenty-one years, but the "Ever-Ready" is the best yet. "Ever-Ready" seven-bladed dollar razors are now on sale in thousands of *Cutlery, Hardware, and Jewelry stores* throughout the world.

We've not had time to supply all dealers as yet, so if you have the least difficulty in purchasing send to us direct (one dollar) and you will receive your set prepaid. Do it now.

What more ideal Xmas present could there be for a man? Free booklet of value to shavers.

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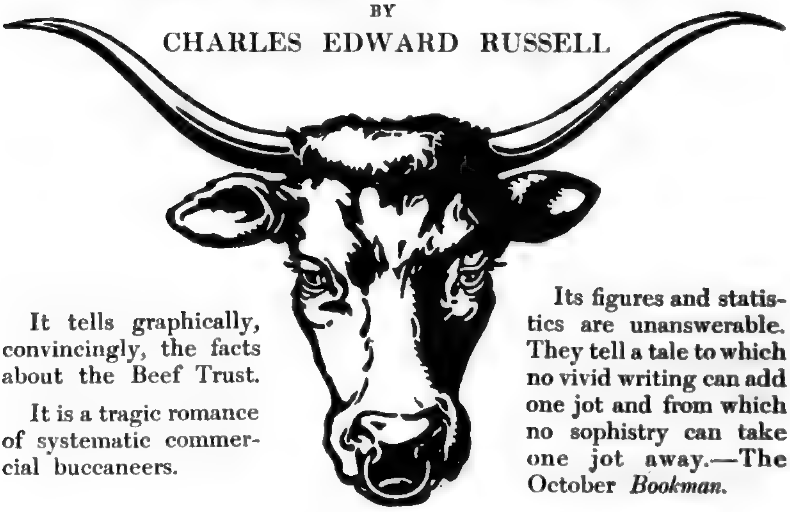
BY

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL



It tells graphically, convincingly, the facts about the Beef Trust.

It is a tragic romance of systematic commercial buccaneers.

Its figures and statistics are unanswerable. They tell a tale to which no vivid writing can add one jot and from which no sophistry can take one jot away.—The October *Bookman.*

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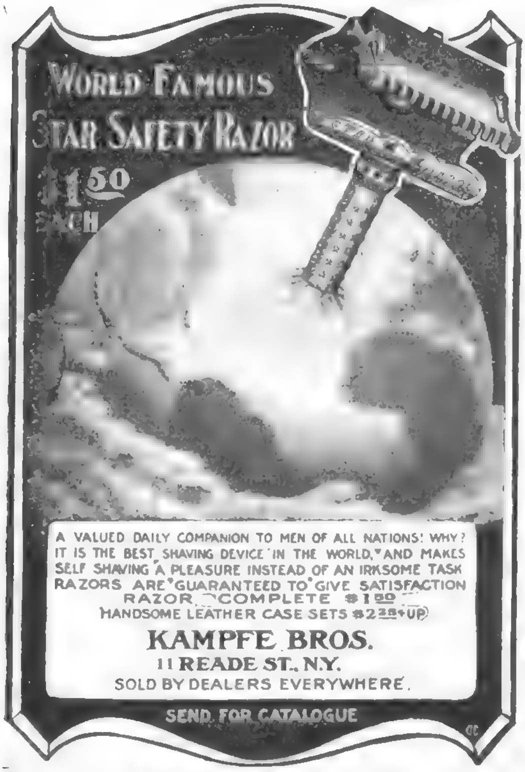
October 31, 1905



A VALUED DAILY COMPANION TO MEN OF ALL NATIONS! WHY? IT IS THE BEST SHAVING DEVICE IN THE WORLD, AND MAKES SELF SHAVING A PLEASURE INSTEAD OF AN IRKSOME TASK RAZORS ARE GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION
RAZOR COMPLETE $1.50
HANDSOME LEATHER CASE SETS $2.50 UP

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11 READE ST., N.Y.
SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

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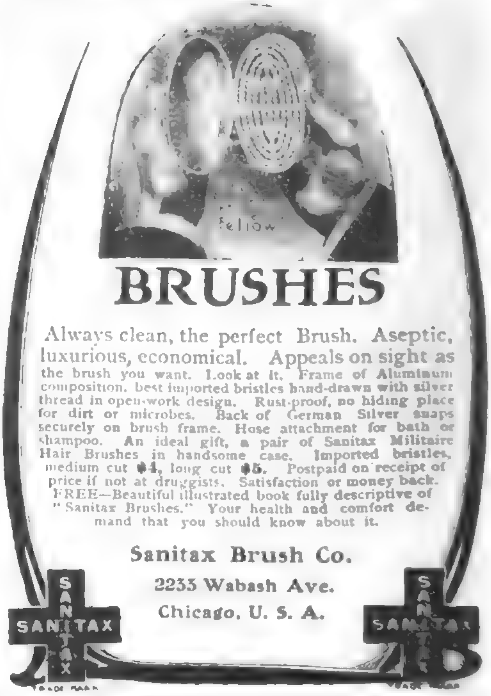

BRUSHES

Always clean, the perfect Brush. Aseptic, luxurious, economical. Appeals on sight as the brush you want. Look at it. Frame of Aluminum composition, best imported bristles hand-drawn with silver thread in open-work design. Rust-proof, no hiding place for dirt or microbes. Back of German Silver snaps securely on brush frame. Hose attachment for bath or shampoo. An ideal gift, a pair of Sanitax Militaire Hair Brushes in handsome case. Imported bristles, medium cut $4, long cut $5. Postpaid on receipt of price if not at druggists. Satisfaction or money back. FREE—Beautiful illustrated book fully descriptive of "Sanitax Brushes." Your health and comfort demand that you should know about it.

Sanitax Brush Co.
2233 Wabash Ave.
Chicago, U. S. A.

Rochester
THE DELICIOUS

10 Cts.

Sample Box

The Delicious
Chocolates and Bon Bons

Are a distinct advance in fine confectionery. They are made of the finest materials that can be produced and under the most cleanly conditions. You will be surprised and delighted with their exquisite flavor and the elegant package, compared with others.

Have you ever had any really fresh candy?

Send 10c. for a box one-fourth regular size or 80c. for a regular (more than a pound) box postpaid direct from us.

We offer the 10c. box just to make it easy for you to see for yourself the difference between "The Delicious" and the other kind.

Dealers everywhere sell our candy.

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30 DAYS' TRIAL

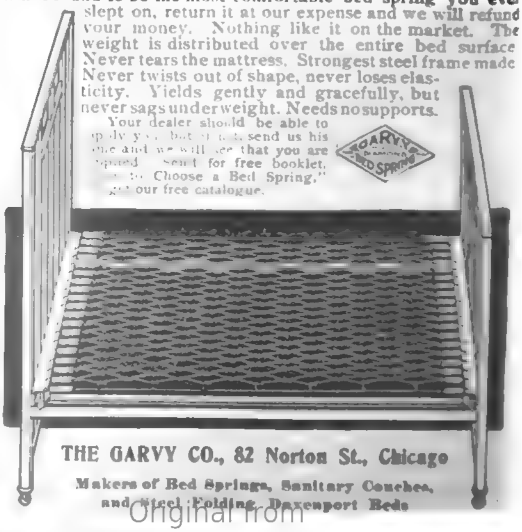
If no dealer in your town sells the **Garvy Patent Diamond Bed Spring, SEND US $7.00** and size of bed and we will ship you by prepaid express or freight one of our famous

Garvy Diamond Patent Bed Springs $7

Guaranteed 20 Years

The best in the world at any price. Sleep on it 30 days and if not found to be the most comfortable bed spring you ever slept on, return it at our expense and we will refund your money. Nothing like it on the market. The weight is distributed over the entire bed surface Never tears the mattress. Strongest steel frame made Never twists out of shape, never loses elasticity. Yields gently and gracefully, but never sags under weight. Needs no supports.

Your dealer should be able to supply you, but if not, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied. Send for free booklet, "How to Choose a Bed Spring," and our free catalogue.



THE GARVY CO., 82 Norton St., Chicago

Makers of Bed Springs, Sanitary Couches, and Steel Folding Davenport Beds

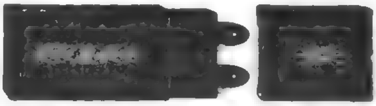
Carbo-Magnetic

Xmas

Does He Shave?

Nothing on earth gives a man such lasting appreciation as a set of

CARBO MAGNETIC Razors



Set of 2 Razors, $5.50

Only men who shave know what razor troubles are. Ordinary brands are constantly getting dull, and there is an endless tax for sharpening them. The Carbo-Magnetic, because of its peculiar (and secret) process of making and tempering, is *guaranteed* to require

NO HONING—NO GRINDING

IN PRIVATE USE

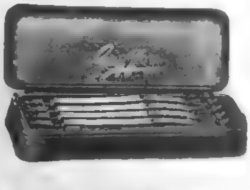
Hence, No Annual Expense

GUARANTEE:

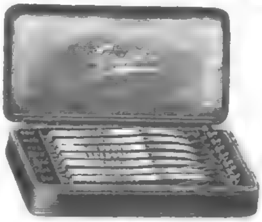
If the shaver is not thoroughly satisfied with them at the end of 90 days, he may return the razors and get his money back without argument.

No more tasteful, acceptable, and positively practical and lasting token than a Carbo-Magnetic Razor can be given a man. Ask your dealer; if necessary, write us.

Our booklet, "Hints on Shaving," is sent Free on request



Set of 4 Razors
$12.00



Set of 7 Razors
$22.50

Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN
Makers of Griffon Cutlery
469 Broadway
New York

No 4711 WHITE ROSE
Glycerine Soap

MAMA'S FAVORITE
The secret of a healthy and beautiful skin and a perfect complexion. Its perfume is unequaled and its transparency is a sign of its purity. Send 15c in stamps for full size sample cake.
FERD. MÜLHENS, Cologne o/R, Germany
MÜLHENS & KROPFF, 298 Broadway, New York

A Dream of Fair Women
(TENNYSON)

AN Art Portfolio containing (10) pictures of beautiful women, representing different types, from the oriental beauty to the Cowboy Girl of the Wild West. All made in the most beautiful and artistic colors. Size 7 x 10 inches, made on artist stippled paper. Very appropriate for framing, and just the thing for your den.

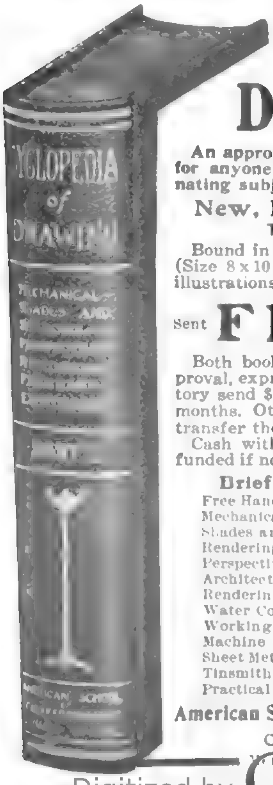
Sent prepaid to any address in the U. S. or Canada for

50c.

Express or P. O. money order, currency or U. S. stamps. Address

THE WHITE CITY ART COMPANY
333 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

P. S.—If you order within 10 days **we will send you free** a nifty dip entitled
If so soon I'm to be done for,
What on earth was I begun for?



Cyclopedia of Drawing

An appropriate Christmas present for anyone interested in this fascinating subject.

New, Enlarged Edition
TWO VOLUMES

Bound in Half Morocco, 1200 pages, (Size 8 x 10 ins.), fully indexed, 1200 illustrations, plates, engravings, etc.

Sent FREE for Examination

Both books sent on five days' approval, express prepaid. ¶ If satisfactory send $1 and $1 per month for six months. Otherwise notify us and we'll transfer the books absolutely free. Cash with order, $6.50. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Brief List of Subjects:
Free Hand Drawing
Mechanical Drawing
Shades and Shadows
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Perspective Drawing
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Rendering in Wash and Color
Water Color Hints for Draftsmen
Working Drawings
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Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting
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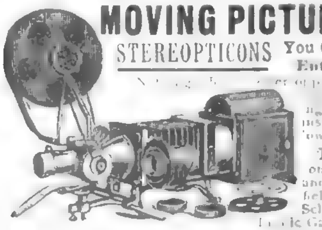
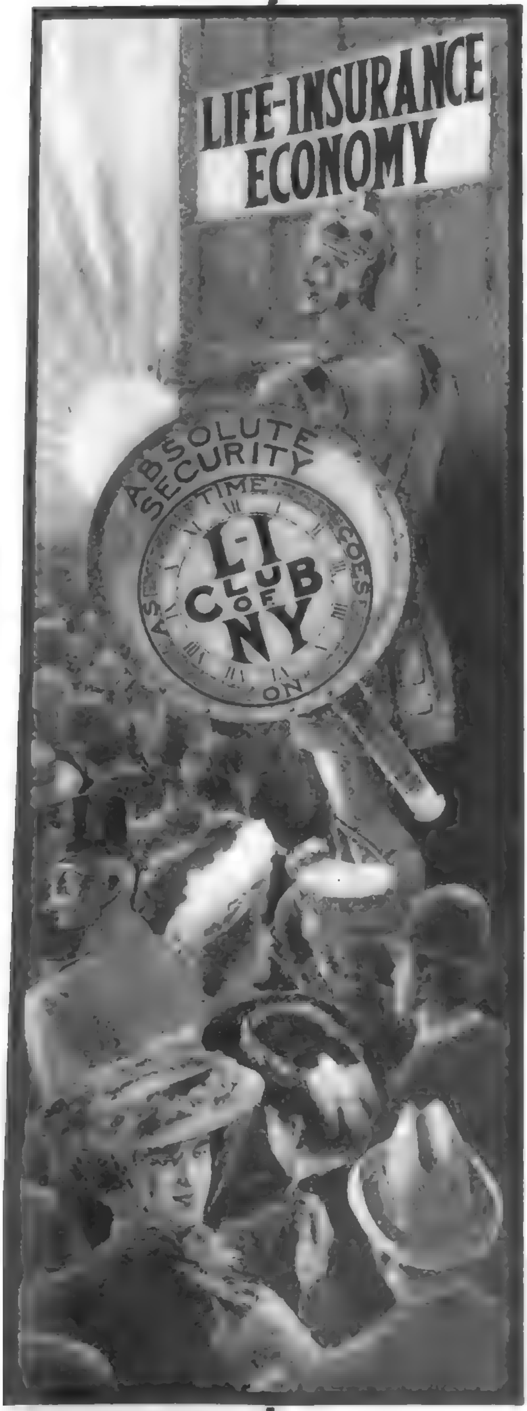
American School of Correspondence
CHICAGO, ILL.
Mention Everybody's

Dress Well, $1
WEEKLY BY MAIL
Men's fine clothing made to order after latest New York designs ON CREDIT BY MAIL
We will trust any honest man. We guarantee a perfect fit. Send for samples and book of latest New York fashions, FREE
EXCHANGE CLOTHING CO.
Importers and Merchant Tailors. Established 1885
289 Broadway, New York City



MOVING PICTURE MACHINES
STEREOPTICONS You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public.
[illegible] opportunities for men with small [illegible]. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost.
THE FIELD IS LARGE
comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges, and General Public Gatherings. Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue and special offer fully explains everything. SENT FREE.
CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn St., Dept. 1, Chicago

AN INVITING FIELD
for large profits from small capital is to engage in the manufacture of
HOLLOW CONCRETE BUILDING BLOCKS
Sand, water, and Portland cement are the only materials required. Blocks cost 6 cents each and sell for 14 to 20 cents. One man can make 200 blocks per day. Machine and outfit costs only $125, and will be sent on trial.
Catalog and full information FREE
The Pettyjohn Company, 636 N. Sixth St., Terre Haute, Ind.



The Door which Everybody Wants to Enter

Is opened for the people by only one Insurance Company—the LIFE-INSURANCE CLUB OF NEW YORK.

Membership in the Club will bring you absolutely secure old-line life-insurance at low rates, with the assurance of careful and economical management.

Your premiums may be deposited with the Club in small monthly sums—a most convenient and easy way of insuring.

The Club has a representative and high-class body of policyholders (men and women) throughout the country.

The Club issues all the approved forms of policies, and gives special and courteous attention to every one who writes for information.

The Club has no agents; no branch offices; no expensive methods such as are employed by other companies. Its aim and purpose is to save every possible dollar for the policyholder.

Membership and insurance are arranged *direct* with the applicant *by mail only*. You select your policy in the quiet of your own home, without having to *dicker with an insurance agent*. This is the only really agreeable way to arrange insurance. It is a triumph of convenience and economy.

Write at once for information *while you have the necessary health,*

In your first letter please DO NOT FAIL to answer the two following questions:

1st. What is your occupation?
2d. What is the exact date of your birth?

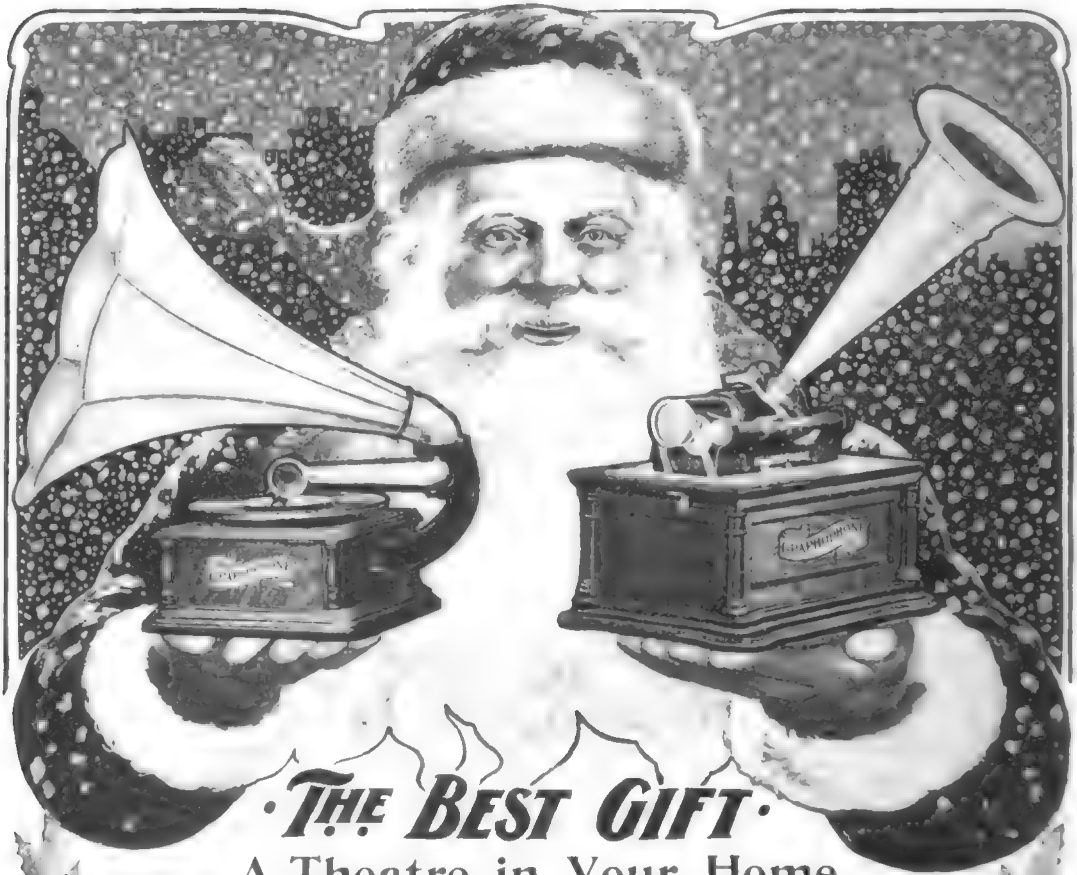
Every reader of EVERYBODY'S—Clergymen, Doctors, Lawyers, Teachers, Students, Merchants, Salesmen, Farmers, Housewives, Stenographers, Nurses, etc., are invited to promptly answer this announcement.

When you write kindly mention EVERYBODY'S, and we shall be pleased to send you a free subscription to "The LICNY DIAL," a bright little magazine for men and women who appreciate economy in life-insurance.

LIFE-INSURANCE CLUB OF NEW YORK

(Section E 1)

RICHARD WIGHTMAN, President
425 Fifth Avenue, New York



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A Theatre in Your Home

where the whole world of entertainment appears

Famous Bands and Orchestras play for you. Great Vaudeville Stars sing for you, sing as in real life. **Close your eyes and the illusion is complete. So pure the tone, so great the volume.** The Columbia Graphophone is the only perfect talking machine on the market to-day.

The whole show for the whole family

Santa Claus offers you the $30.00 models. Send us the coupon below filled out and you get our special Christmas offer free by return mail. Sold on easy payments if desired. **Buy now to avoid** disappointment, and pay at your convenience after the Holidays.

Columbia Phonograph Company

Only makers in the world of BOTH Disc and Cylinder Machines and Records. Creators of the Talking Machine industry. Owners of the fundamental patents. Largest Talking Machine manufacturers in the world. The only company which gives a written guarantee with its machines.

GRAND PRIX PARIS, 1900 DOUBLE GRAND PRIZE ST. LOUIS, 1904
STORES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES DEALERS EVERYWHERE

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 90-92 West Broadway, New York

Send me your SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER, with literature

Street No. ________ City ________ ________ State

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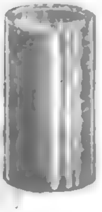
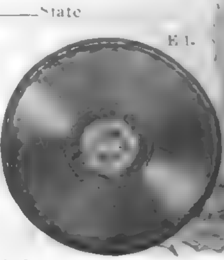
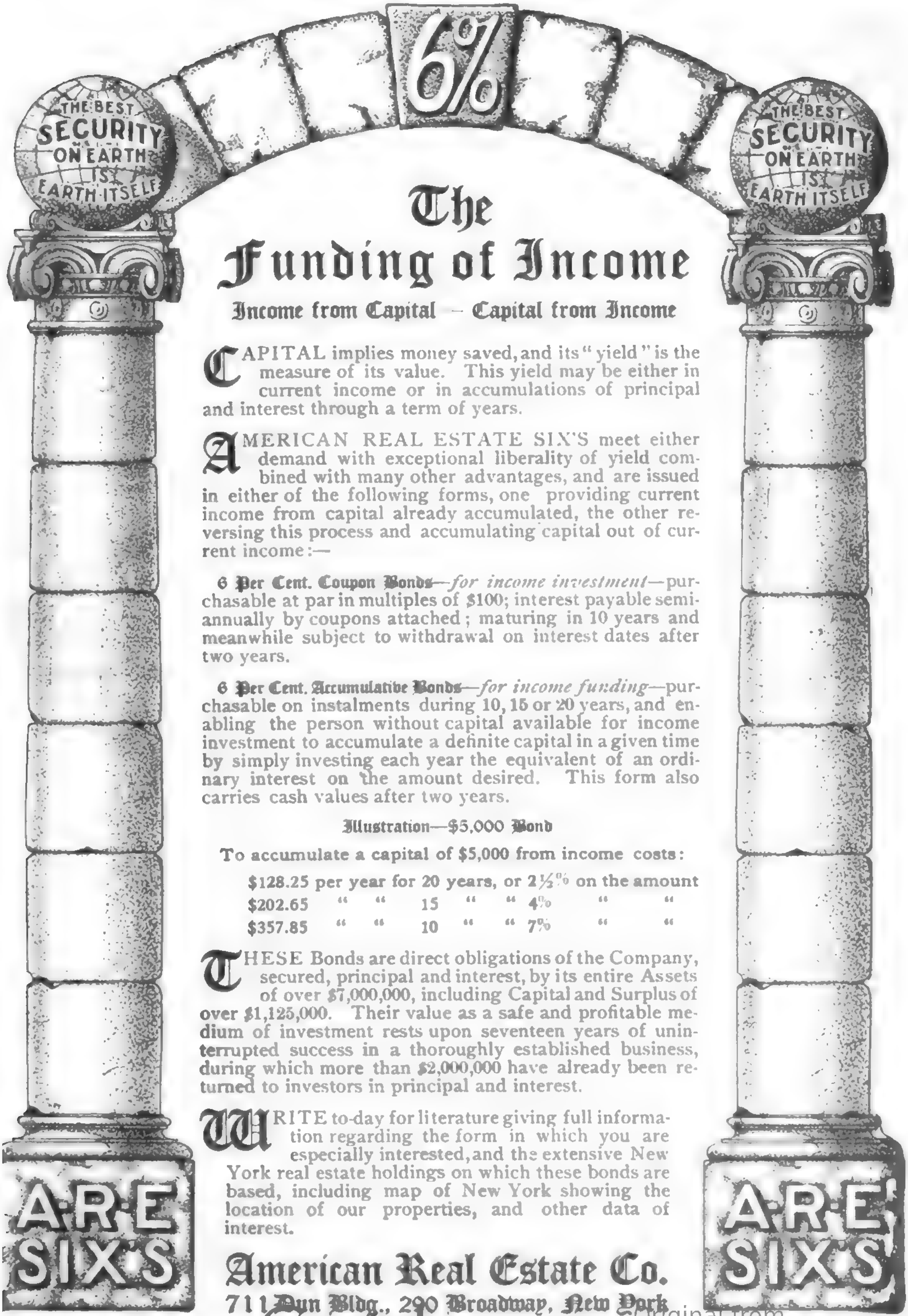


Everybody wants the
COLUMBIA
GRAPHOPHONE

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THE BEST SECURITY ON EARTH IS EARTH ITSELF
THE BEST SECURITY ON EARTH IS EARTH ITSELF
A·R·E SIX'S
A·R·E SIX'S

The Funding of Income

Income from Capital — Capital from Income

CAPITAL implies money saved, and its "yield" is the measure of its value. This yield may be either in current income or in accumulations of principal and interest through a term of years.

AMERICAN REAL ESTATE SIX'S meet either demand with exceptional liberality of yield combined with many other advantages, and are issued in either of the following forms, one providing current income from capital already accumulated, the other reversing this process and accumulating capital out of current income:—

6 **Per Cent. Coupon Bonds**—*for income investment*—purchasable at par in multiples of $100; interest payable semi-annually by coupons attached; maturing in 10 years and meanwhile subject to withdrawal on interest dates after two years.

6 **Per Cent. Accumulative Bonds**—*for income funding*—purchasable on instalments during 10, 15 or 20 years, and enabling the person without capital available for income investment to accumulate a definite capital in a given time by simply investing each year the equivalent of an ordinary interest on the amount desired. This form also carries cash values after two years.

Illustration—$5,000 Bond

To accumulate a capital of $5,000 from income costs:

$128.25	**per year for**	**20**	**years, or**	**2½%**	**on the amount**
$202.65	" "	15	" "	4%	" "
$357.85	" "	10	" "	7%	" "

THESE Bonds are direct obligations of the Company, secured, principal and interest, by its entire Assets of over $7,000,000, including Capital and Surplus of over $1,125,000. Their value as a safe and profitable medium of investment rests upon seventeen years of uninterrupted success in a thoroughly established business, during which more than $2,000,000 have already been returned to investors in principal and interest.

WRITE to-day for literature giving full information regarding the form in which you are especially interested, and the extensive New York real estate holdings on which these bonds are based, including map of New York showing the location of our properties, and other data of interest.

American Real Estate Co.
711 Dun Bldg., 290 Broadway, New York

CAREFUL HOUSEKEEPERS in all parts of the Country are loud in their praises of

X-RAY STOVE POLISH

We have thousands of unsolicited testimonials like those shown herewith.

X-RAY
Stove Polish

"Trade Mark"

I prefer X-Ray Stove Polish to all others as it will not burn off and is easily applied.—Mrs. J. H. Harrison, Detroit, Mich.

I like X-Ray better than anything I have ever used. Was advised to use ——— and ——— and by doing so nearly spoiled the looks of my range. Used X-Ray; now my range looks as it did when new.—Minnie R. Russell, West Somerville, Mass.

I know from experience that X-Ray Stove Polish is excellent and that it will not burn off.—Mrs. E. S. Luce, Fairfield, Iowa.

X-Ray Stove Polish makes my stove look like a mirror. I never use any other.—Mrs. T. E. Nutt, Eastport, Me.

I have used X-Ray Stove Polish and found it satisfactory in every way. It does not burn off even with a very hot fire. It polishes easier than any I have ever used and I would not think of using any other brand.—Mrs. H. A. Curtis, Hackensack, N. J.

Since using X-Ray Stove Polish I would not go back to the old-fashioned kind I used to use.—Mrs. C. E. Weybright, Wichita, Kan.

I find X-Ray Stove Polish to be just as advertised. I know by experience that it will not burn off and is easy to apply.—Mrs. Retta Johnson, Brooklyn, Wis.

I have used X-Ray Stove Polish for a year and find it superior to all other polishes.—Mrs. Frances E. Peek, Davenport, Ia.

I have found X-Ray Stove Polish to be the most satisfactory of any kind that I have ever used.—Harriet D. Eclhardt, Buffalo, N. Y.

I must say that I have found X-Ray Stove Polish the best of polishes. We always use it and find it far superior to any other. Our grocer says that he sells more of the X-Ray Polish than of any other brands.—Mary H. McInade, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I know from several years' experience that X-Ray Stove Polish is excellent and won't rub off.—Miss A. Stevens, Roxbury, Mass.

It is the original powdered Stove Polish and is guaranteed to go twice as far as paste or liquid polishes. Easily applied. X-RAY gives a quick, brilliant lustre, and

DOES NOT BURN OFF

A Free Sample Gladly Sent Upon Request

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Agents, Dept. 20, 78 Hudson Street, New York

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ROUGH ON RATS

TRADE MARK

DON'T
DIE IN THE HOUSE

Unbeatable Rat Exterminator

Equally Effective against Mice, Roaches, Ants, and Bed Bugs

Why feed Rats. **Rough on Rats** kills them. Rats are smart but **Rough on Rats** beats them. Rats and Mice instinctively avoid the familiar forms of ready prepared for use doses; **Rough on Rats,** the original and old reliable, being unmixed and all poison, can be disguised in many ways, thus completely outwitting them. One 15c. box will make or spread fifty or more little cakes that will kill fifty or more Rats and Mice. Originally designed for Rats and Mice, experience has demonstrated it the most effective of all exterminators of Roaches, Ants, and Bed Bugs. The only thing at all effective against the large Black Cockroach or Beetle. Always does the work and does it right. Fools the Rats, Mice, and Bugs, but never disappoints or fools the buyer. Safely used 30 years.

E. S. WELLS, Chemist SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS **JERSEY CITY, N. J., U. S. A.**

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3

The Test of a Sincerely-Made Coat

LAY the Coat flat on a table, as shown in the picture.

If the Collar then lies *straight* and true, at turn-over line, and at outer edge, you may rely upon the Coat being free from *Flat-Iron faking*.

If the Collar lies wrinkled and wavy toward outer edge, when the turn-over line is straight, then look out for a speedy *loss of shape*.

Because, such a Coat has probably been cut, and made up, in a faulty manner.

And its faulty form, and faulty workmanship, had to be covered *temporarily* by Flat-Iron faking, in order to sell it.

You know "Dr. Goose" (the Tailor's hot pressing iron) is the ready "quack" for cases like these—*shrinking* out *temporarily* a *fulness* here, or *stretching* out a tightness there; that should have been *permanently removed* by sincere *hand-needle-work* instead.

And this Flat-Iron faking *wilts out* as soon as the garment is worn in damp weather.

—Then the Collar binds down on the back of your neck—

—Then the left Lapel bulges up away from the vest—

—Then the Cloth wrinkles and looks humpy over your shoulder blades, and—

—Then the Armholes pinch you at every movement.

These are *some* of the defects which are usually *masked* by the hot flat-iron, till the Consumer has bought, paid-for, and worn, the tricky garment a week or so.

No other makers of Clothes have, so far as we know, volunteered a *test* by which Flat-Iron faking could be detected, by the consumer *before* he had bought and paid for the garments.

We volunteer such a *test* because every garment *we* make is faithfully *worked* into shape by *hand-needle-work*, instead of by the tricky flat-iron.

And *we* honestly believe that 80 per cent. of all other Clothes are shaped by the hot pressing iron.

It costs a great deal more to *permanently* shape clothes, as we do, by sincere hand-needle-work, than to fake them temporarily into shape by the Flat-Iron.

That's why *we* want *credit*, and *appreciation*, from you, Mr. Reader, for the *sincerity* of our workmanship, and of our style-retention method.

We could not hope to get credit for the *great difference* in construction without providing you with a *tangible* means by which any Consumer can, for himself, *test* that difference.

The extra cost of making Clothes by our Sincerity System *saves you* much in the pressing-up of your Clothes, from time to time, during the life of them.

Because, a garment fully shaped by the needle requires *pressing* only at very *long* intervals, if at all.

A garment *faked* into shape by the hot Flat-Iron must be *re-shaped*, by the same faky system, (pressed) *every time it is worn in damp weather*, or it will look shapeless and deformed.

If it is worth anything to you Mr. Reader, to wear clothes that *hold their shape*, and *look* as good as they *are*, till worn out, then be careful to find on your next purchase the label of the "Sincerity Clothiers."

That label reads:—

KUH, NATHAN & FISCHER CO.
CHICAGO

Two out of every three persons who go to

California

travel in a

Tourist Pullman

There's a money saving—

The difference between first and second class railroad and Pullman fares

There's comfort too—

The Tourist sleepers are "almost as nice" as the best standard sleepers, and used by people who are "just as nice"

Our pamphlet, "To California in a Tourist Sleeper," describes the Santa Fe tourist service in detail. Address Passenger Department, A. T. & S. F. Ry. System, Railway Exchange, Chicago

Santa Fe

All the Way

Sailing Dates

Leave
BOSTON
December 13th
20th, 27th
at 10 a. m.
PHILADELPHIA
December
14th, 21st, 28th
at 10 a. m.

THE UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

ANNOUNCE THREE SPECIAL TRIPS TO

JAMAICA AND RETURN

Including All Necessary Expenses

$100.00—DURATION 19 DAYS

Upon the Magnificent Admiral Steamers, thus giving the tourist or the city-weary an exceptional opportunity to visit the Gem of the West Indies under ideal conditions

ITINERARY—Leave Boston or Philadelphia on dates specified above, Port Antonio (stopping at Hotel Titchfield), with drives to Annotta Bay, Castleton Gardens, Kingston (stopping at Constant Spring or Myrtle Bank Hotel), Morant Bay and Bowden, returning to Boston or Philadelphia. Other side trips covering Windsor, Burlington, Swift River, Blue Hole, and a rafting trip on River Rio Grande can be arranged at the slight additional cost of $5.00.

If you are interested we will send free "A Happy Month in Jamaica," a beautifully illustrated book, also "The Golden Caribbean," our monthly paper Address any of these offices:

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

Long Wharf, Boston
Raymond & Whitcomb Co.

5 North Wharves, Philadelphia
321 St. Charles St., New Orleans

Hughes and Henry Sts., Baltimore
[illegible] Tourist Agents

A PERFECT OUTING

A complete rest, ocean travel, an invigorating climate, beautiful scenery of most absorbing interest and a service equal to that of the best hotels are a few of the enjoyments offered by our twenty days' trip to Porto Rico. You can visit all the points of interest on the island without being hurried.

There are also many business opportunities in Porto Rico that are worth investigating.

During the twelve days spent in cruising about Porto Rico the ship may be used as a hotel, and the fare of $140 covers all expenses while aboard ship for the entire three weeks' trip.

Write for our books, "Opportunities in Porto Rico" and "Impressions of Porto Rico," containing full particulars about rates, sailing dates, etc.

The New York & Porto Rico Steamship Co.
ADDRESS No. 1 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
OR RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO., 25 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

LAKEWOOD

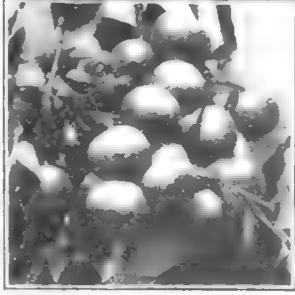
The Fashionable Winter Resort of America

REACHED ONLY BY

NEW JERSEY CENTRAL

Best Hotels · Golf · Polo · Outdoor Sports

BOOKLET ON APPLICATION TO C. M. BURT, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, 143 LIBERTY ST., NEW YORK CITY



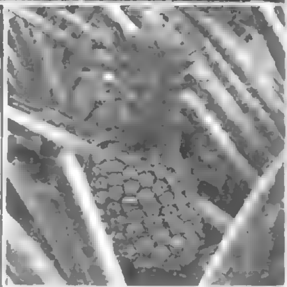
The native Cuban wild orange

A CUBAN COMBINATION

A flourishing orange grove with subsidiary planting of pineapples. Specimen illustration from the pages of

THE CUBA REVIEW and Bulletin

An authority on matters pertaining to Cuba



Detail of the growing fruit

Trustworthy information regarding the agricultural and business possibilities supplied by men who know; the numerous places of profound historic interest, ancient and modern; the cities and towns; the charm of the universal outdoor life in her matchless climate, are all vividly portrayed and pictured in beautiful half-tones each month in

The CUBA REVIEW and Bulletin

"ALL ABOUT CUBA"

Subscription price fifty cents a year :: :: :: A specimen copy for the asking

Address THE CUBA REVIEW AND BULLETIN

84 BEAVER STREET, NEW YORK CITY

KNEIPP MALT COFFEE

THE ORIGINAL COFFEE SUBSTITUTE.

Not an *insipid imitation* of coffee, but a perfect substitute, with rich coffee flavor and aroma. Made of choicest barley, malted and caramelized by FATHER KNEIPP'S own process. It has all the nourishing, nerve-feeding qualities of the best malt tonic. Children thrive on it. Fifty years in use in Europe. Eighty million packages sold annually.

Write for FREE sample package, enough for ten cups.

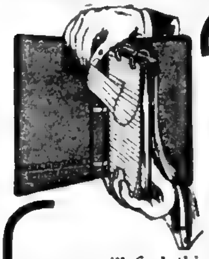
KNEIPP MALT FOOD CO., Dept. "D" 78 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

Colorado

A Winter Resort of the New and Better Kind

A few weeks out there will "build you up" and "brace you up" in a way that no tropical or semi-tropical resort could possibly do. P. S. Eustis (160 "Q" Building, Chicago) will gladly mail, without charge, the Burlington Route's new folder giving all the details. Why not send a postal—to-day?

P92



THE GOLDSMITH

"First Page Book"

THE PAGE YOU WANT IS RIGHT ON TOP, and the filled sheets are turned to the back.

Be it that important memo, or a clean smooth writing surface, it's always where it should be—AT THE FRONT.

Every "jotter down" of notes, whether merchant or salesman, shopper, student, stenographer or reporter, will find this handsome loose-leaf notebook of inestimable value.

Closes compactly—flexible in pocket.

Fresh pages may be inserted, old ones removed. Pocket memo, size 3x5, leather bound, 50 cents; 5x7, seal grain cowhide, $1.00. From your dealer or prepaid from us.

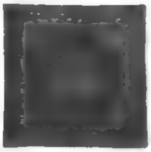
THE GOLDSMITH CO., 810-B Lippincott Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

NEAR-BRUSSELS ART-RUGS, $3.25

Sent to your home by Express Prepaid

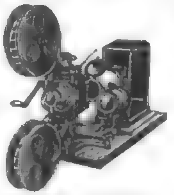
Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.,	$3.25
9 x 7½ ft.,	3.75
9 x 9 ft.,	4.25
9 x 10½ ft.,	4.75
9 x 12 ft.,	5.25
9 x 15 ft.,	6.25

Beautiful and attractive patterns, choice colorings. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used; more durable than high-priced carpets. **Sold to you direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.**



Also Importers of . ortieres and Lace Curtains.
New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors sent free.

ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 686 Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa.



MOTION PICTURE

Machines and Films
Stereopticons and Slides

For public entertainments in theatres, halls, show tents, etc.

Catalogue No. 2 free.

KLEINE OPTICAL COMPANY, 52 State St., Chicago, Ill.

CHRISTMAS SPOON

Sterling Silver of Special Christmas Design

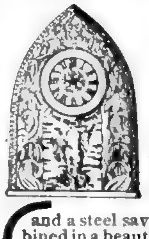
Cut is two-thirds of the actual size

Gold Bowl

Sent by mail in pretty box, on receipt of 25 cents in coin or stamps. Not more than twelve sold on one order.

A dainty Christmas gift. Fine Catalog of numerous Christmas gifts FREE

The Warren Mansfield Co., Silversmiths
361 Temple St., Portland, Maine



The "Time is Money"

CLOCK BANK

The **ONE** device that **MAKES** you save. You cannot wind your clock or set the alarm until you deposit a coin (any size will do), **and remember, your clock must be wound each night.**

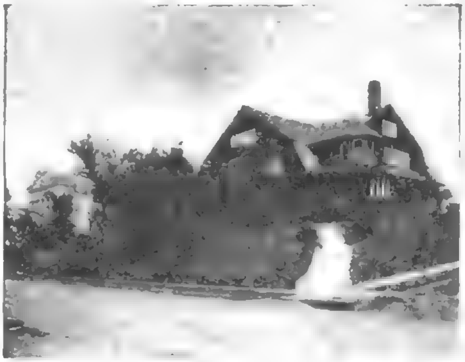
A guarantee 24 hours alarm movement and a steel savings bank, with strong lock and key; combined in a beautifully chased case finished in antique brass. The "Clock-Bank," besides making an exquisite ornament for a bedroom or parlor, teaches thrift and economy throughout the household.

A splendid holiday gift. Should you order yours right now, you can save enough by Christmas to purchase one for each of your friends.

From your dealer or sent prepaid by us. Price $3.00.

THE GOLDSMITH CO., 810-B Lippincott Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page [illegible]



Two Scranton Residences Heated by Spencers

Heat Your Home For 1-3 Less

The Spencer Steam and Hot Water Heater is a product of the world's greatest anthracite region, invented about 15 years ago to use pea, buckwheat and rice coal, which cost 25 to 50 per cent. less than furnace coal. Its phenomenal success is due to four unique features: **1, Return Tubular Boiler,** ensuring quick steaming; **2, Magazine Feed,** requiring coal but once in 12 hours; **3, Automatic Regulation,** ensuring uniform temperature without attention; and **4,**

The Spencer Heater Burns SMALL Coal

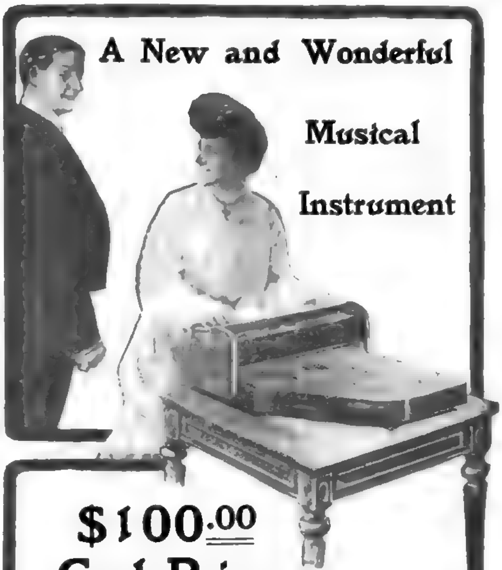
Effecting a saving of 25 to 50 per cent. in fuel. Read this letter:

> I have used a Spencer Heater 10 years at a cost for repairs not to exceed $10. The vital parts—grate, water tubes, etc., are today in as good condition as when set up. We have all the heat needed at very little trouble and expense. I use pea coal during severe—and buckwheat during mild. Often the heater is only attended to once every 24 hours. Once we locked up the house Saturday afternoon and returned Monday morning. The house was warm and the Spencer still doing duty
>
> C. M. HARRIS, Scranton, Pa.

Write for free booklet and endorsements.

We make an attractive proposition to Steam Fitters to represent us in their town. Write us.

SPENCER HEATER CO.
300 Commonwealth Building
SCRANTON, PA.



A New and Wonderful Musical Instrument

$100.00 Cash Prize

FOR THE BEST MUSICAL COMPOSITION ARRANGED TO PLAY ON THE

"Dolceola"

We will pay $100.00 in cash to the person sending to us, prior to Christmas, Dec. 25th, 1905, the best musical composition arranged to play on the DOLCEOLA.

In order that you may see just what arrangement is necessary for the DOLCEOLA, **we will send you, free, our illustrated book, "THE DOLCEOLA," which fully describes the instrument and key board,** and also give you all necessary information so you can compete intelligently for this $100.00 prize. Every contestant will receive a handsome souvenir, even if they don't win the **big** prize, and every composition which we retain we will pay a liberal price for.

Write us to-day, for it costs you nothing, and at least, you will get a handsome souvenir.

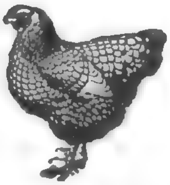
This new instrument is equal in tone volume to two guitars and two mandolins, while it is played with keys like the piano.

The great simplicity with which the novice can produce sweet music is the DOLCEOLA'S greatest charm. For children's use it is a most charming and economical stepping-stone to the piano, and will tend to develop in the child God's most exquisite gift—music.

Write for our book, whether or not you desire to compete for the prize, as we know you will want the "DOLCEOLA" after learning exactly what it is and the fine music that can be obtained from it.

THE TOLEDO SYMPHONY CO.
734 Jefferson St., TOLEDO, O.

"The Whole Thing in a Nutshell"



200 Eggs a Year Per Hen

HOW TO GET THEM

The fifth edition of the book, "200 Eggs a Year Per Hen," is now ready. Revised, enlarged, and in part rewritten. 96 pages. Contains among other things the method of feeding by which Mr. S. D. Fox, of Wolfboro, N. H., won the prize of $100 in gold offered by the manufacturers of a well-known condition powder for the best egg record during the winter months. Simple as a, b, c—and yet we guarantee it to start hens to laying earlier and to induce them to lay more eggs than any other method under the sun. The book also contains recipe for egg food and tonic used by Mr. Fox, which brought him in one winter day 68 eggs from 72 hens; and for five days in succession from the same flock 64 eggs a day. Mr. E. F. Chamberlin, of Wolfboro, N. H., says: "By following the methods outlined in your book I obtained 1,496 eggs from 91 R. I. Reds in the month of January, 1902." From 14 pullets picked at random out of a farmer's flock, the author got 2,999 eggs in one year—an average of over 214 eggs apiece. It has been my ambition in writing "200 Eggs a Year Per Hen" to make it the standard book on egg production and profits in poultry. Tells all there is to know, and tells it in a plain, common-sense way.

Price 50 cents, or **with a year's subscription, 60c.**; or given as a premium for **four yearly subscriptions to the American Poultry Advocate at 25c. each.**

Our Paper is handsomely illustrated, 44 to 80 pages, 25 cents per year. Four months trial, 10 cents. *Sample Free.* CATALOGUE of poultry books free.

AMERICAN POULTRY ADVOCATE
49 Hogan Block Syracuse, N. Y.

Are you *sure* that your holiday decorations, tinsel, etc., *will not* catch fire? Are you immune from *over-heated flues*, which are more frequent during the holidays than at any other time of the year?

If so, you do not need the

KEYSTONE

Chemical Fire Extinguisher

Twenty-five years' experience and the best materials combine to make this the *perfect* extinguisher. Fewest parts—nothing to get out of order.

Our free booklet, "Seconds Saved in Fighting Fire," may save you thousands of dollars.

James Boyd & Brother

Mfrs. of Fire Protection Equipment
22 N. [illegible]th St., Philadelphia

FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Awarded Four Gold Medals

The PERRY PICTURES

One Cent Each

for 25 or more. 120 for $1.00.

Send 50 cents for 50 Art Subjects, or 50 Madonnas, etc., or 50 Life of Christ, etc., or 50 for Children, or 25 cents for any 25. Or $1.00 for Christmas Set of 120 choice pictures or four 25c. sets and 20 pictures.

Catalogue of 1000 tiny pictures for 2c. stamp in December.

The PERRY PICTURES CO.
Box 400 MALDEN, MASS.

XMAS TREE LIGHTS WITH BATTERY $3 UP

We Are Selling

Toy Electric Railways, $8 to	$60.00
Passenger and Freight Trains, $5 to	50.00
Electric Books, 10c to	5.00
Necktie and Cap Lights, 75c to	5.00
Battery Table Lamps, $8 to	10.00
Carriage and Bicycle Lights, $8 to	6.00
Lanterns and Pocket Lights, 75c to	3.00
Battery Motors and Fans, $1 to	12.00
Electric Door Bells complete, 75c to	1.50
Telephones complete, $2.50 and	5.95
Telegraph Outfits complete, $1.75 to	2.50
$8.00 Medical Batteries	3.95
$12 Electric Belt and Suspensory	2.50
Dynamos and Motors, $1 to	1000.00
Gas and Gasoline Engines, $3 to	1400.00

We undersell all. Cat. Free. Want Agents.

OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, CLEVELAND, O.

"MONEY in POULTRY"

Our new 84-page book tells how to make it; also how to feed, breed, grow and market poultry for best results, plans for houses and useful information. Illustrates and describes the largest pure-bred poultry farm in the world. Tells about our 30 leading varieties; quotes low prices on fowls, eggs, incubators and brooders. Send 4c in stamps to

FRANK FOY, Box 65, Des Moines, Ia.

MAKE POULTRY PROFITS

There is big money in poultry if you start right. Our new 128 page book

"Poultry For Profit"

tells how we built from a small start the largest pure bred poultry business in the world. You can succeed if you follow our plain directions for mating, breeding, feeding and care of fowls. Cuts and descriptions of all breeds, plans for poultry houses, lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators, brooders and all supplies. We'll start you right. Book free for 10 cents postage.

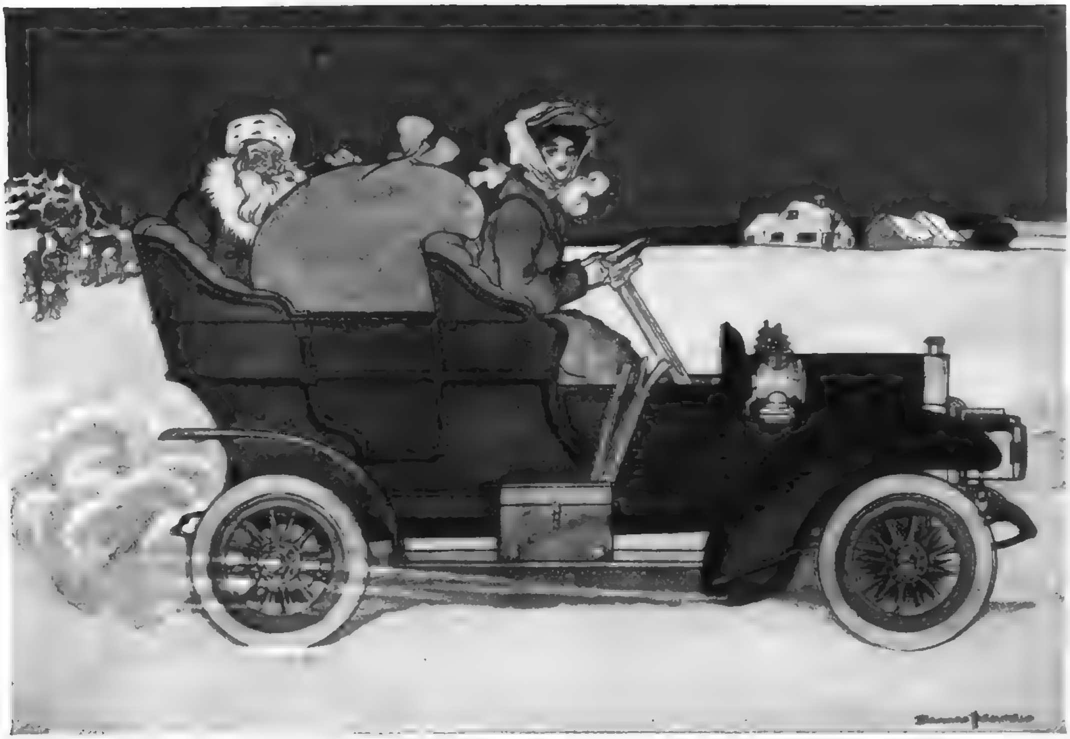
The J. W. MILLER CO., Box 360, FREEPORT, ILL.

EAT SQUABS and when you buy them ask for the famous **Plymouth Rock Squabs,** which may now be found in every poultry market in the United States and Canada. Squabs are raised in four weeks, sell for high prices. The middlemen pay **$1.50 to $6 doz.,** and those who sell to the consumer get from **$5** to as high as **$12 doz.** (this in Florida in the winter season). Why not raise them? These prices are not exaggerated. In our printed matter we tell all about the market, and furnish abundant proof. We have seen the squab industry grow by our advertising from nothing to its present enormous volume, and it has not grown like this without good reasons.

Plymouth Rock Squab Co. - - 308 Howard Street, Melrose, Mass.

AND send for our **Free Book,** "How to Make Money with Squabs." If you have sent for it in the past, write and ask us for **new printed matter** telling a great deal of squab news which has developed during the last few years. Read the experiences of our thousands of successful customers, in nearly every town in the United States. They tell convincing stories of one-pound squabs, rugged stock of remarkable fecundity. Our stock this year is better than we ever sold, and is the standard for comparison. Our methods are widely copied; we were the first. Breed squabs to make money. Good work for women, who are among our most successful customers. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young to attend. (Parent birds do this.) Start with twelve or twenty-four pairs and learn the business. We sell not only the birds, but everything to equip a plant. Correspondence invited.

Plymouth Rock Squab Co. 308 Howard Street, Melrose, Mass.



GIVING ST. NICHOLAS A LIFT WITH AN OLDSMOBILE

As foreshadowed last month our announcement of 1906 Models is sensational. It marks the coming of the two-stroke cycle car into popular favor, and the appearance on the market of a four-cylinder car having the style, quality, power and mechanical construction equal to the best imported cars, and sold at a price which places strictly high grade cars within reach of the average pocketbook.

OLDSMOBILE Model S, a rangy four-cylinder Touring Car at $2,250.

OLDSMOBILE Model L, a two-stroke cycle Car at $1,200.

OLDSMOBILE Model B, our famous Standard Runabout with numerous new features at $650.

OLDSMOBILE Commercial Vehicles, a complete line.

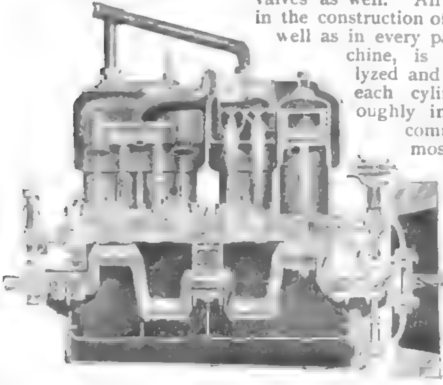
Every one of our models has successfully stood the most exacting road tests. They are the ripe product of the largest and best equipped automobile factory in the world.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS
Lansing, Mich., U. S. A.

Points Distinctive of OLDSMOBILE, Model S, in a Comprehensive Form for Busy Readers

Without going into minute details of construction of Model S (which we will gladly send you upon application), we will mention some of its features which stand out prominently, giving this machine its *marked individuality.*

The Motor is of the four-cylinder, vertical, water-cooled type, developing 24 to 26 H. P. The cylinders are cast in pairs and are water-jacketed in such a manner that not only the cylinders themselves are cooled, but the valves as well. All material used in the construction of the motor, as well as in every part of the machine, is carefully analyzed and tested, and each cylinder is thoroughly inspected. In common with the most up-to-date cars the motor may nearly always be started from the seat, thus doing away with the necessity of cranking. This is a very attractive feature.



SHOWING CROSS SECTION OF THE OLDSMOBILE FOUR-CYLINDER MOTOR

The Crank Shaft is of special carbon steel and runs in long bearings. An oil crank pump in crank case chamber forces oil to all main bearings.

The Transmission is of the sliding gear type, having three speeds forward and one reverse.

The Clutch is of the "dish pan," or cone, type fitted with leather surface, and a simple spring device which allows the load to increase gradually, thus doing away with any jerking in starting.

The Control is by single lever within easy reach of right hand. The whole transmission is enclosed in an oil-tight case and runs in oil bath.

The Springs are of the flexible, half elliptic type, giving exceedingly easy riding qualities.

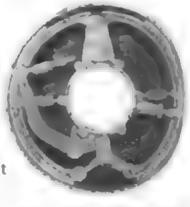
CROSS SECTION OF CLUTCH

The Axles are fitted with Timken Roller Bearings throughout, and are made sufficiently heavy to withstand hard usage. *The rear axle is fitted with bevel gear drive, eliminating chain trouble.*

The Ignition consists of four unit coils operated by dry cells, storage battery or magneto. The commutator is very accurate in its action and is instantly accessible—*accessibility of parts being a feature of this car.* The spark plugs are easily examined and connections quickly and positively made.

The Wheels are 32 inch, equipped with 3½-inch pneumatic tires. Four-inch tires for unusual or extraordinary service can be had on special order.

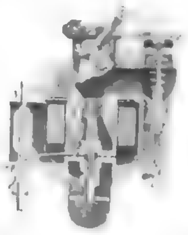
The Brakes. Each rear wheel is fitted with an emergency toggle joint brake, which is absolutely positive in action, the large friction surface insuring a brake that brakes.



CROSS SECTION SHOWING TOGGLE JOINT AND POSITIVE ACTION OF HUB BRAKE

The Steering Gear is of the "worm and nut" type, controlled by 16-inch wheel placed in very comfortable position. Spark and throttle control levers are located just below the wheel on right-hand side of the post. In addition to the regular throttle an accelerator pedal is provided, whereby speed may be momently increased.

The Carburetor is of the most efficient and best type. Particular attention has been given to this most important part of an automobile power equipment. Our carburetor has several distinctive features; for instance, the gasoline nozzle instead of being placed in a mixing chamber by itself runs up through the center of the float chamber. An auxiliary air inlet is also provided, which insures the maintenance of a perfect mixture. The result is a large decrease in fuel consumption and increased power.



CROSS SECTION OF CARBURETOR

The Water Circulation is by gear pump driven from crank shaft. Water is forced around water-jacket and out into the radiator mounted in front of car. Sufficient cooling surface has been provided, so that the temperature of the water is always kept well below the boiling point.

We want to tell you still more about this car. If you are interested, cut the Catalog Coupon below and mail to us. We want to tell you why this is a safe, delightful car for the woman driver; why it appeals to the man who discriminates.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS
LANSING, MICH., U. S. A.

CUT COUPON HERE

CATALOG COUPON

OLDS MOTOR WORKS
LANSING, MICH.

Kindly send me information regarding cars checked. I am interested.

Model B ... **Delivery Cars** ...
Model S ... **Passenger Traffic Cars** ...
A **Model L** ...

Name...

Address...

CUT COUPON HERE

CALENDAR COUPON

OLDS MOTOR WORKS
LANSING, MICH.

Enclosed find 10 cents, for which send your large Art Calendar (free from advertising and suitable for framing) for 1906. Design by George Gibbs. A

Name

Address

CUT COUPON HERE

MOTOR TALK COUPON

OLDS MOTOR WORKS
LANSING, MICH.

Enclosed find 25 cents, for which have MOTOR TALK, *a magazine devoted to automobiling, sent to me for 1 year.* A

Name

Address

The Kelly-Springfield Tire

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE "Pat"

Of all the Wheels that Turn on the best appointed fashionable drives in the world you will find none bearing smarter-looking turn-outs than those which are equipped with

Kelly-Springfield Tires

These tires have won their way on sheer merit—the best rubber composition that can be made in connection with the most perfect scientific workmanship. They are used exclusively by the carriage builders who have made themselves famous throughout the country. Ask for the booklet, "Rubber Tired," which has facts for every carriage owner.

Consolidated Rubber Tire Company
39 Pine Street, New York
Akron, Ohio

On Approval, Freight Paid Per Section $1.00 without Door $1.75 with Door

IT GROWS WITH
YOUR LIBRARY
IT FITS ANY SPACE

"Lundstrom" Sectional Bookcase

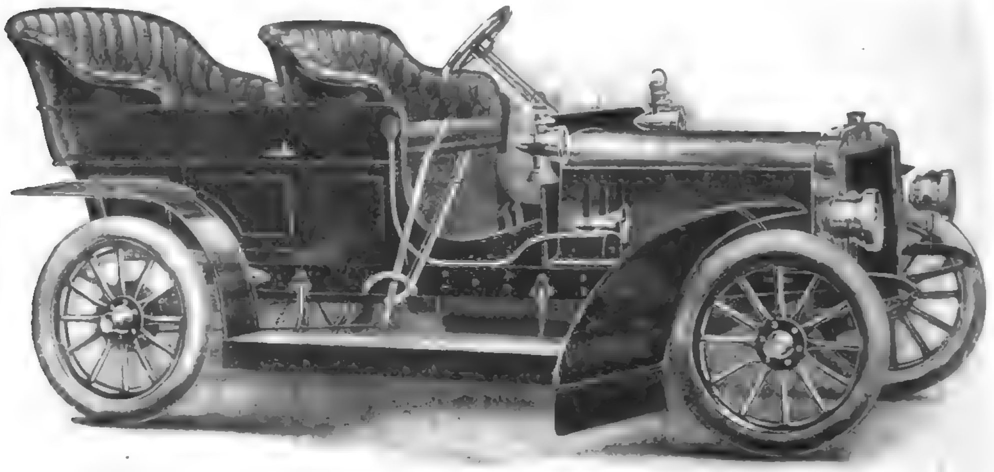
Pronounced the Best by its Thousands of Users

The Lundstrom cases are made under our own patents, in our own factory, and the entire production is sold direct to the home and office. That is the reason we can offer them at such reasonable prices. In purchasing a Lundstrom Sectional Bookcase you are not helping to test a doubtful experiment, but are getting an article which time and experience have proven a wonderful success. Our sectional bookcases are the product of years of undivided attention to this one line of manufacture. Every book section has a **non-binding, disappearing glass door** and is highly finished in **Solid Golden Oak.** Tops and bases, $1.00 each.

All goods sold direct from factory only

Write for illustrated catalogue No. 00 L

The C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO., Little Falls, N. Y.
Mfrs. of Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets.



1906 Ford 6 Cylinder Touring Car

Price $2,500

6 cylinders--40 h. p. 4 to 50 miles per hour on high gear. *Perfected* magneto ignition--mechanical oiler, 114 inch wheel base, luxurious body for 5 passengers, weight 2000 pounds.

1906 Ford Runabout, as advanced as our touring car in design and even more surprising in price--will be fully illustrated and described in our next advertisement.

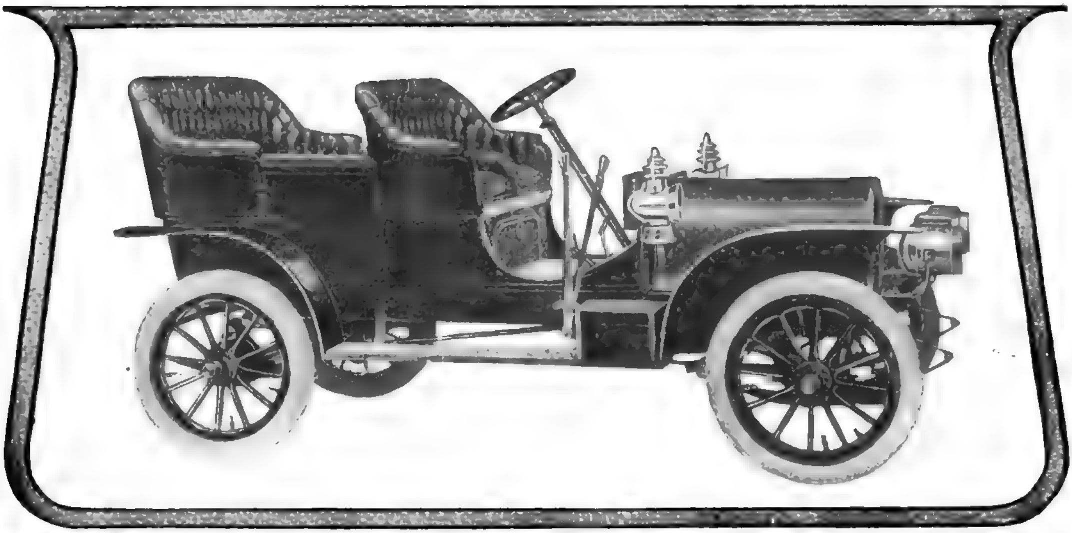
Both these Cars on exhibition at the New York Automobile Show.

Ford Motor Company

Detroit, Mich.

Members American Motor Car Manufacturers Association, Chicago

Canadian Trade supplied by the Ford Motor Co. of Canada, Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.



FRANKLIN

Type G. 4-cylinder Light Touring Car

Air-cooled. Shaft drive. Sliding gear transmission. Three speeds and reverse. New and perfect disc clutch Force-feed oiler on the dash. Side doors. 88-inch wheel base. 4 or 5 passengers. 35 miles an hour. 12 "Franklin horse-power." 1400 pounds **$1800**, f.o.b. Syracuse. Full head- and tail-light equipment.

Franklin Air-cooling
and
Franklin Horse-power

Why does 12 "Franklin horse-power" do all that 20 horse-power will do in any other car?

Because Franklin air-cooling means also Franklin engineering, lightness, strength and springs.

No plumbing weight nor complications. Little engine-metal, but great strength and refinement in it; great power out of it; and the power preserved and put to work.

Few parts, small friction; extreme toughness; a light load to carry; no interference; and big ability to carry it.

You want the power that does the work.

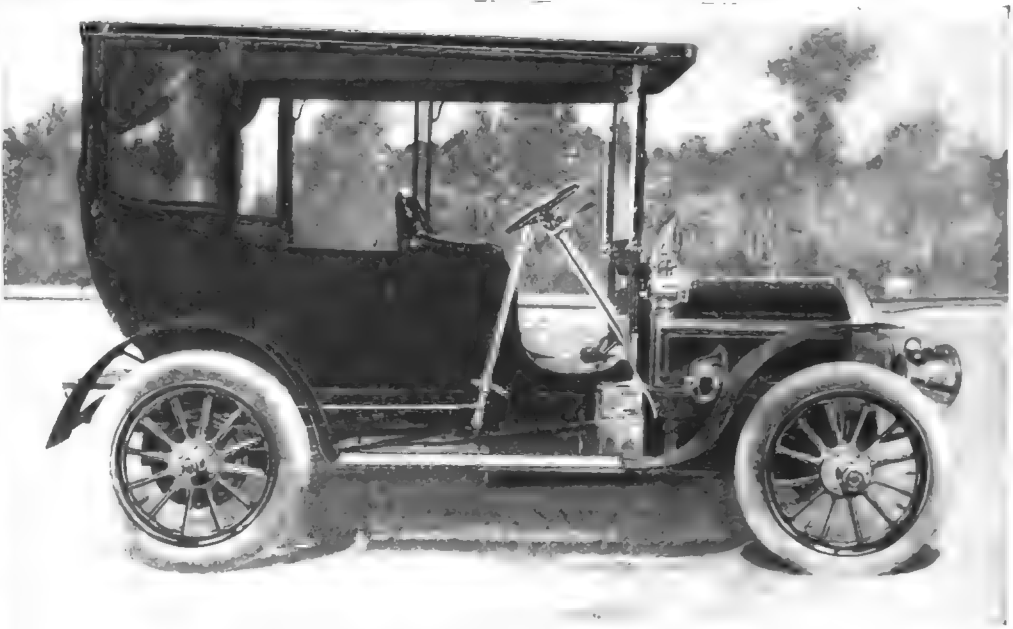
Four models for 1906. **E, 4-cylinder Runabout,** 12 "Franklin horse-power," 1100 lbs,, $1400 f.o.b. Syracuse. **G,** described above. **D, 4-cylinder Touring Car,** 20 "Franklin horse-power," 1800 lbs., $2800, f.o.b. Syracuse. **H, 6-cylinder Touring Car,** 30 "Franklin horse-power," 2400 lbs., $4000, f.o.b. Syracuse.

Send for books.

H. H. FRANKLIN MFG. CO., Syracuse, N.Y., *M. A. L. A. M.*

"The Motor Car of the Future"

PIERCE



This is a rather good picture of the Great Arrow Victoria Tonneau, 40-45 H. P., with semi-enclosed top, made by the George N. Pierce Company. Price, $5,000. Semi-enclosed top, extra, $350. Cape top, extra, $150.

FIVE thousand dollars invested in an Arrow car brings a better return for the money than twice that amount invested in a foreign car. The prestige of foreign cars, aside of course from admitted good car construction, is due to a certain sense of pride and satisfaction in owning an imported and expensive car. Every American gentleman who considers his investment in a touring car on the basis of the best return for the money will, on investigation, be convinced that the Arrow will give him more for its cost than any foreign car made. The Arrow is the highest-priced American car made. But as the American motorist learns to discriminate, he will consider the additional price a good investment when it saves both expense and worry. The chief expense of a motor car is the cost of running it. The record of the Great Arrow, in the Glidden Trophy Tour, of one thousand miles without a single adjustment, is not a phenomenal performance for the Arrow. It is something which any American gentleman, not an expert chauffeur, can duplicate with a Great Arrow car.

The Arrow, built by Americans, for American roads, American conditions and the American temperament, offers more to the non-professional American gentleman who looks to his car for enjoyment and pleasure instead of glory and expense than any other car made, foreign or domestic, high-priced or low-priced.

THE GEORGE N. PIERCE CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

PIERCE AGENTS

New York	Harrold Motor Car Co.
Boston	J. W. Maguire Co.
Pittsburgh	Banker Bros. Co.
Chicago	H. Paulman & Co.
San Francisco	Mobile Carriage Co.
Philadelphia	Foss-Hughes Co.
St. Paul	C. P. Joy Auto Co.
Baltimore	Southern Auto Co.
St. Louis	Western Auto Co.
Hartford	Miner Garage Co.
Kansas City	E. P. Moriarity & Co.
Los Angeles	Bush & Burge
Providence	The Shepard Co.
Rochester	U. S. Auto Co.
Scranton	Standard Motor Car Co.
Springfield, Mass.	E. R. Clark Auto Co.
Syracuse	Amos-Pierce Auto Co.
Troy	Troy Auto Exchange
Utica	Miller-Mundy M. C. Co.
Ottawa and Montreal	Wilson & Co.
Toronto	Automobile & Supply Co.
Denver	Branch The G. N. Pierce Co.

Things to Consider in Buying an Automobile

AN automobile is either a thing of joy, pleasure and safety, or it is a thing of annoyance, expense and danger.

A cheap piece of steel, a makeshift fitting or a clumsy bit of workmanship sooner or later leads to a breakdown, and a breakdown always means delay and expense; often it means injuries or death.

The purchase of an automobile thus becomes as serious a proposition as the average man is called upon to meet.

It is not the claims of manufacturers, it is not clever advertising, it is not dare-devil racing contests, that in the long run determine what is good and what is otherwise in automobiles.

It is the test of time—the test of the Great Public itself—the test of Experience—that gives the final verdict; and in everything this is the test that counts.

There is just one name that comes to the public mind instantly when fine automobiles are discussed, and that name is "Mercedes."

"Mercedes" stands for steel of exceeding fineness.

It stands for the slow, precise, painstaking, mechanical exactness of the skilled German artisan—a skill recognized the whole world round.

It stands for sterling honesty, for scientific precision, for a gathering together of perfect parts, shaped to do their work harmoniously, safely and surely.

It stands for the best thought in mechanics—the real triumph in the new art that had its birth when the Daimler idea took shape in the first motor cycle.

This is general talk, but general talk is enough when the subject is the Mercedes Automobile.

It is the finished thing as a whole—the tout ensemble—that has made the fame of this machine.

You do not ask what brand of paint Raphael used, nor do you inquire as to the source of his canvases.

You consider his work as he completed it.

And so the owner of a Mercedes does not tax himself about the motor, or transmission, or clutch, or cylinders, or steering gear.

He knows they are as they should be—and it is this sense of certainty and safety that imparts to the owner the complete joy that is the very heart and life of automobiling.

The owner of a Mercedes knows that when he wants to go anywhere his machine will be in shape to take him there.

He knows his motor will start the exact moment he himself wants to start.

He knows the carburettor will not be out of adjustment, and that the valves will not be broken.

He knows, when he enters his car, that beneath his feet are wheels and shafts and bearings that he can depend upon—so dependable that with them his safety and life are not in jeopardy.

No Mercedes car ever leaves the factory in Germany until it is ready to start on a many-thousand-mile journey without doing more than supply it with gasoline, oil and water.

Simply turn the crank, and the Mercedes is ready to respond to every move of the driver.

Men who know express the belief that the 1906 Mercedes models have reached that stage in automobile evolution where a "standard" is fixed.

The product of the future will differ little from the 1906 models, so that a man who buys now need not buy again in years to "keep in style."

The perplexity of choosing a fine holiday gift at once disappears by making that gift a Mercedes.

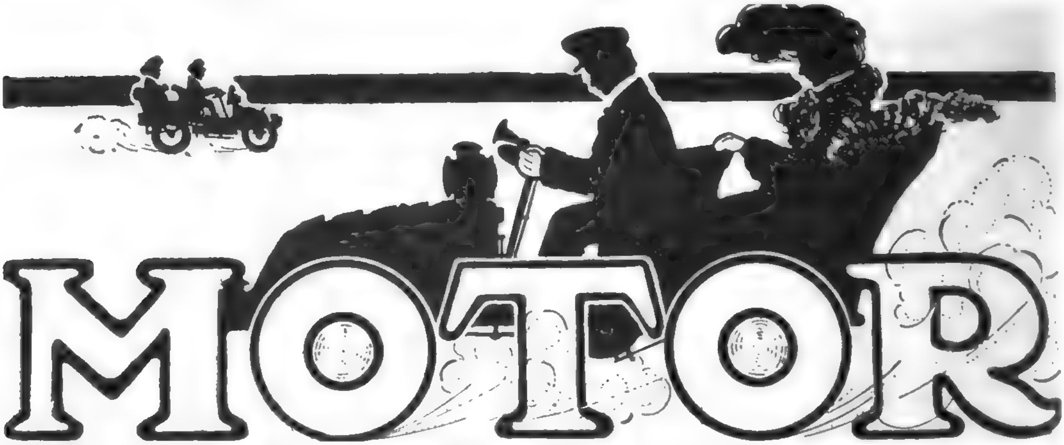
Smith & Mabley, Inc., exclusive agents of the Mercedes Import Co., sole representatives of C. L. Charley, Paris, control the entire Mercedes importations for 1906.

In their Automobile Salon, Broadway between 56th and 57th Streets, New York, models of this Master Machine can be seen, or further particulars will be furnished by mail.

The 1906 importations are limited in number, so the placing of early orders is advised.

To order a Mercedes and not be able to get it—can disappointment go beyond that?

WARNING—Vigorous prosecution will be begun against any person who buys a Mercedes car from a foreign agent and imports it into the United States or Canada, thereby infringing the valuable basic Daimler and Selden patents, of which Smith & Mabley, Inc., are sole licensees in the United States and Canada for the Mercedes Automobiles made in Germany.



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IN every field of expression some one publication excels, and MOTOR has become the national journal for American motorists. Its every page expresses the striding progress of transportation—the successful adaptation of the motor-car to the needs of civilized life.

MOTOR is planned to cover the entire field of motoring activity—it is for the novice as well as the enthusiast—for the chauffeur as well as the owner.

MOTOR is a monthly magazine about motoring, about motorists, and about motor-cars. It tells of motor trips through different parts of the world—and more particularly through America; of interesting people who motor ("Society Folk Who Motor" is a regular feature); of races and records; of motorist's apparel, expedients and comforts.

MOTOR also keeps track of the development of the motor-car and presents for its readers the sane and essential advances in car building.

MOTOR is the handsomest publication in its field—10 x 14 inches—printed on superb, highly finished paper. Its illustrations are made from the best drawings and photographs obtainable and are unequalled in any other publication.

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¶ The price of MoToR is $3.00 a year. To every one sending us a year's subscription at once we will mail **free** the **"Motor-Car Handbook"**—a most useful compendium—telling *all* about *every kind* of car.

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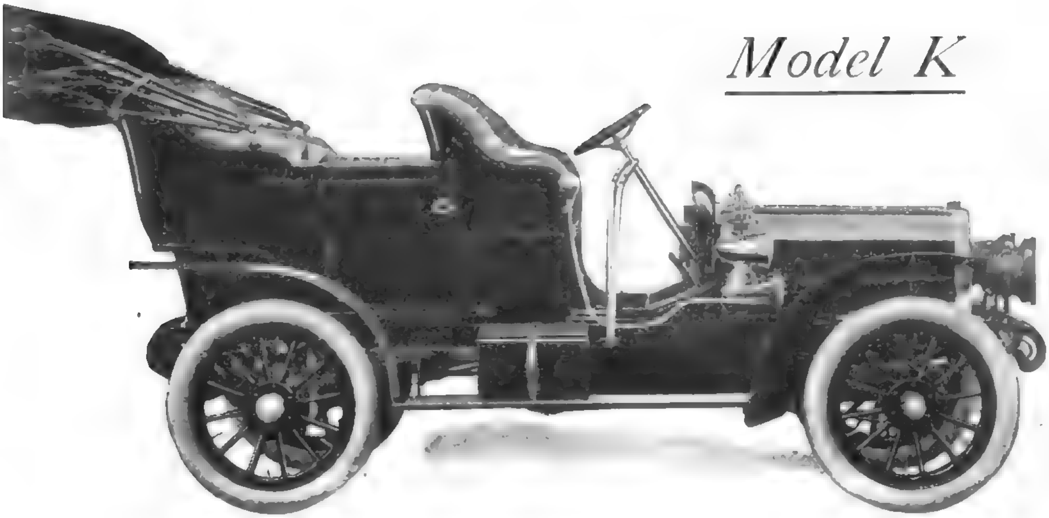


To Prevent Accidents and "Breakdowns."

A CHAIN is only as strong as its *weakest* link."

The Car that "breaks down" on the road usually does so because of some *weak* spot in its material or construction which has been untested and unnoticed by the manufacturer.

Even the *best* steel may have a flaw concealed in the heart of it where the *eye* of an expert could not detect it.

The good intentions of the Maker may thus be defeated, if he trusts to the *eye* only in selecting materials.

The Car may be disabled, without warning, because of that hidden flaw, no matter how perfect the rest of its construction.

We don't trust Human Life to the *word* of a Steel Manufacturer, no matter how honest he be.

That's why we installed a powerful machine that absolutely *tests* the *strength* and *soundness* of each piece of metal as *accurately* as a scale tests weights.

All metal used in the Axles, Frames, Crankshafts and Connecting-rods of Model K Wintons has been *tested* before acceptance, on this Mighty Machine, for *strength* and *soundness*.

No shipment of metal has been passed into stock which did not withstand *twice* the strain expected of it under the most critical conditions of road use.

That is practical *Insurance* against accidents and "breakdowns." And it is a Winton feature of tremendous importance to future purchasers of Motor Cars.

Think it over, and *weigh* it when considering Safety, Reliability, and Economy on Repairs.

The Winton Model K has:

—A 4-cylinder, Vertical Motor, the most accessible ever made.

—Thirty Horse-power or better.

—Thirty-four inch tires, on 12-spoke wood artillery wheels.

—The New Precision Oiler, which mechanically, and infallibly, drives the oil to each friction part, even though *frozen* to the consistency of butter.

—Winton Twin-springs that *adapt* themselves automatically to light or heavy loads, on *any* kind of road.

—New Automatic Compensating Carburetor.

—Infallible Jump Spark Ignition. Roller Contact Commutator with hardened tool steel contacts.

—This Winton Ignition System starts the Motor running from driver's seat, without "cranking."

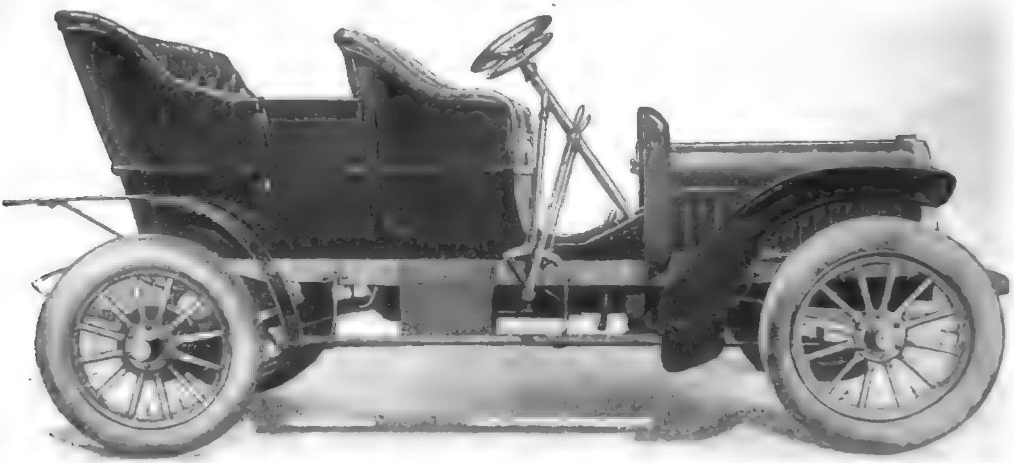
—All Cylinders, Pistons, Piston-rings, Crankshafts, Valves, Universal couplings, and Transmission Shafts are *ground* to a perfect fitting, antifriction surface on the new Winton Model K.

Luxurious Tonneau, and superb Upholstering, with new wrinkles for comfort and convenience added.

Price $2,500, and only *one* type built this season—the finest we know how to build through concentrated effort and ample facilities.

On comparison you'll find it a $3,500 Car for $2,500. Write for our new Auto Book.

The **WINTON** Motor Carriage Co.
Dept. R.
Cleveland, O.



The Latest Rambler Model 14

All the modern features refined to ***Rambler*** simplicity.

Motor—Four cylinder vertical, 20—25 horse power. A triumph of accessibility and structural design. Valves opening into center of explosion chamber, ensuring quick clearance. Rambler throttle control, automatic lubrication, silent muffler without back pressure.

Safety Cranking Device by which motor is started without possibility of back-firing.

Transmission—Sliding gear, three speeds forward and reverse, with large wide gears running in oil. Bevel gear drive.

Wheel Base—106 inches.

Frame and cross members, pressed steel.

Brakes—Two sets, one on driving shaft, the other on rear wheels.

Body—Highest possible grade with ample seats.

Price, including full equipment of tools, lamps, horn, etc., **$1,750.** Advance sheets giving full information at your service.

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The Men of the Hour In the Car of the Hour

In selecting Automobiles for the comfort and convenience of the Russian and Japanese Peace Commissioners, Assistant Secretary Pierce naturally engaged America's best and most luxurious cars. Isn't it significant that his choice was the Type VII, 30 H. P. New Front Entrance

POPE Toledo AUTOMOBILES

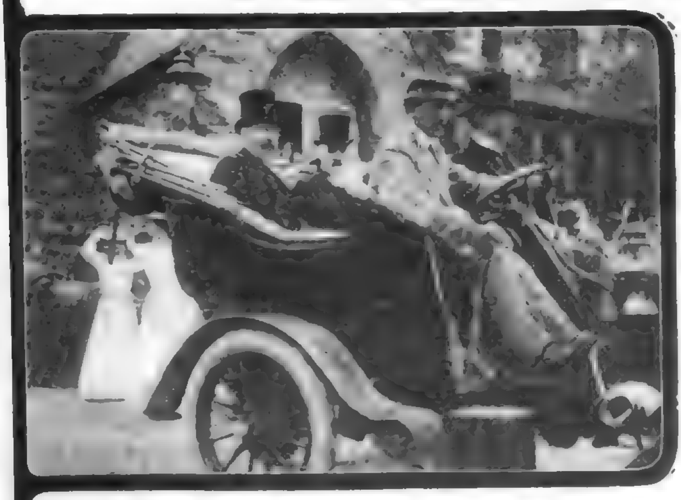
The Japanese Envoys in Type VII, Pope-Toledo

All the Embassadors, to a man, were enthusiastic over the faultless performance of these superb cars.

Isn't the car of the hour, that pleased and served the men of the hour so consistently and well, good enough for you?

In considering the purchase of a touring car it will pay you to investigate thoroughly Type VII, Pope-Toledo. It is Pope-Toledo construction and "Pope Quality" throughout. No doubt you know something of the record of the Pope-Toledo, the car that has won every notable speed, hill climbing and endurance contest **for stock cars,** during the past three seasons—nearly 200 cups and medals. **You can drive a Pope-Toledo more miles with less cost for tires, oil and fuel, and with less adjusting, than any high-powered automobile in the world.** Every car from the Pope-Toledo factory is fitted with our **Matchless System of Outside Chain drive.**

Be sure the name "Pope" is on your Automobile



The Russian Envoys in Type VII, Pope-Toledo

Our catalogue lists nearly 100 contests in which the "Quiet Mile-a-Minute" Pope-Toledo was victorious; gives full details of construction of

Type XII, 35-40 H. P. Double Side Entrance,	$3,500
Type VII, 30 H. P. Front Entrance, -	3,200
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THE JEWEL OF ALL RUNABOUTS

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Reo 1906 Four-Seated Runabout

The extra seat carries two people facing forward, and when not in use is folded down snugly out of the way. 8 h.p., 900 pounds, 25 miles per hour.

A swift, strong, cozy light car easy to ride in; perfectly simple to operate; and with ample power to carry four passengers at speed up hill and down dale for 75 miles without refilling the tank

It has the splendid REO long-stroke action that makes every ounce of its 8 h. p. tell; the perfected, positive REO oiler, and short-contact commutator. It has REO efficiency, REO construction, and REO style all through

Where will you find so big a bunch of motoring satisfaction for $675?

REO 1906 Touring Car, 16 h.p., 1600 pounds, 90-inch wheel-base, 5 passengers, side-door detachable tonneau. Speed 35 miles per hour. $1250

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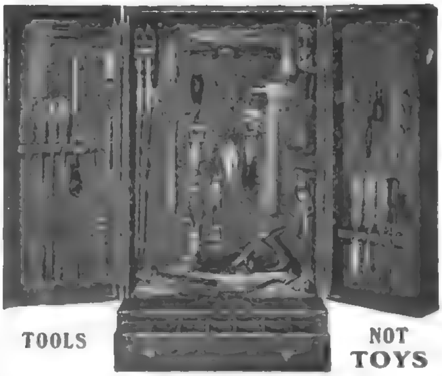

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OUR TOOL CABINETS are equipped with all the tools needed about the house, shop, or farm, and the use of such an outfit will result in a substantial saving as well as the great convenience of having the little repair jobs done without hiring a carpenter. These cabinets are substantially made of handsome polished quartered oak with brass trimmings, and have two-keyed cylinder locks. The drawer contains a full assortment of screws, screw-eyes, tacks, and nails for any kind of work. Prices, according to assortment of tools, from $10 up. Catalogue of cabinets, work benches, and lists of tools sent anywhere without charge upon request.

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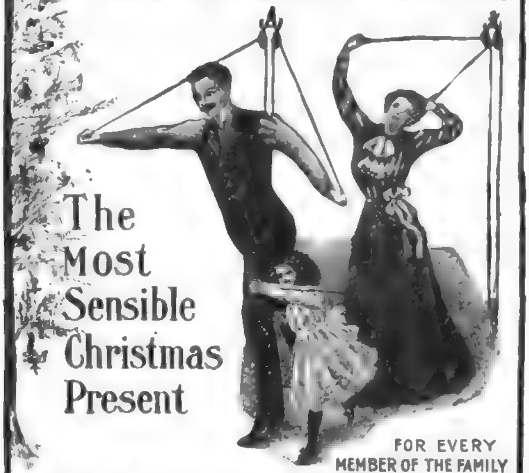

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FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

THE WHITELY EXERCISER

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Even after a year's service, it is not unusual for a Cadillac motor, when given the proper care, to develop 20 per cent. more power than originally rated. Ample reserve energy enables the Cadillac to go anywhere.

Booklet Q and name of nearest dealer sent upon request.
Runabout, $750; Model C, with detachable tonneau, $850; Light Touring Car, $950; Four-Cylinder Car, $2,800; f.o.b., Detroit.

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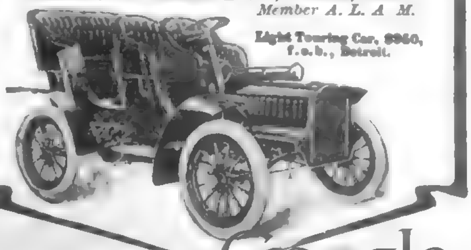
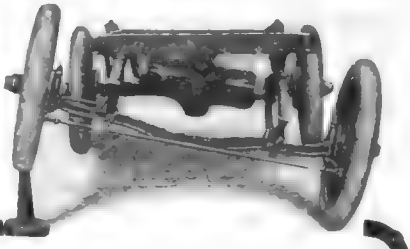


Light Touring Car, $950, f.o.b., Detroit.



Front wheel raised over a foot

Rough Road Reasons

To photograph a car on a rough road is one thing. To run it over a rough road without strain or injury to any part and with absolute comfort to passengers is another thing.

All cars save one are built with the body and power plant on one frame, mounted on all four springs. But for the springs and tires there would be no flexibility at all, and these do not mend the faulty principle. Travel on uneven and rough roads means ruinous strains and friction throughout the mechanism all the time.

THE MARMON

"A Mechanical Masterpiece"

Is the only car that is not built on this inflexible plan. Its running gear adjusts itself to the roughest road conditions, and the mechanism is relieved of the binding, twisting strains which are inevitable in all other cars. The Marmon rides over rough roads with an easy, gentle sway, the very luxury of motion, free from vibration and jolting.

The reason lies in an exclusive patented Marmon feature.

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Cast aluminum body on one frame, power plant on another frame, each frame suspended on three pivotal points. No matter how rough the roads may be, the power plant, straight and rigid driving shaft, and rear axle are maintained in perfect alignment. Means perfect power transmission. Means fewer parts, simpler parts, and less wear on all parts, tires included.

The Marmon has other patented features of obvious superiority. Write for Booklet "N."

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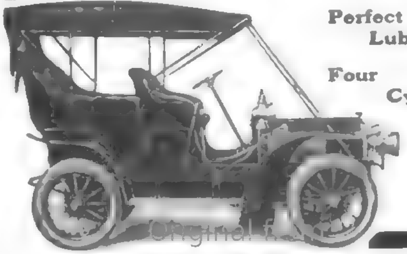
(Established 1851)
Indianapolis Indiana



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Four Cylinders

Air Cooled

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Sleighing's captivating pleasures are vividly suggested by the sleighs of Studebaker. The designers have taken full advantage of their opportunity. Dashing lines, deep, luxurious seats, brilliancy of finish alluringly bring to mind the exhilaration and delightful gliding motion of winter's foremost pastime. At the Studebaker repositories every modern type of single and double sleigh is shown in conjunction with harness, robes, foot-warmers and other accessories.

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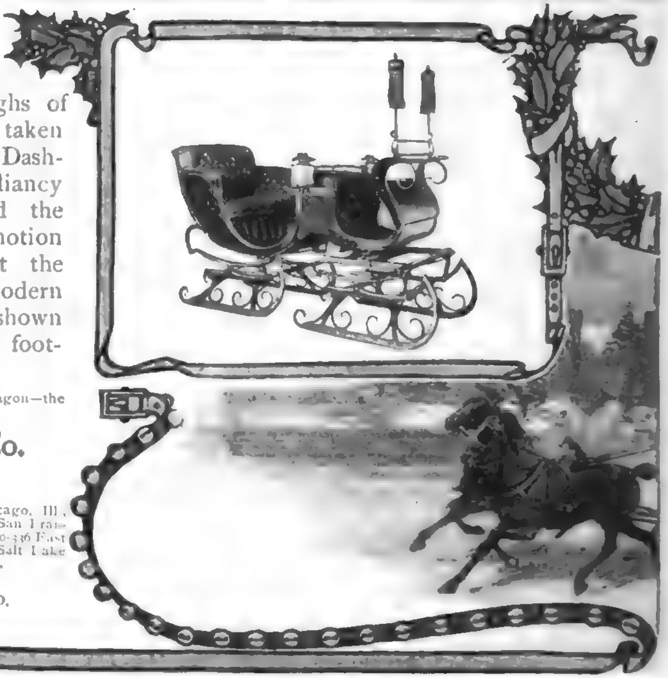

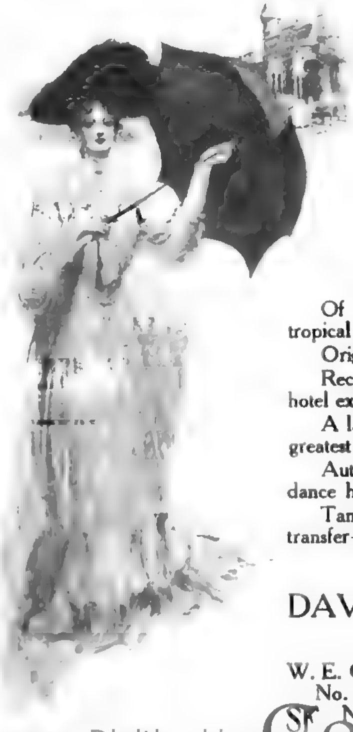

FLORIDA WEST COAST

TAMPA BAY HOTEL

TAMPA, FLA.

OPENS NOVEMBER 14th, 1905

Of Moorish-Spanish architecture, surrounded by beautiful grounds filled with tropical plants, fruits and flowers. Splendid water outlook.

Original cost of this magnificent hostelry over $3,000,000.00.

Recently leased by strong hotel company and will be managed by men of wide hotel experience.

A large sum has been expended in renovating and refitting what was already the greatest resort hotel in Florida.

Automobile rides to Ybor City, with its famous Spanish restaurants, theatres and dance halls.

Tampa Bay Hotel reached by Seaboard Air Line Railway and short automobile transfer—the shortest and quickest route from the East.

For further information apply to

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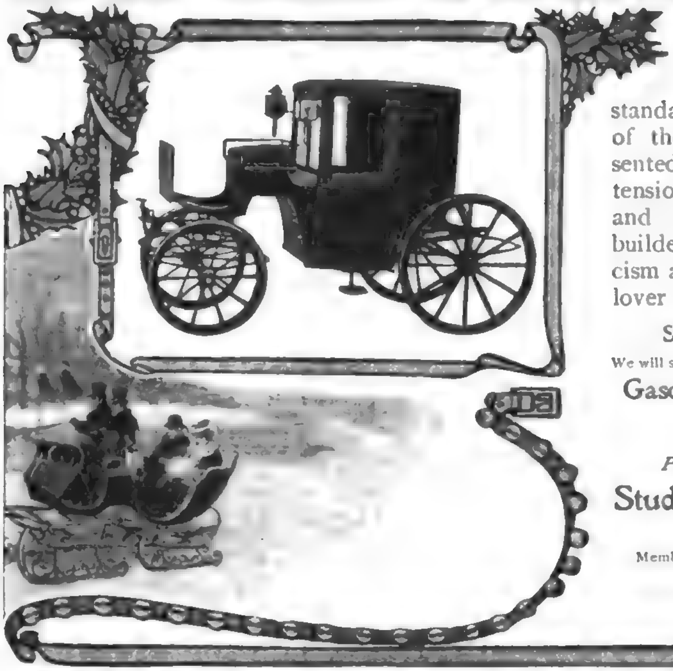

The closed carriage in its highest conception is a marvel of grace and luxury. A mastery of its standards has always been the coveted goal of the craft. These standards as represented in the Studebaker Brougham, Extension Front Brougham, Demi-Coach, and Opera Bus, proclaim the master builder. Their excellence defeats criticism and gratifies the appreciations of the lover of fine carriages.

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We will shortly announce 1906 Models in

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THE complete Chassis of the CLEVELAND car is manufactured by the Garford Company, whose experts have designed and built more high grade automobile parts and complete Chassis than any other concern in America, and the CLEVELAND is therefore the product of years of practical experience.

No other American car is made of such uniformly perfect and high grade material adapted to the purpose, or so thoroughly and intelligently assembled. There is no car on the American market that will stand up to its work so well or so long.

The new 1906 30-35 CLEVELAND is considered by experts to be the most perfect American car ever manufactured.

The cylinders, 4 1-8 bore by 5 1-4 stroke, are cast in pairs and have extra large water jackets.

The CLEVELAND ignition is by Simms-Bosch low tension magneto, with automatic make and break spark. This mechanical movement is distinct and original and is wonderfully efficient. It does away with all jump spark troubles, batteries, coils, spark plugs, and all complicated and undependable wiring. The CLEVELAND car is the first American car to use the Simms-Bosch low tension magneto ignition system which has been adopted and used by every high grade foreign car for the season of 1906.

The transmission is mechanically perfect. The shafts and bearings are ground accurately to size. The gears—the heart of the transmission—are high carbon steel, oil hardened, insuring smooth running and long service. Three speeds forward and reverse with direct drive, 6 to 45 miles per hour on third speed.

The CLEVELAND Carburetor is built after the most approved type, and has a compensating air opening, permitting perfect mixture at all speeds automatically, thus making the CLEVELAND engine most flexible in its control.

The 1906 CLEVELAND weighs 2,200 lbs. 34 x 4 in. wheels, 104 in. wheel base.

The yearly guarantee which goes with every CLEVELAND car shows our faith in its quality.

Catalogue and full information on request.

Mr. E. B. GALLAHER,
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CLEVELAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY
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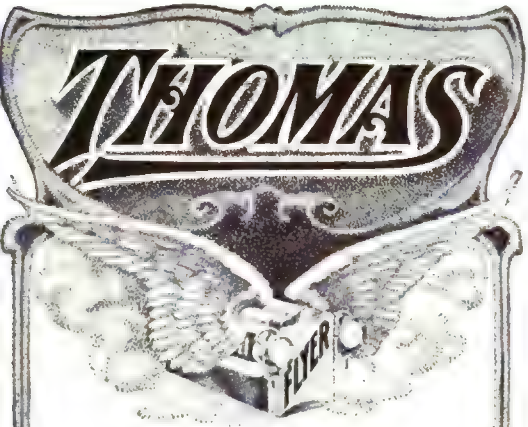

MY friends have long known that my highest ambition has been to build the very best, or at least one of the best of the world's great cars.

Last year so many people felt that I had realized that ambition that we refused orders for 50% more than our factory capacity; and also refused premiums ranging from $150 to $750.

This year's Thomas is far costlier in construction than the 1905 model, but the proposition remains the same—a royally luxurious 50-H. P. car for $3,500.

The real truth is that the 1906 50-H. P. Thomas at $3,500, represents an active saving over competing cars of $1,500 to $4,000.

If you do not know me and do not know the Thomas car, that statement may not impress you; but if you investigate, its absolute truth will be actually forced upon you.

We are building the finest fire-proof factory in the world, with a capacity of one thousand high-powered automobiles per annum. Even with that capacity I believe we shall be taxed to meet the demands.

If therefore you are in the market for the best automobile value America affords, my word to you is—investigate the Thomas at once.

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E. R. THOMAS, For...

THE E. R. THOMAS CO.

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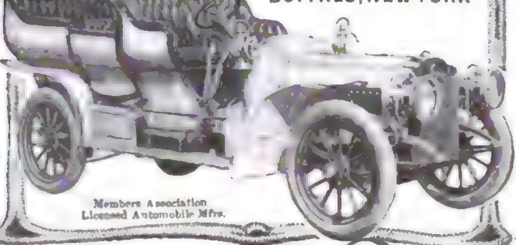
BUFFALO, NEW YORK



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Clauss

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On 30 Days Free Trial

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Under this special trial offer, a Clauss Perfect Razor makes an

Ideal Christmas Gift

for any man who shaves himself, and appreciates solid comfort.

Send for Our Booklet which illustrates and describes our great variety of styles—also manicure sets and scissors

Clauss Perfect Razor is made of specially tempered Clauss Steel, and you can exchange it at any time after you buy it, if desired.

Most Dealers Sell Clauss Perfect Razors

Write for "Hints to Shavers," a book that tells how to make shaving a pleasure—it is free.

The Clauss Razor Co.

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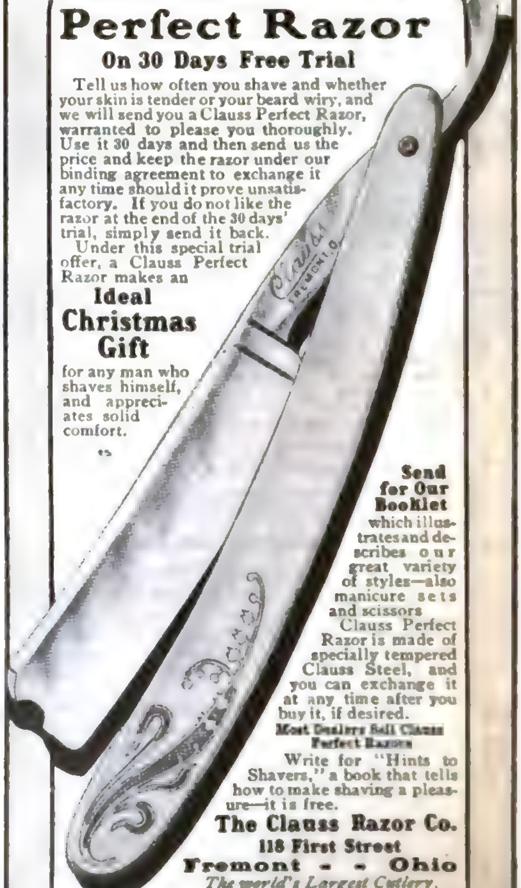
The world's Largest Cutlery.



A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE, no matter how elaborate or luxurious, is anything but a **Comfortable Home** *if improperly heated,—chilly on cold days and too hot on mild ones.*

The Norwall Combined System of Low Pressure and Vacuum Steam Heating

by a clever adaptation of the laws of physics, gives increased efficiency to your heating system, and places it absolutely under your control. It enables you—during the coldest weather—to carry heat all night and find the radiators warm in the morning. It also allows you to control the heating system according to the outside temperature so that there is no overheating on mild days. All this is accomplished, not at the expense of fuel, but at an actual economy of from 25 to 40 per cent.

Can be applied to any Steam Heating System, old or new, at small expense

Write us for full information of this unique and interesting invention, and our free booklet, "Hints on Modern Steam Heating."

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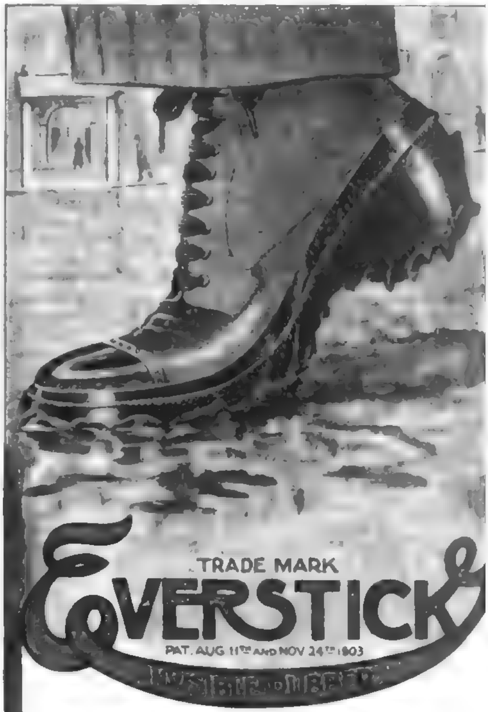
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If we could get you to try on a pair we wouldn't have to talk to **you** any more.

Here's a shoe that your feet want.

It is a rubber shoe that has none of the old rubber shoe discomfort—there can be no perspiring and chafing of the feet, it is easy to wear because it is light—and it never makes a sore joint.

You get complete protection where you want it—over the sole and the seam between sole and upper. No useless rubber to carry and to make an air-tight case for your feet to perspire in.

Stick to the shoe? Of course, more tightly than any old style rubber ever made.

Now look at the fit of it—made to fit any style of shoe, your shoe—that means you have a stylish shoe, something no one ever claimed for the old rubber.

Made for Men and Women

Every good shoeman carries them. If you cannot get a pair write us, and we will send you our booklet, "Good News for Your Feet," and tell you how to get a pair.

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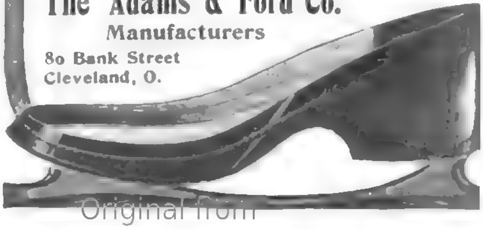

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Jell-O

For Dessert

Endorsed by the Pure Food Commissioners and awarded the **Highest** prize at all expositions.

Why bother with old-fashioned plain gelatine when you can save all the labor and always get satisfactory results by using **Jell-O?** Everything in the package. Simply stir the contents of a 10-cent package into a pint of boiling water and set to cool. Made in two minutes. Enough for six people. Especially refreshing with a hearty dinner.

"THE JELL-O GIRL"

For a more elaborate dessert try this:

Apple Glacé

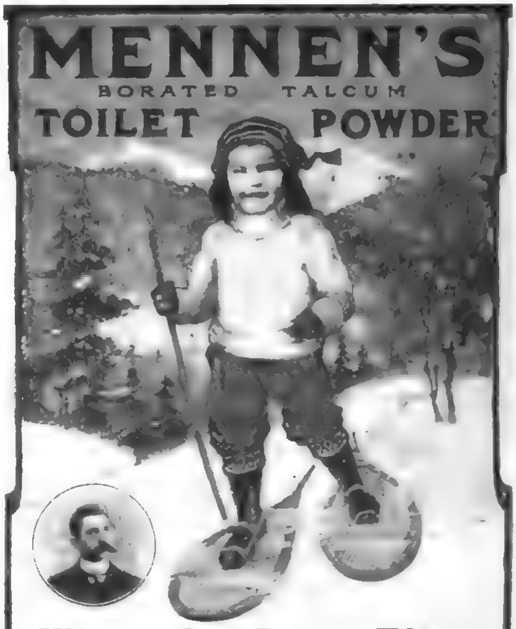
Halve, without peeling, medium sized tart apples (Jonathans are the best), scoop out the core and boil in heavy syrup until clear, lift out on a plate to cool. Use a package of Lemon Jell-O for 8 halves; after dissolving according to directions put 3 or 4 tablespoons of it in a sherbet cup or individual mold; when set, place half an apple which has had a maraschino cherry pressed in the core with the cut side down, and fill the glass with the Jell-O (the syrup in which the apples were boiled, if but little of it, can be used in this jelly) and set away to cool. Serve with whipped cream in the saucer. Turn out the apple and put bottom up. The apple should be covered with the Jell-O.

Jell-O comes in six flavors: **Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Chocolate, and Cherry.**

At grocers everywhere, 10 cts. per package.
Approved by Pure Food Commissioners.
Highest Award, Gold Medal, St. Louis, 1904.
Highest Award, Gold Medal, Portland, 1905.

Send for beautifully illustrated recipe book showing fifty ways of making Jell-O desserts.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y.



MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER

When the Snow Flies

and biting, frosty air roughens the skin, use Mennen's—it keeps the skin just right. A positive relief for **chapped hands, chafing** and **all skin troubles.** Mennen's face on every box—be sure that you get the genuine. For sale everywhere or by mail, **25c.** Sample free. *Try Mennen's Violet Talcum.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

GEORGES' (Patent)
Corn and Bunion
SHIELDS

These remarkable shields *instantly* take all shoe pressure from the aching spot; no more pinch or friction. Permanent relief and a cure by removing the cause.

The Georges Shields result from lifelong experience of world-famous chiropodists. Nothing else like them.

Wafer-thin edges; softly tufted with antiseptic substance; cooling center of oiled silk. Easily put on and taken off. Used over and over indefinitely. Cost little. Ask druggist or write for full description, free.

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WASHBURNE'S PATENT
"O.K." PAPER FASTENERS

The "O. K." Paper Fastener is the only fastener which, **when attached, stays attached, yet is detachable without injury to the paper or the Fastener, and is easy to apply and remove.** They are always ready for use and require no machine for putting them on or taking them off, **and they always work.**

Put up in brass boxes of 100 Fasteners each, ten boxes to a carton. **Price 20 cents a box; $1.50 per 1000.** Made in 3 sizes. At all stationers or from the Manufacturer, postage or express prepaid. **Sample box, assorted, 10 cents.** Illustrated Booklet Free.

JAMES V. WASHBURNE, Mfr.
258 E. Genesee St., Syracuse, N. Y.

THE GREAT GAME
BLOCK

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BLOCK

BLOCK is a great game and great fun. It is full of snap and skill. From 3 to 6 can play. BLOCK is easily learned. It is immensely popular both here and in Europe and is now the largest selling game in the world.

Block is the best card game we have ever published
Parker Brothers

Club Edition with the five suits in different colors 75c.; Plain, 50c.
BLOCK, PIT, BID and all other famous Parker games are sold by leading dealers everywhere.

PARKER BROTHERS INC.
SALEM MASS. U.S.A. NEW YORK & LONDON.
Sole Makers of BLOCK. TOOT. PIT. BID etc. etc.

A Good Reputation Invites Poor Imitation

"Mérode"
(Hand-Finished)
Underwear

is imitated more than all the other makes combined; its reputation is based on superiority in every desirable quality and requisite of GOOD UNDERWEAR.

Can you do better than to investigate an article which has earned the endorsement of the public and excites the envy of the trade?

Now is the time to secure it. At least one firm in every large city is now having a special display and sale of these goods.

Be sure you see the "*Mérode*" label, and get no substitute.

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Send to Dept. J for beautiful illustrated booklet.
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INVISIBLE - ADHERENTE
Mme Robinnaire
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A PERFECT COMPLEXION

Mme. Robinnaire's Face Powder is an absolutely pure and **natural** complexion beautifier, imparting a delicate and velvety appearance while in itself invisible on the skin. It is therefore decidedly superior to all other face powders. It is a beneficial skin food having a healthy tonic effect. Pink, white, or brunette, perfumed with Violet. 35c. a box, 3 for $1. Sample free.

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FOR CHRISTMAS

Our novelties are not toys—but are useful, practical and durable. Appropriate and pleasing for Christmas gifts for men, women and children—hundreds of delightful Christmas suggestions in our handsome catalog—write for it to-day.

THE "MAGIC" POCKET ELECTRIC LIGHT, shown in illustration above, is *very useful* for physicians, farmers, plumbers, miners, policemen, bankers, hunters, travelers—in the home—in fact, *everywhere a bright, safe light* is wanted. *No heat, matches nor chemicals.* Operated by dry batteries. *Does not break—lasts for years.* Prices, 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 postpaid. Many other styles.

ELECTRIC CLOCKS — *good time keepers, handsome, ornamental*, all styles and prices from $3.50 up.

MOTORS and **DYNAMOS** in every style and size. From 75c. up.

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A PRIVATE TELEPHONE, *guaranteed* to ring and talk a distance of 1,000 feet, including *100 feet of wire, screws, staples, two complete instruments* and instructions for installing. Only $7.00.

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AGENTS *make big money quickly selling our goods.* No experience necessary. *Write to-day for particulars.*

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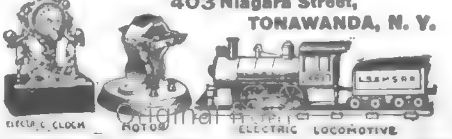

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Beauty
Health, Happiness
glow in the face of the woman who uses
LABLACHE FACE POWDER
It insures a clear, fresh, brilliant complexion, and preserves the velvety texture of youth. *It never disappoints.*
Take no other. Flesh, white, pink, cream. 50c. a box. Druggists or by mail. *Send 10c. for sample.*
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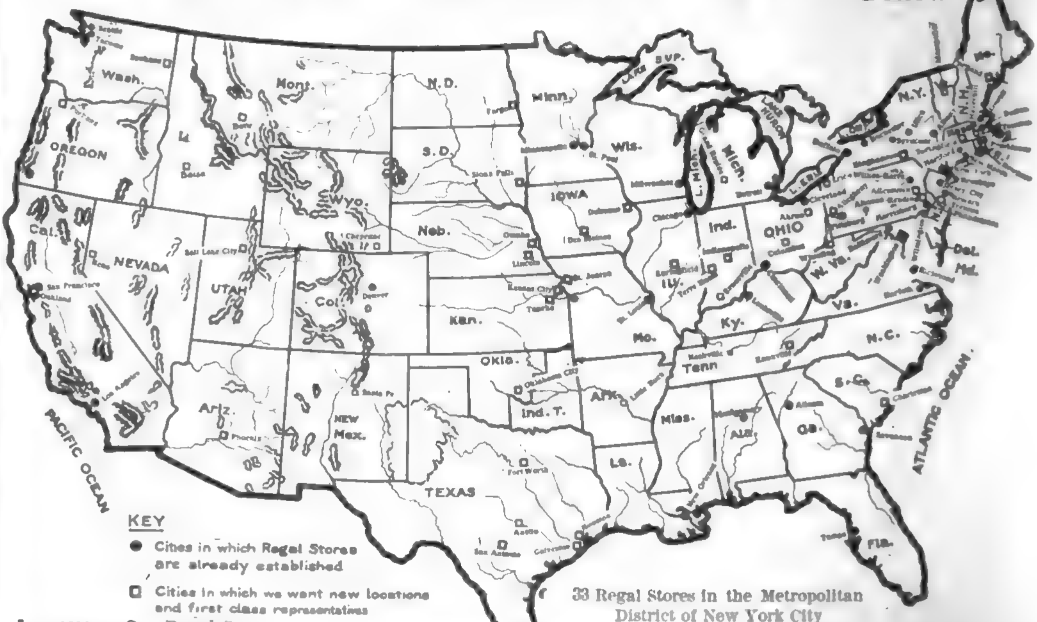
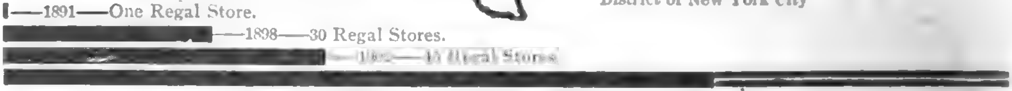
102 REGAL STORES NOW And More to Follow





1905——102 Regal Stores and 38 new locations planned for 1906

This diagram affords pretty good proof that the Regal *is* "the shoe that proves." Starting in a very small way, but with a very large idea back of it, the Regal shoe was offered to the public 14 years ago in one little store on Broadway, New York City. Nothing in the world except honest shoe-quality could have built up the present Regal business from its small beginning, increasing the rate of growth every season until now the immense enterprise is increasing more rapidly than ever before—1905 having proved to be the most successful year in the history of the business.

The chain of 102 Regal stores and agencies already extends through all the great cities of the United States and over to London. But now we intend to reach millions of people who have never had the advantage of purchasing Regal shoes except through our Mail-Order Department. We have factory facilities to take care of 38 new cities during the season after January 1, 1906. We have mapped out the cities where conditions most fully warrant the extension of the Regal Shoe business; and if we obtain desirable locations we shall be able to announce the new list of Regal stores early in the year.

THE REGAL SHOE STORES, MEN'S—Boston, Mass.: 113 Summer St., 169 Tremont St. New York, N.Y.: 165-167 Broadway, below Cortlandt St., Cor. Ann & Nassau Sts., Duane St. & Broadway, 785 Broadway, 1211 Broadway, 1341 Broadway, 166 W. 125th St., 507 Eighth Ave., 6th Ave. & 21st St., 124 3d Ave. and 150 E. 14th St. Brooklyn N. Y.: 357 Fulton St., 1003 Broadway, 111 Broadway, 466 Fifth Ave. Newark, N. J.: 841 Broad St. Jersey City, N. J.: 66 Newark Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.: 1218 Market St., 732 Chestnut St., 1224 Market St., S. E. cor. 8th & Race Sts. Chicago, Ill.: 103 Dearborn St. St. Louis, Mo.: 618 Olive St. Detroit, Mich.: 122 Woodward Ave. Washington, D. C.: 1003 Pennsylvania Ave. Cleveland, Ohio: 69 Euclid Ave. Louisville, Ky.: 346 W. Market St. San Francisco, Cal.: 820 Market St., 17 O'Farrell St. St. Paul, Minn.: 382 Robert St. Milwaukee, Wis.: 212 Grand Ave. Cincinnati, Ohio: 429 Vine St. Providence, R. I.: 252 Westminster St. Atlanta, Ga.: 6 Whitehall St. Minneapolis, Minn.: 526 Nicollet Ave. Pittsburg, Pa.: 439 Smithfield St. Buffalo, N.Y.: 364 Main St. Baltimore, Md.: 6 E. Baltimore St. London, Eng.: 97 Cheapside, cor. Lawrence Lane. Utica, N. Y.: 138 Genesee St. Nashville, Tenn.: 515 Church St. Rochester, N. Y.: 40 E. Main St. New Orleans, La.: 631 Canal St. Syracuse, N. Y.: 364 S. Salina St. Kansas City, Mo.: 1019 Main St. Richmond, Va.: 611 E. Broad St. Oakland, Cal.: 22 San Pablo Ave. New Haven, Conn.: 878 Chapel St. Albany, N. Y.: 34 Maiden Lane. Los Angeles, Cal.: 302 Broadway. Denver, Col.: 528 16th St. Seattle, Wash.: 1211 Second Ave. Mexico City. San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Parral, Mexico. Cananea, Mexico. Savannah, Ga., 118 Whittaker St. Guadalajara, Mexico. Augusta, Ga. Norfolk, Va.: 8 Granby St. Newport, R. I., 176 Thames St. Altoona, Pa., 1124 11th Ave. Tacoma, Wash., 11th & Commerce Sts. Panama. Manila, P.I. Iloilo, P.I. Taunton, Mass.: 7 Main St. Hartford, Conn.: 66 Asylum St. E. Whitman, Mass.: opp. P.O. Wilkes-Barre, Pa.: 128 Main St. Tampa, Fla.: 714 Franklin St. Birmingham, Ala. Haverhill, Mass.: 97 Merrimac St.

THE REGAL SHOE STORES, WOMEN'S—Boston, Mass.: 109 Summer St., 169 Tremont St. New York, N. Y.: 785 Broadway, [illegible] Broadway, 156 W. 125th St., 6th Ave. & 21st St. Brooklyn, N. Y.: 1003 Broadway, 466 Fifth Ave. Newark, N. J.: 841 Broad St. Philadelphia, Pa.: 1218 Market St. Jersey City, N. J.: 66 Newark Ave. Cleveland, Ohio: 69 Euclid Ave. Minneapolis, Minn.: 526 Nicollet Ave. St. Paul, Minn.: 382 Robert St. San Francisco, Cal.: 820 Market St., 17 O'Farrell St. Buffalo, N. Y.: [illegible] Main St. Providence, R. I.: 252 Westminster St. Baltimore, Md.: 20 W. Lexington St. Chicago, Ill.: 74 Washington St. Syracuse, N. Y.: 364 S. Salina St. New Haven, Conn.: 878 Chapel St. Richmond, Va.: 611 E. Broad St. Oakland, Cal.: 22 San Pablo Ave. Los Angeles, Cal.: 302 Broadway, cor. 3d St. Denver, Col.: 528 16th St. Seattle, Wash.: 1211 2d Ave. Mexico City. Savannah, Ga.: 118 Whittaker St. Norfolk, Va.: 8 Granby St.: Newport, R. I.: 176 Thames St. Altoona, Pa.: 1124 11th Ave. Tacoma, Wash.: 11th & Commerce Sts. Panama. Taunton, Mass.: 7 Main St. Monterey, Mexico. E. Whitman, Mass.: opp. P. O. Wilkes-Barre, Pa.: 12 S. Main St. Tampa, Fla.: 714-16-18 Franklin St.

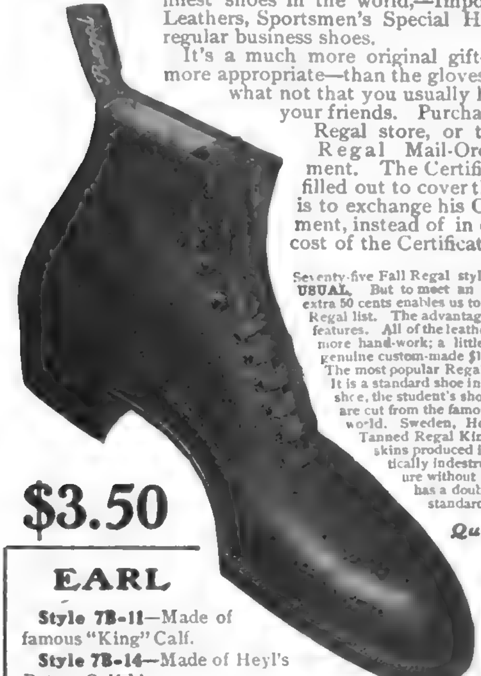
CITIES WHERE LOCATIONS ARE DESIRED—Portland, Ore. Spokane, Wash. Butte, Mont. Salt Lake City, Utah. Lincoln, Neb. Oklahoma City, O. T. Austin, Tex. Fort Worth, Tex. Houston, Tex. San Antonio, Tex. Galveston, Tex. Little Rock, Ark. Des Moines, Iowa. Dubuque, Iowa. Akron, Ohio. Erie, Pa. Reading, Pa. Lowell, Mass. St. Joseph, Mo. Indianapolis, Ind. Columbus, Ohio. Charleston, S. C. Binghamton, N. Y. Portland, Me. Springfield, Mass. Wilmington, Del. Knoxville, Tenn. Wheeling, W. Va. Springfield, Ill. Terra Haute, Ind. Grand Rapids, Mich. Harrisburg, Pa. Trenton, N. J. Evansville, Ind. Allentown, Pa. Allegheny, Pa. Reno, Nev. Fargo, N. D. Sioux Falls, S. D. Phoenix, Ariz. Santa Fe, N. M. Boise, Ida. Cheyenne, Wyo. Topeka, Kan. Omaha, Neb.

REGAL SHOE CO., Inc., East Whitman, Mass.

A Happy Thought for Christmas

The Regal Certificate is a certified order for a pair of the finest shoes in the world,—Imported Patent Leathers, Sportsmen's Special High-Cuts, or regular business shoes.

It's a much more original gift—and much more appropriate—than the gloves, cravats, or what not that you usually have to send your friends. Purchasable at any Regal store, or through the Regal Mail-Order Department. The Certificate will be filled out to cover the purchase of either $3.50 or $4 models. If the holder is to exchange his Certificate for shoes through the Mail-Order Department, instead of in one of our stores, 25 cents extra will be added to the cost of the Certificate to pay for the delivery of the shoes.



Seventy-five Fall Regal styles—and the regular price, right through the whole list, is **$3.50 AS USUAL.** But to meet an insistent demand we have made up 15 special models at $4 per pair. The extra 50 cents enables us to build a wholly new line of shoes that we could never before include in the Regal list. The advantages of the special $4 models over the $3.50 Regal are in their extra custom features. All of the leathers and other materials in them are the *best* of the *best* and they have a little more hand-work; a little more silk-stitching, etc. They are true bench-made shoes—and few genuine custom-made $12 shoes equal their handsome appearance.

The most popular Regal last and the most popular Regal leather are combined in the Earl Model. It is a standard shoe in every particular. It is the business man's shoe, the professional man's shoe, the student's shoe—a shoe for the man of work or leisure. The vamp and top of the Earl are cut from the famous Regal King Calf, which is the most remarkable upper-leather in the world. Sweden, Holland, France and Germany produce the skins from which Chrome-Tanned Regal King Calf is made. These skins are more expensive than the best of Calfskins produced in America, and are of much finer quality. The finished leather is practically indestructible; it never grows hard; it will endure a great deal of heat and moisture without the slightest damage, and it takes and holds a high polish. The Earl has a double sole of Regal Oak-tanned leather, with moderate extension, and has a standard-height walking heel. Price, $3.50.

$3.50

EARL

Style 7B-11—Made of famous "King" Calf.

Style 7B-14—Made of Heyl's Patent Calfskin.

Quarter Sizes, as in all other Regals.

Send for the Style-Book

We can fit you—as we are fitting thousands of others—by mail. Regal mail-orders are all filled by expert shoe fitters and each order receives special and personal attention. If you buy by mail you *need* the Style-Book's illustrations and descriptions. But you *ought* to have it, wherever you buy your shoes. It enables you to know exactly what to *ask* for. Mailed free anywhere.

Samples of Leathers on Request

Regal shoes are delivered, carriage prepaid, anywhere in the United States or Canada, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands; also Germany, Japan, Norway, Belgium and all points covered by the Parcels Post System, at the same price as in our 102 stores, with 25 cents extra to cover delivery charges.

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MAIL ORDER SUB-STATIONS:
Factory, East Whitman, Mass., Box 914.
London, Eng., E. C., 97 Cheapside, cor. Lawrence Lane
820 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

102 Stores in Principal Cities

REGAL

Largest Retail Shoe Business in the World

THE SHOE THAT PROVES

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

GOVERNOR CARTER

"I have always believed that if Taro-ena could be supplied to those who are suffering from indigestion it would in many cases prove a blessing."
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"The root of the taro is the staple article of Hawaiian diet, and has produced the most athletic race of the Pacific. Taro-ena is a preparation of cooked taro in the form of flour. I have repeatedly visited the factory where Taro-ena is made, and certify that it is a pure and unadulterated product of taro. From personal use for a number of years, I can recommend it in the highest terms as a food for both the sick and the well. It is constantly recommended as a food for invalids and infants by all of the local physicians, in preference to the artificial foods prepared abroad."

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NEW TUBER FOOD

For Infants, Invalids, Dyspeptics

By mail, prepared anywhere, 50c.; large, $1.00; hospital, $3.00 (cheapest); or at drug stores. **SAMPLE** 10c., enough for four meals, including interesting book on "Taro-ena, the food that digests itself." Write at once.

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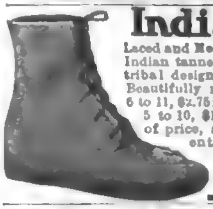

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Laced and Moccasin Slippers, made of Genuine Moosehide, Indian tanned and elaborately embroidered with Indian tribal designs, make sensible Christmas presents. Beautifully made and very comfortable. Men's sizes, 6 to 11, $2.75; Ladies' sizes, 2 to 5, $2.25; Children's sizes, 5 to 10, $1.50. Either kind sent prepaid upon receipt of price, and your money refunded if they are not entirely satisfactory. Send for free catalogue.

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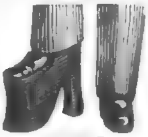

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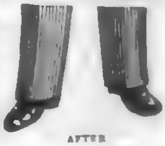

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WHY SHOULD YOU SUFFER? Be your own Chiropodist

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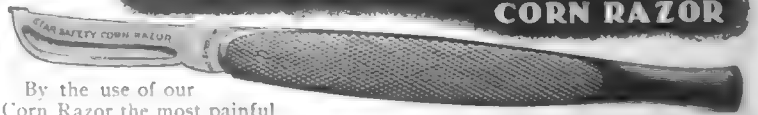
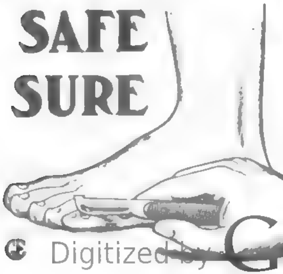
USE THE **STAR SAFETY CORN RAZOR**





By the use of our Corn Razor the most painful and annoying corn may be removed in a minute. It is not necessary to soak the callous skin or corn before using this simple device. Apply the razor with the guard and the blade resting on the corn; shave away the callous skin. You cannot injure the foot.

Price $1.00. Full descriptive circular mailed on request. On sale at all leading dealers in high-class cutlery, or mailed on receipt of price by **KAMPFE BROS., 11 Reade St., N. Y. City (Mfrs. Star Safety Shaving Razor)**

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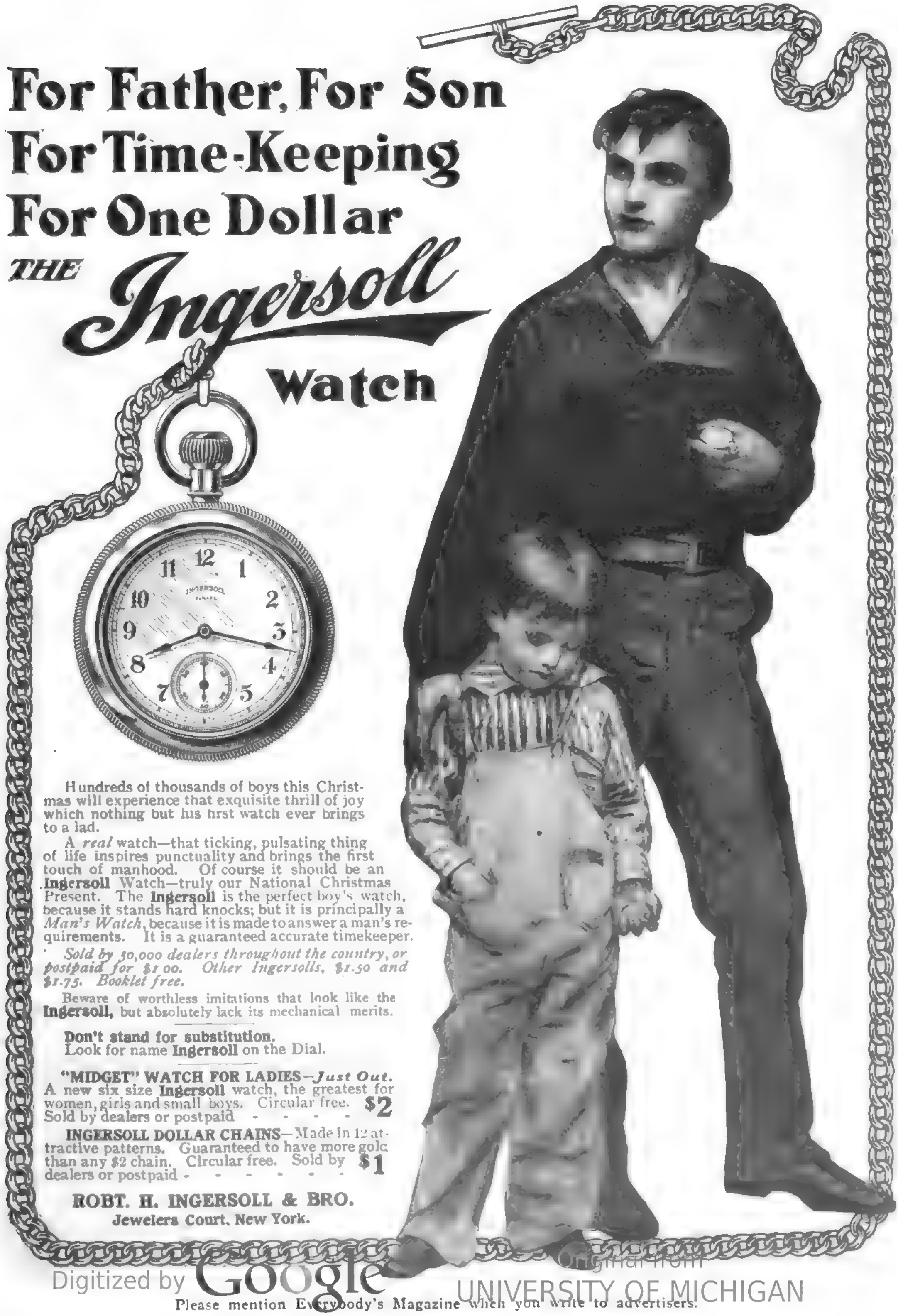

For Father, For Son For Time-Keeping For One Dollar

THE *Ingersoll* Watch

Hundreds of thousands of boys this Christmas will experience that exquisite thrill of joy which nothing but his first watch ever brings to a lad.

A *real* watch—that ticking, pulsating thing of life inspires punctuality and brings the first touch of manhood. Of course it should be an **Ingersoll** Watch—truly our National Christmas Present. The **Ingersoll** is the perfect boy's watch, because it stands hard knocks; but it is principally a *Man's Watch*, because it is made to answer a man's requirements. It is a guaranteed accurate timekeeper.

Sold by 50,000 dealers throughout the country, or postpaid for $1.00. Other Ingersolls, $1.50 and $1.75. Booklet free.

Beware of worthless imitations that look like the **Ingersoll,** but absolutely lack its mechanical merits.

Don't stand for substitution.
Look for name **Ingersoll** on the Dial.

"MIDGET" WATCH FOR LADIES—*Just Out.* A new six size **Ingersoll** watch, the greatest for women, girls and small boys. Circular free. Sold by dealers or postpaid - - - - - **$2**

INGERSOLL DOLLAR CHAINS—Made in 12 attractive patterns. Guaranteed to have more gold than any $2 chain. Circular free. Sold by dealers or postpaid - - - - - - - **$1**

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
Jewelers Court, New York.

Christmas Furniture
From BISHOP FURNITURE CO.

Grand Rapids
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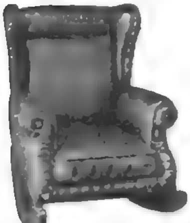
is shipped anywhere **ON APPROVAL FREIGHT PREPAID** to points east of the Mississippi River and north of Tennessee, and allowed that far toward points beyond.



No. 4762. COLONIAL BISHOP ROCKER. Covered with best Genuine Leather. Hair filled. Has Mahogany finish Rockers Full Turkish Spring, Seat and Back. An ornament and gem of luxury and comfort in any home. Actual value $40.00. Our price direct on Approval ONLY **$22.50.** *You save* $17.50.

No. 4859. MUSIC CABINET. Mahogany, Quartered Oak or Walnut. Piano finish. Gracefully curved swell door. Five adjustable shelves. Extraordinary value. Our price Direct on Approval ONLY **$9.75.** Regular retail value $14.00. *You save* $5.00.

No. 4314. LIBRARY TABLE. Quartered Oak, any finish. Strong graceful French Legs and spacious Drawer. Top 42 long by 27 in. wide. Our price Direct on Approval ONLY **$9.90.** For Mahogany add $2.25. *Retail Value* $15.00 *to* $18.00.

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Order Christmas presents early. We prepare and ship when and where you instruct. Our FREE catalogue shows 1000 pieces of high-grade fashionable Furniture. WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY.

BISHOP FURNITURE CO., 24-36 Ionia Street
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

A GOOD Game gives more people more pleasure-Best Gift

We send prepaid-Saves all trouble

Some like Nix, Mascot, Duplix, but **ALL like HIKE--more people have MORE FUN** more times-BEST game. To boom Hike quick we've made a big 50c Combination pack. 2 to 8 can play all 6 games below with this 1 pack. Some of these 6 games always suit. "Shall shesell seashells"-no rules. Just fun-any number play at once. "Nix"-BEST Progressive Game. Big pack contains 2 full Nix packs. "Duplix"-jolly-fair as checkers. A duplicate case makes your opponents play YOUR SAME cards later, while YOU PLAY THEIRS.

"HIKE"-EASY yet worth PLAYING. Can't explain on paper. Play each move as you read rules, and any crowd can play-have fun first minute-always good, new kinks each time you play. "Mascot" is different. Even better for 2 than for 3 or 4 players-only good game for 2. "Quality"-easy if you know the others. Learning each one helps with the next. Ideal GIFT-appropriate-always pleases. Send 50c for 6-Game pack and get also a FREE pack for names of game players. Home Amusement Co. 235 Waren Av. Chicago

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If you have any trouble with your ignition, write to us and we will tell you just what to do. Our

Apple Automatic Sparker

gives a strong, steady current that never fails. No trouble to put on any car or engine; our friction driving gear makes installation easy. See that your entire car has an Apple electrical equipment. For full information write **THE DAYTON ELECTRICAL MFG. CO., 118 Beaver Bldg., Dayton, O.**

THE
Apple
Automatic
Sparker

BISSELL'S CARPET SWEEPER

An Ideal Christmas Gift

If you are in doubt what to buy for mother, wife, sister or friend, remember that Bissell's "Cyco" Bearing Sweeper never fails to please, and it is a constant reminder of the giver for ten years. It reduces the labor about 95%, confines all the dust, brightens and preserves the carpets and will outlast forty brooms.

Buy a Bissell "Cyco" Bearing Sweeper before Jan. 1st, send us the purchase slip and we will send you free a handsome card case with no printing on it.

Price, $2.50 to $6.00.

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Dept. M
Largest Sweeper Makers in the World
Grand Rapids, Mich.

TO POLICY HOLDERS

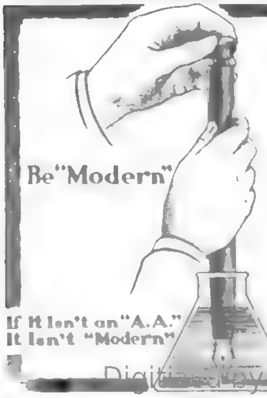
in old line companies: If you want your policies protected through these investigations without further payment of premiums, send postal card with address and amount of policy to

Archer State Bank, Central City, Neb.

WHAT A POST CARD WILL DO

There has just been issued a catalog of many **SCARCE AND CURIOUS BOOKS**, at prices ranging from 5c. to **$2.00** per volume (none higher). We have just published a list of high-class miscellaneous books, nearly all of which are new, at remarkably low prices—generally less than half the usual figure. For Xmas our special lists of this kind are of great assistance, as they contain more good material than can be found in a week of bargain hunting, and best of all these little pocket "helps" are **ABSOLUTELY FREE** for the asking. Your name on a post card does it. Write to-day; we'll send you one of each while they last.

THE BURROWS BROTHERS CO., Dept. B • • CLEVELAND, OHIO



If it isn't an "A.A."
It isn't "Modern"

Do you find it easy to fill your fountain pen? Wherever you go?

MODERN AUTOMATIC SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PENS

are cleanly, labor-saving, and can be instantly filled anywhere - the "handy" pen for busy men (and women)

Made by the Modern Makers

A. A. WATERMAN & CO.

and for Sale by All Modern Dealers

Selling Agent to the Trade - **MODERN PEN COMPANY** - [illegible] Thames Street, New York

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Pipe Smokers

The delights of pipe smoking are fully realized only with a perfect tobacco.

Spilman Mixture

is a pipe tobacco in a class by itself. A perfect blend of the finest tobacco grown. The natural leaf without artificial flavoring; mixed with loving care by one who knows how. Discriminating smokers praise it. A sweet, cool, delicious smoke.

Without a bite or a regret

If your dealer hasn't it, send us your name and address (and his) on your business letterhead or card. We will send you a 75c. can of this tobacco. Smoke a pipeful or two, enough to try it well, then send us the money or the tobacco, whichever you'd rather part with.

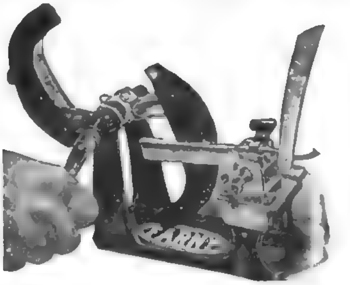
3⅓ oz. 75c. ½ lb. $1.65 1 lb. $3.30

In hermetically sealed cans

E. HOFFMAN COMPANY
MANUFACTURERS
187 Madison Street CHICAGO

FARNY RAZOR SHARPENER

$4



GRINDS
HONES
STROPS
in one operation by simply turning a crank

WILL LAST A LIFETIME

FARNY SAFETY RAZOR

Finest double concave blade, with FARNY SAFETY GUARD
(without guard, $2.00) $2.25
SHARPENER and SAFETY RAZOR, ordered together 5.25

YOU COULD "SHAVE ON HORSEBACK"

Write for FREE BOOKLET

BRIMFUL of NEWS NEVER PRINTED BEFORE

43 illustrations; gives scientific microscopic research on Shaving, Razors, Razor Sharpeners, insuring greater comforts to self-shavers, and

HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

The Farny Company
F. Alfred Reichardt & Co. SALES AGENTS
391 B'way, New York

The Stogie with a guarantee

WABASH SPECIAL
STOGIES
RAUBITSCHEK BROTHERS
HAVANA
HAVANA

A QUALITY PROPOSITION

The Wabash Special is made in Pittsburg, where it is smoked by clerks, business men and millionaires. It is different from other stogies, being made by hand, of the finest selected tobacco, in our own sanitary factory. No scraps enter into it and there is no adulteration. It is panetela size and shape with a full, fragrant Havana flavor. A clean, satisfying smoke at a nominal price. We are the originators of this size stogie and style of package.

Send us $1.75 for a box of 100 Wabash Specials, and if for any reason they do not suit you, send them back and we will refund your money, making no charge for those smoked in testing.

The Wabash Special is 5¼ inches long and packed in wooden box. Our booklet, "Stogies of Quality," mailed free upon request. We supply dealers everywhere.

RAUBITSCHEK BROTHERS
519 Wood Street Pittsburg, Pa.

FREE! Beautiful Brochure "The Bott Strad" sent on receipt of 5 two cent stamps for postage, etc. The tragic history of this far famed violin illustrated with beautifully colored plates suitable for framing.

Special Values in Fine Violins

An opportunity to buy a fine instrument very low. The finest toned violins ever offered at these prices.

Lyon & Healy EUREKA VIOLINS, $3.00 AND UPWARD
Lyon & Healy STUDENT VIOLINS, $15.00 AND UPWARD
Lyon & Healy MAESTRO VIOLINS $50.00 AND UPWARD
Lyon & Healy CREMONATONE VIOLINS, $100 AND UPWARD

Cremonatone Violins surpass all other modern Violins in Tone, Varnish and Construction.

Full particulars of new violins will be found in our Musician's Hand Book (sent free).

Souvenir catalogue of old violins (free to those interested). Illustrated with fac-simile labels. Presents a list of old violins possessing the pure mellow tone and costing from $100 to $10.000.

Small Cash and Monthly Payments

A SPECIAL OFFER We will send several violins on approval and allow seven days examination.

LYON & HEALY, 62 Adams Street, CHICAGO

"Lyon & Healy Quality means Tone Perfection"

5th And then the justice full of wise saws.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

FOR

Shakespeare's Seven Ages

Horlick's Malted Milk is used in thousands of homes as an invigorating and healthful table drink. More wholesome than tea, coffee or cocoa. An ideal nutrient for the infant, the growing child and the aged. A refreshing and nutritious luncheon for every member of the family. Prepared by simply stirring in water.

Pure, rich milk, from our sanitary dairies, with the extract of choice malted cereals, elaborated to powder form.

Also in Lunch Tablet form, chocolate flavor. A healthful confection for children, and a palatable quick lunch for professional and business men. At all druggists.

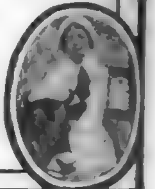
Sample, vest pocket lunch case, also booklet, giving valuable recipes, sent free if mentioned.

ASK FOR HORLICK'S; others are imitations.

Horlick's Food Company,

Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

London, England. Montreal, Canada.



Little Pigs Raised for Our Sausage

Jones Dairy Farm Sausage is made of little pigs raised for that purpose. That one fact proves it superior to the common, packing-house kind. The choicest parts of these pigs are used, the spices are ground here, and the sausage is made by the wholesome, old-fashioned process that makes the kind you used to get on the farm.

Jones Dairy Farm Sausage

is a pure food product in the highest sense of the term. It contains no preservatives or adulterates -- not even meal or flour; being free from excessive fat it is easily digestible and may be eaten by those who cannot eat ordinary sausage.

Where we have no agent it is

SOLD ON APPROVAL
Express Charges Prepaid

We ship our products by express, prepaid anywhere. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet to-day.

Jones Dairy Farm, Box 601, Fort Atkinson, Wis
Pure Country Food Products.

4 PACKAGES FOR 20¢

PURE PEPSIN GUM
Coca-Cola
PEPSIN GUM

RELIEVES INDIGESTION
FRANKLIN MFG. CO. RICHMOND - VA.

Cut This Out and Send for a Free Sample of

THE ARENA MAGAZINE

Edited by B. O. FLOWER

"No one who desires to keep abreast of the best thought of the day in politics, economics and every other department of human progress can afford to be without The Arena"—*Enquirer*, Oakland, Cal.

25 cents a copy; $2.50 net a year

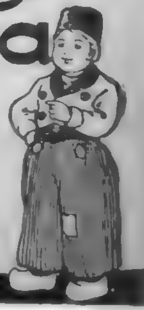
ALBERT BRANDT: Pub., 216 Brandt Building Trenton, N. J.

Blooker's COCOA

Is a genuine food, with more delight in the drinking than a hundred things, not one-tenth as good for you. At your dealer's.

This ad. clipped, together with name and 10c. will bring trial can (postpaid) enough for twenty cups.

46 Hudson St., New York.



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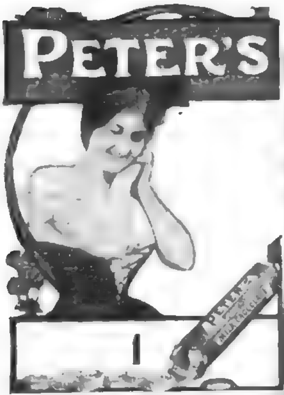
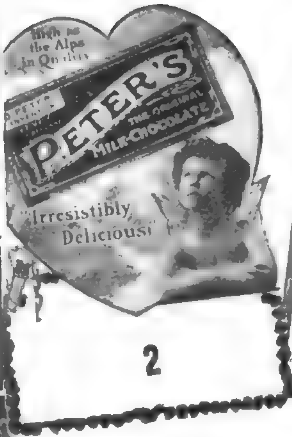
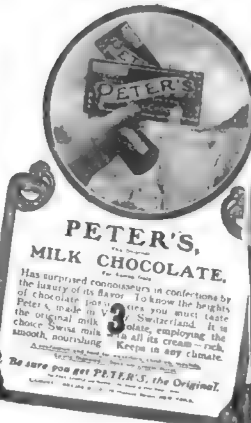
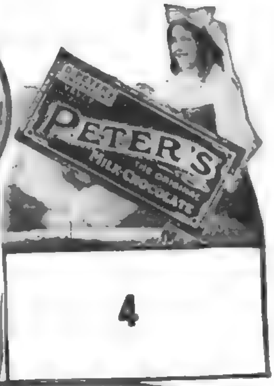



High as the Alps in Quality
PETER'S
THE ORIGINAL MILK-CHOCOLATE
Irresistibly Delicious!
2


PETER'S
PETER'S,
The Original
MILK CHOCOLATE.
Has surpassed connoisseurs in confections by the luxury of its flavor. To know the heights of chocolate possibilities you must taste Peter's, made in Vevey, Switzerland. It is the original milk chocolate, employing the choice Swiss milk with all its cream—rich, smooth, nourishing. Keeps in any climate.
Be sure you get PETER'S, the Original.
3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THE ORIGINAL MILK-CHOCOLATE
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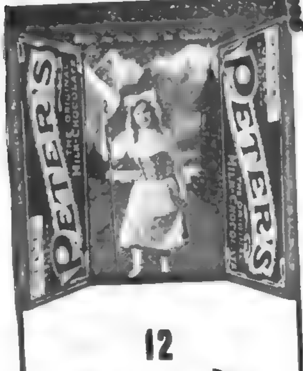

PETER'S
THE ORIGINAL MILK-CHOCOLATE
PETER'S
12

PETER'S

CHRISTMAS CONTEST

$200.00 in Prizes

$100—1st Prize $50—2d Prize
$25—3d Prize $15—4th Prize $10—5th Prize

EVERYBODY WHO COMPETES WILL GET A CAKE OF **PETER'S CHOCOLATE**

This is Our Object

We want to know which of these advertisements readers of the magazines consider the best, strongest and most striking.

Write us stating which advertisement you prefer and why. To the five persons giving the best reasons for their choice we will award the above-named prizes, under the following

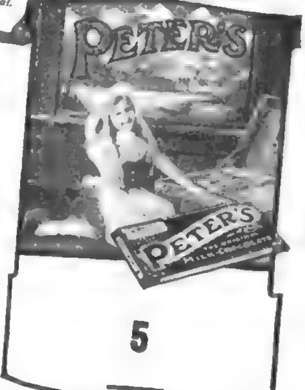
Conditions

No more than 50 words must be used in telling reasons.

Give the number on the advt. which you write about.

Write your name and address plainly and send your letter before December 12th to

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., SOLE IMPORTERS
DEPT. 8, 78 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK CITY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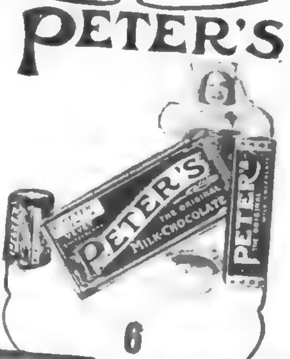
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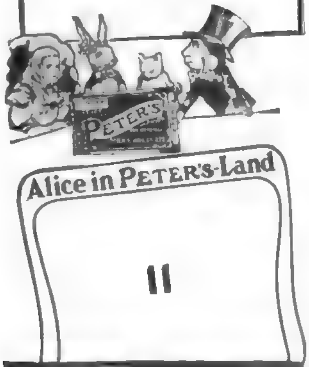
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Alice in PETER'S-Land
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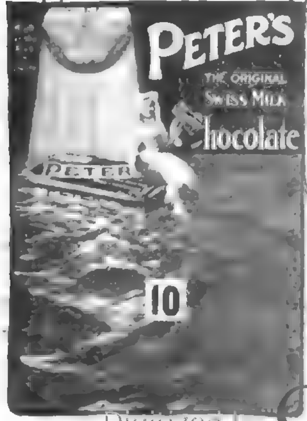
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THE ORIGINAL SWISS MILK Chocolate
PETER
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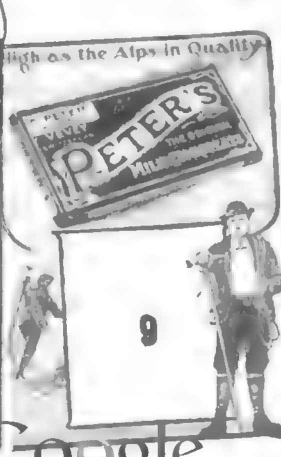
High as the Alps in Quality
PETER'S
THE ORIGINAL MILK-CHOCOLATE
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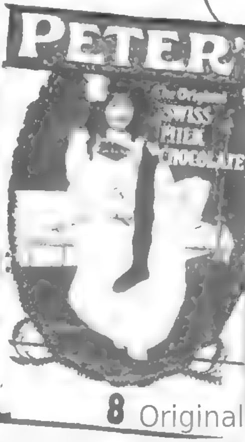
PETER'S
The Original SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE
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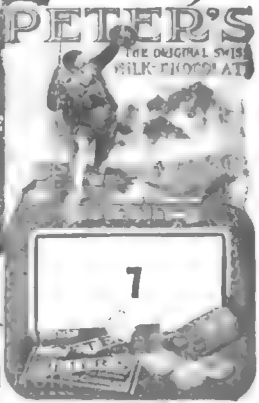
PETER'S
THE ORIGINAL SWISS MILK-CHOCOLATE
7

Christmas Dinner

By Charles B. Knox

DON'T use a Gelatine dessert for Christmas. Stick to the old-fashioned Plum Pudding. It will be heavy and soggy and you may have indigestion from eating it, but it will make you so glad to get back to the gelatine desserts that I will be more than paid for giving the above advice. But you can use Gelatine and have one of the prettiest ornaments, as well as one of the tastiest, by making a Tomato Jelly for your salad course. I will be very glad to furnish the recipe free, so that you can use Knox's Gelatine—the purest Gelatine made—for this salad.

If you insist on having Gelatine for dessert instead of Plum Pudding, I would like to suggest a nice Coffee Jelly with whipped cream. This will give you your dessert and after-dinner coffee all in one with no ill effects from the coffee, even to the most finicky person.

You know you have not much room left for dessert after a generous slice of turkey and all the good things that go with it, so something delicate will perhaps save calling the doctor in the night. A very handsome and tasty dessert is Orange Jelly, French Style. I have this recipe done in colors, about 1,000 of them. They are free as long as they last. Drop me a postal card.

Free For the name and address of your grocer I will send my recipe book, Dainty Desserts for Dainty People, and list of 1904 prize-winning recipes. If he doesn't sell Knox's Gelatine, send me 4c. in stamps and I will send you a full pint package, or a two quart package for 15c., two for 25c. (stamps taken). In view of the popularity of the 1904 recipe contest, I have decided to hold three this year. Write for particulars. Last year I gave a Steinway Piano for the best recipe.

CHARLES B. KNOX
4 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, New York

Also manufacturer of the celebrated SPIM SOAP (25c.) and SPIM OINTMENT-CREAM (50c.)

For Nineteen Centuries

The cleansing of the teeth was a haphazard experiment. The discovery of

CALOX

The Oxygen Tooth Powder, has made it a scientific certainty.

CALOX is the most decided advance in mouth hygiene and tooth preservation that has been made within recent years.—
Buffalo Medical Journal.

Send for sample sufficient for several days' trial and prove its value for yourself.

McKesson & Robbins
Dept. B
91 Fulton Street, New York City

"Gloucester Fish for You"

The kind you like—salt fish that come to your table, fat, delicious, and appetizing—different from your dealer's months' old stock—packed expressly for your individual order, and reaching you a day or two after packed.

SALT MACKEREL

Salt Cod, Smoked Halibut and Herring—all the best sea food in the best condition. We prepay all transportation charges and ship at our own risk; we guarantee quality; we make good all loss in transit; we refund money if goods are not satisfactory. You will never know the real goodness of sea food until you try an order of our extra choice Gloucester fish. Send for our new free price list with full directions for ordering.

CROWN PACKING CO., Dock No. 7, Gloucester, Mass.

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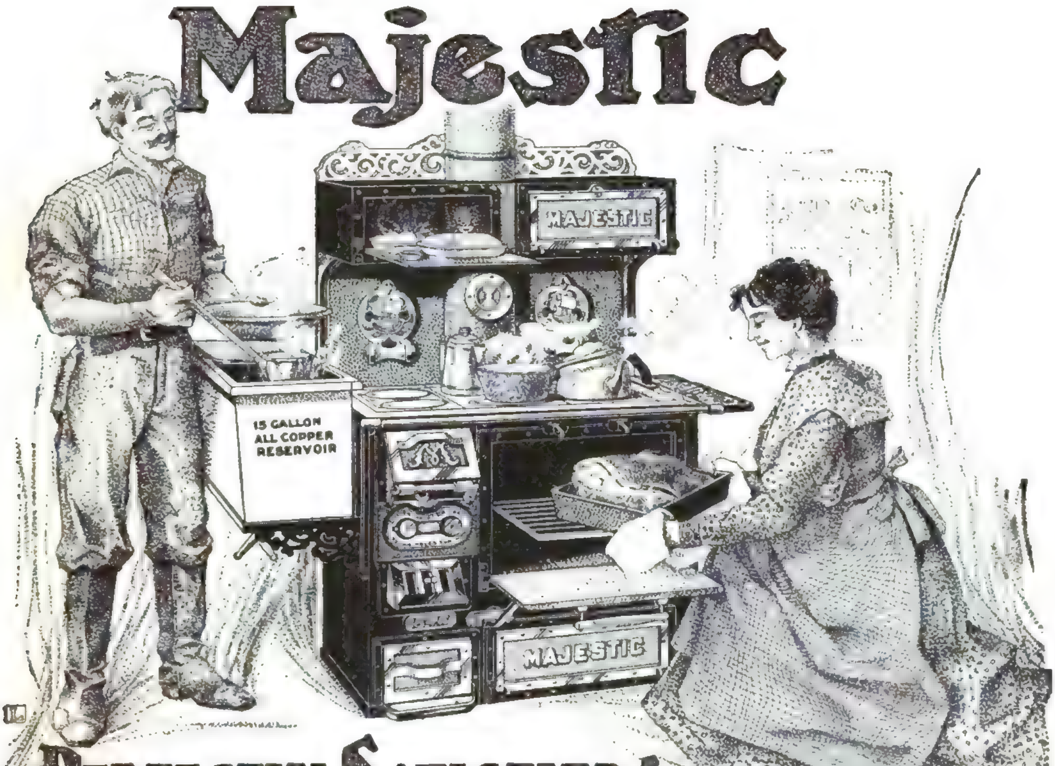


PERFECTLY SATISFIED!

OLD STYLE CHARCOAL IRON

now used in constructing the Majestic, will not crack, rust, or crystallize. It repels the acids of Soft Coal 80 per cent more than steel and especially the "Blue Polished" as it is termed, requires too much work for a good housekeeper to keep in the condition she buys it. It is rolled too hard for lasting purposes, will crack at corners, and by actual experience rusts 300 per cent quicker than iron. Charcoal iron covers all of these difficulties and gives you a better looking range. It costs more, but the Majestic never stands back for cost.

MALLEABLE IRON

used in constructing the Majestic cannot crack or break. By using this material in connection with Charcoal Iron it enables us to rivet all parts together practically air-tight without fear of breakage. The range heats up quicker and holds the heat longer, with half the fuel used in others.

HOT WATER

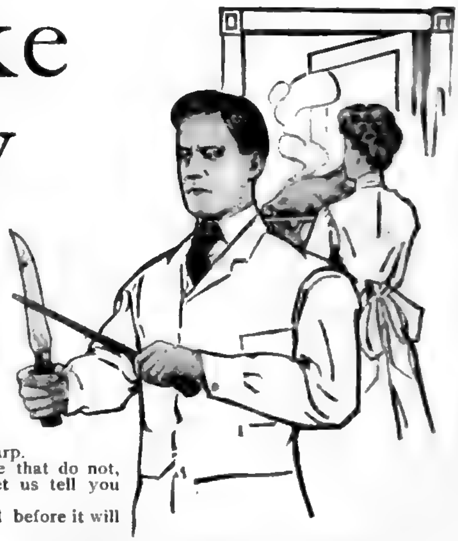
Note the large 15 gallon all copper movable reservoir, heated by direct contact. Will heat plenty of hot water while breakfast is cooking. When water boils it can be moved away from the fire by shifting lever as shown. This reservoir is patented and found only on the Majestic. We also make ranges with our pin extension malleable iron water front (the most powerful heater made) for heating water through pressure boiler.

Cook Book Free.

If you intend to buy a range in the near future, call at your dealer's and he will give you one of our Cook Books FREE, which gives valuable information relative to ranges, also some very good recipes. If your dealer does not handle the Majestic, send us 4 cents for postage, and we will mail you one.

MAJESTIC MFG. CO., 2041 Morgan Street, St. Louis, Mo.

How to Make Carving Easy



HERE he is, out in the kitchen, coatless and out of humor, scraping away for dear life in this last wild effort to give the family carving knife a "turkey edge."

For it's a holiday and a feast day, and many have come to enjoy the finest Gobler of the season.

And that carver! It never was known to be sharp after the newness wore off.

But, Mr. Man, if a dozen strokes on a standard Lee Sharpening Steel won't make that knife as sharp as new *nothing* will,—save an expert and his grindstone.

* * *

Just your luck to get a poor knife, you say.

Oh! you think it a matter of luck.

Well, let us tell you how Carving Knives can be made ever sharp.

You thought those knives that keep dinners waiting and those that do not, all a matter of luck—because it used to be—is largely yet. Let us tell you about it.

You see, a steel knife blade must be tempered or toughened before it will take a thin, keen edge that won't crumble.

Every one knows that steel is heated to temper or toughen it, but here's just what happens.

At first steel is a mass of little grains like lump sugar. But heat wakes up the little grains and they begin to stretch—that's why we say steel expands when heated.

The little sugar-like grains stretch and wriggle under the heat until they weave themselves into a perfect network of tiny wires—finer and closer as the heat increases.

Now, of course, a network of woven wire is tougher than a mass of crumbly grains.

The busy little grains—then wires—are never still while intensely heated. So in every second of time the kind or degree of toughness changes.

And just as water has its boiling point when it changes from water into steam, so steel has its ever-sharp table knife temper point.

That's the point where the steel changes from "crumbly" to tough.

Water won't boil at 211 or 211½ degrees—only 212. Steel won't make ever sharp knives unless tempered to just the right point.

Just before this point is reached the knife will not stay sharp, because the edge crumbles. Just after this point is reached the knife is too tough to be sharpened at home, like the man in the picture is trying to sharpen his. That's why so many dinners are kept waiting on dull knives—the kind that can't be sharpened at home on a steel.

Now the reason you thought a good carving knife all a matter of luck is that knife makers usually rely on a so-called expert to judge when temper is right—or plainly, to guess at it.

There are some pretty good guesses, of course, but no mere guess can be right a very large percentage of times, and a wrong guess means dinners kept waiting, and then only hacking and agony or constant whetting on the steel at table.

There is one—but only one—sure way to get an ever sharp carving knife.

Because there's only one Landers Process, and it's a figured-out process instead of a guess-work plan.

The result of the Landers Process is simply this:

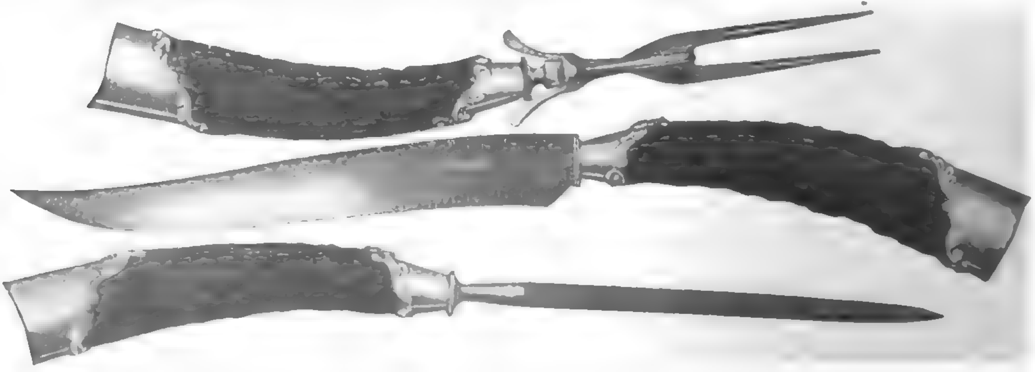
Landers Knives

are always sharp—easily kept as keen as new by an *occasional* dozen strokes (no more) on a standard Lee Sharpening Steel.

Every Landers Process Blade bears the mark Landers.

Every store that sells knives and forks sells Landers Cutlery or knows how to get it for you.

And Landers Cutlery costs no more than the ordinary.



Every cutting edge is exactly the same in Landers Cutlery—the only difference in price is for different kinds of handles and trimmings.

If you want to see pictures of other styles of carving sets and table and kitchen knives and forks and other useful and beautiful things for dining room and kitchen, write for the knife book. This edition is limited, but while they last they will be sent free on request.

Address Landers, Frary & Clark, 114 Commercial Street, New Britain, Connecticut.

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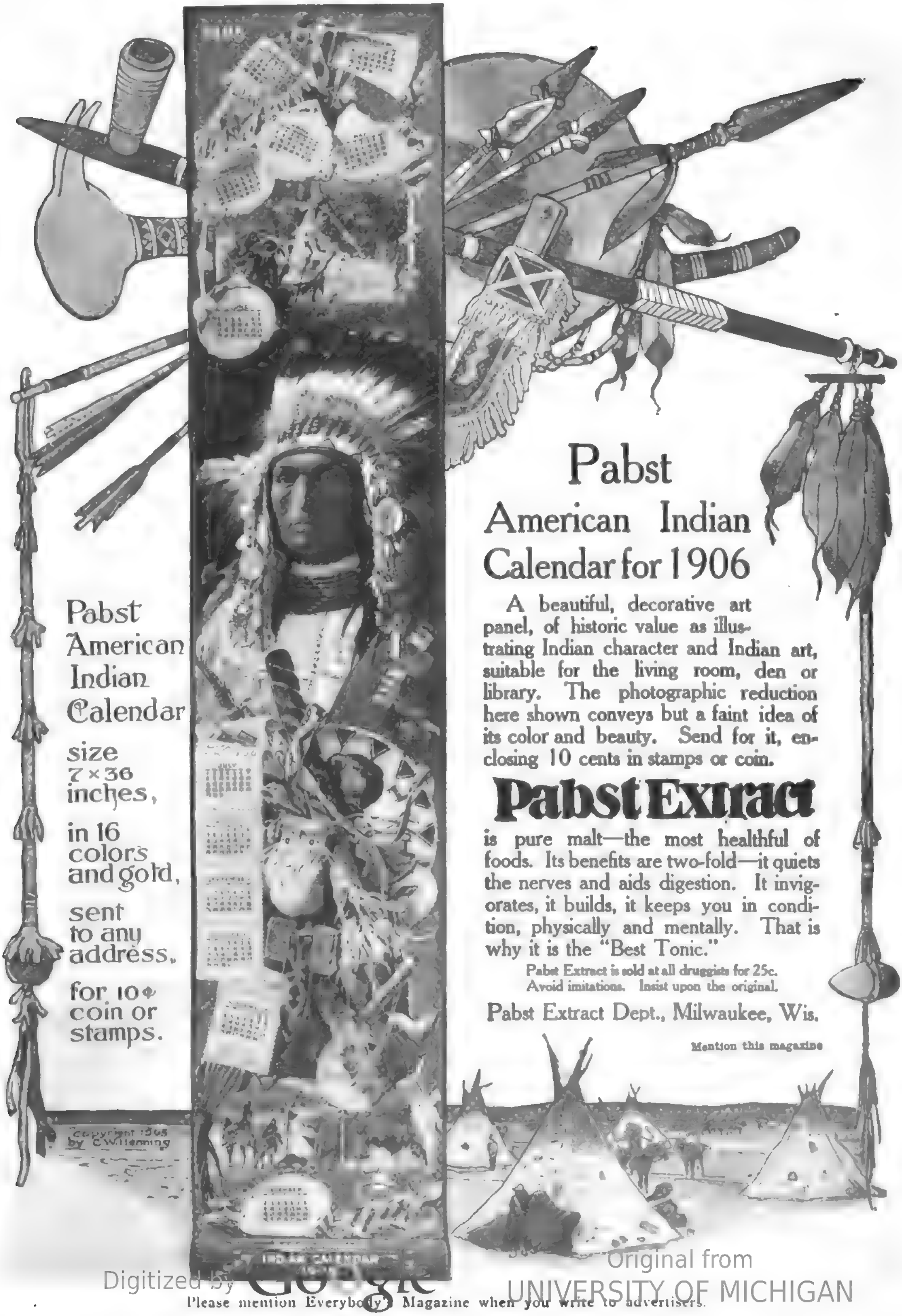


Pabst
American
Indian
Calendar
size
7 × 36
inches,
in 16
colors
and gold,
sent
to any
address,
for 10¢
coin or
stamps.

Pabst
American Indian
Calendar for 1906

A beautiful, decorative art panel, of historic value as illustrating Indian character and Indian art, suitable for the living room, den or library. The photographic reduction here shown conveys but a faint idea of its color and beauty. Send for it, enclosing 10 cents in stamps or coin.

Pabst Extract

is pure malt—the most healthful of foods. Its benefits are two-fold—it quiets the nerves and aids digestion. It invigorates, it builds, it keeps you in condition, physically and mentally. That is why it is the "Best Tonic."

Pabst Extract is sold at all druggists for 25c.
Avoid imitations. Insist upon the original.

Pabst Extract Dept., Milwaukee, Wis.

Mention this magazine

Your bathroom equipped with
"Standard"
Porcelain Enameled Baths
and One Piece Lavatories
Means Comfort and Health to your Home
TRADE Standard MARK
TRADE Standard MARK

To woman particularly—the maker of the "home ideal"—the perfection, beauty and comfort of "Standard" Enameled Baths and One-Piece Lavatories appeal with intense interest. The installation of "Standard" ware is the most economical aid to your own comfort, the safest guarantee of health to your family, and the cause of greatest pride in possession. Its white, smooth, one-piece surface makes it alone sanitarily perfect, and a constant pleasure to the sight and touch of the owner. No home can be modern, healthful or comfortable without it. The cost of installing "Standard" fixtures is low enough to satisfy the most economical.

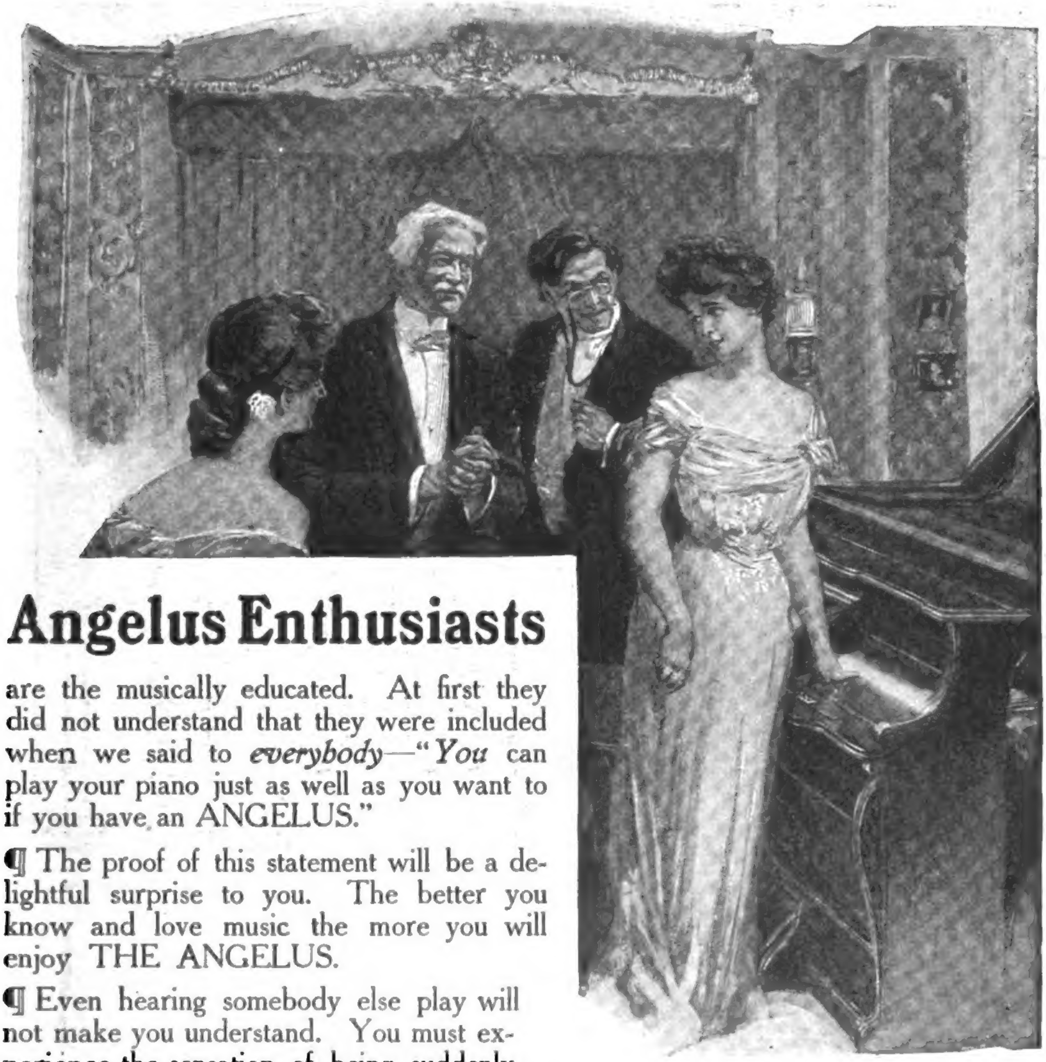
Our Book "MODERN BATHROOMS" tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom, and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive as well as luxurious rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet ever issued on the subject and contains 100 pages. FREE for six cents postage, and the name of your plumber and architect (if selected.)

The ABOVE FIXTURES, No. P-33, can be purchased from any plumber at a cost approximating $94.75—not counting freight, labor or piping—is described in detail among the others.

CAUTION: Every piece of "Standard" Ware bears our "Standard" "Green and Gold" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end.

Address **Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.** Dept. G, Pittsburgh, U. S. A.

Offices and Showrooms in New York: "Standard" Building, 35-37 West 31st Street.
London, England, 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.



Angelus Enthusiasts

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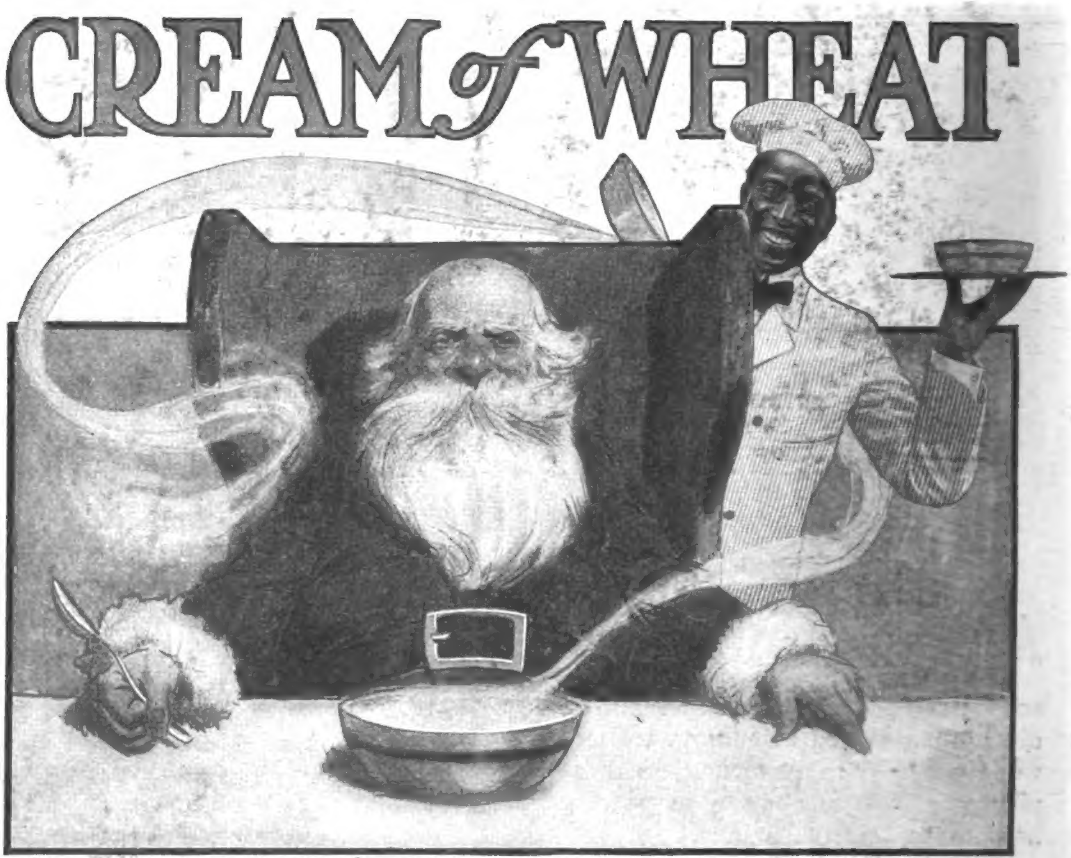

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